

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ECLECTIC MUSEUM.

AN intercourse with some of you for more than twenty years; with many others for half that period, and with all for a considerable time, will, I doubt not, be a sufficient apology for an appeal to you upon a matter which deeply concerns my private interests; and which also, in some degree, affects yours.

It is painful to me to ask you to listen to this detail—but the connection between you and myself is my only means of supporting a family; and this consideration forces me to make such an explanation to you as may prevent the success of an unjust attempt to deprive me of the only property which remains to me.

You were informed that in 1842, all the capital and stock of the Museum was destroyed by a seizure of the sheriff, acting for the trustees of the Bank of the United States,—in a suit with which the Museum had no rightful connection. For this trespass and destruction suit has been instituted, and we hope that, after all the law's delay shall have been exhausted, we shall finally obtain such compensation as the law can give.

The best arrangement which offered itself to us at that time, in order to carry on the work, was to connect the subscription list of the Museum, which was large and well established, with the small list of a new work on a similar plan, called the American Eclectic, and which belonged to the Rev. J. H. Agnew.

Among the conditions of this union were these:—

That all subscribers to the Museum who had paid in advance, should receive the joint work to the amount of such payment; and

That at the expiration of the connection between Messrs. Agnew and Littell, the joint subscription list should be sold, and the proceeds be equally divided.

The last consideration was relied upon by me, as security against a termination of our contract at any moment when Mr. A. should think it his interest.

About two months ago Mr. Agnew gave me written notice that our connection should terminate at the end of 1843, *and set up a claim to keep the subscription list without a sale*, on this ground:—that he had supplied the subscribers who had paid in advance. Now this, as has been shown, was a part of his contract; and I answered that he was no more entitled to the whole work because he had performed his part of the contract, than I was entitled to the *whole* because I had performed *mine*; that the contract was very plain, and provided what was to be done. And I proposed an Arbitration.

Mr. Agnew agreed to an Arbitration; reiterated his claim; and reminding me that I was unable to carry on the publication (without a partner who could furnish the capital), said, “I am willing to pay a *very small* sum for peace and love's sake. Honest and considerate men would decide that I am entitled to the whole list.”

Answer by E. L.—“You think honest and considerate men would consider you entitled to the list already. Now I think, that if you were to assume the ownership of the list without my consent, you

would be committing a *breach of trust*—and I doubt not that the Chancellor would put a stop to the publication. But these remarks must be entirely unnecessary! However you may for the moment have been induced to lay so unfounded a claim, your character and your office forbid any danger of your carrying it into effect. What you may pay in this matter, if you should buy my interest, must be not for ‘peace and love,’ but for *justice*.”

It was now proposed to Mr. Agnew, by a friend, that he should fix any value he pleased on the subscription list, and leave me at liberty to buy or sell at that price. This he declined doing, but offered to buy at a *very small* price, which was refused by me, and I insisted upon the Arbitration.

The Arbitrators were accordingly agreed upon, and they decided the matter, in writing, according to my claim, and in the words of the contract, “that the subscription list of the Eclectic Museum must be sold, and the proceeds be equally divided.”

The next day Mr. Agnew made me a written promise to abide by the decision, although he said no court, jury, or chancellor would have so decided.”

I then offered, in writing, to give up the advantage of the decision which had been made, and to leave the whole matter to Chancellor Kent, upon condition that if he decided as the Arbitrators had done, then Mr. Agnew should sell the list to me at about the price he offered to give for it. He declined this, and I made an offer to leave the matter, on the same condition, to the Rev. Mr. Barnes, a clergyman of the Church to which Mr. Agnew belongs. This Mr. A. also declined, and offered me the same small sum as before for the list. In answer, I offered him a larger sum. He did not reply, and we agreed upon the time and terms of sale at auction.

At auction the list was bought, at my recommendation, by a publisher who was to unite me with the work as Editor. The next day Mr. Agnew’s share of the money was paid to him, and he received *four fold* the amount which it had cost him to supply the numbers to subscribers who had paid in advance. The next day after he had received the money, Mr. Agnew issued a work called “The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature,” differing only in *one word* from the former title. He imitated the Museum in every respect; even copied the ornaments of the cover; called it VOL. IV., No. 1; announced it as a continuation of the Eclectic Museum of Foreign Literature, and began to distribute it as such to the agents and subscribers of the Eclectic Museum.

The purchaser of the list made an affidavit of the facts set forth, in which I joined, and the Court of Chancery granted an injunction against Mr. Agnew, to stop him from publishing the Eclectic Magazine, or from pirating the Eclectic Museum in any manner whatsoever.

But Mr. Agnew making answer, under oath, that he *had not sold the subscription list under the decision of the arbitrators*, but under an entirely new agreement; that he was not bound to abide by such decision; and that the purchaser of the list had promised, by two gentlemen whom he named, not to interfere with the publication of Mr. Agnew’s Eclectic Magazine;—the Court of Chancery dissolved the injunction, leaving the truth of the contradictory oaths to be settled in the final trial. Mr. Agnew’s letters, proving that the list *was* sold under the decision of the arbitrators, were offered to the Court in reply; but the rule is, that nothing, in this preliminary stage of the suit, can be looked at by the Court except the Bill of Complaint and the Answer. When the matter shall come to a final decision, the letters can be produced, and will be corroborated by additional testimony;—and the testimony of the two gentlemen who are alleged to have made the promise of non-interference, will be produced, to prove that the assertion is entirely unfounded.

The final result will be, as I am advised and believe, that Mr. Agnew will be *stopped* in his publication, and will be ordered to pay for all the damage he may have occasioned to the Eclectic Museum. But this may not be decided for several months—and in the mean time I appeal to your sense of justice, not to allow him to succeed in *supplanting the work* which he has *sold and been paid for*.

Before the sale had taken place, I had understood that Mr. Agnew was preparing a number of the work—and I remonstrated with him against this, as appearing to show a disregard to the Arbitration. He said that he had no intention of doing so, or of taking any advantage—and that he thought it would be for the interest of the purchaser, whoever he might be, that a number should be ready for immediate issue.

Accordingly, the day after the sale, the purchaser applied to Mr. Agnew to buy this number, supposed to be nearly ready, and stated that as Mr. A. had sold the list, this number would not suit *his*

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purpose, but *would* suit the purpose of the purchaser—who offered to pay the cost of it. Mr. Agnew declined, saying that the work had not proceeded so far, but that, with some alteration, he could adapt it to his purpose.

The persons with whom I am connected, had taken no step to prepare a number of the work, choosing to wait and see which party should become the purchaser. Of course we have been put to some delay, and Mr. Agnew has had the advantage of being first heard by you.

Still I have great confidence that, under these circumstances, and “for auld lang syne,” you will return to Mr. Agnew the number of his new magazine, and continue to receive the Museum, to build up which has been the work for twenty years past, of your faithful servant,

E. LITTELL.

January 22d, 1844.

* * Subscribers to the Eclectic Museum are not under any obligation to pay for the Eclectic *Magazine* unless they have especially ordered it.

Those who, in 1843, paid *into* 1844, will be credited accordingly.

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THE

ECLECTIC MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1844.

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND HIS TIMES.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Frederic the Great and his Times. Edited, with an Introduction, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

THIS work, which has the high honour of being introduced to the world by the author of 'Lochiel' and 'Hohenlinden,' is not wholly unworthy of so distinguished a *chaperon*. It professes, indeed, to be no more than a compilation; but it is an exceedingly amusing compilation, and we shall be glad to have more of it. The narrative comes down at present only to the commencement of the Seven Years' war, and therefore does not comprise the most interesting portion of Frederic's reign.

It may not be unacceptable to our readers that we should take this opportunity of presenting them with a slight sketch of the life of the greatest king that has, in modern times, succeeded by right of birth to a throne. It may, we fear, be impossible to compress so long and eventful a story within the limits which we must prescribe to ourselves. Should we be compelled to break off, we shall, when the continuation of this work appears, return to the subject.

The Prussian monarchy, the youngest of the great European states, but in population and revenue the fifth amongst them, and in art, science, and civilisation entitled to the third, if not to the second place, sprang from a humble origin. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the marquisate of Brandenburg was bestowed by the Emperor Sigismund on the noble family of Hohenzollern.

In the sixteenth century that family embraced the Lutheran doctrines. Early in the seventeenth century it obtained from the king of Poland the investiture of the duchy of Prussia. Even after this accession of territory, the chiefs of the house of Hohenzollern hardly ranked with the electors of Saxony and Bavaria. The soil of Brandenburg was for the most part sterile. Even round Berlin, the capital of the province, and round Potsdam, the favourite residence of the Margraves, the country was a desert. In some tracts, the deep sand could with difficulty be forced by assiduous tillage to yield thin crops of rye and oats. In other places, the ancient forests, from which the conquerors of the Roman empire had descended on the Danube, remained untouched by the hand of man. Where the soil was rich it was generally marshy, and its insalubrity repelled the cultivators whom its fertility attracted. Frederic William, called the Great Elector, was the prince to whose policy his successors have agreed to ascribe their greatness. He acquired by the peace of Westphalia several valuable possessions, and among them the rich city and district of Magdeburg; and he left to his son Frederic a principality as considerable as any which was not called a kingdom.

Frederic aspired to the style of royalty. Ostentatious and profuse, negligent of his true interests and of his high duties, insatiably eager for frivolous distinctions, he added nothing to the real weight of the state which he governed: perhaps he transmitted his inheritance to his children impaired rather than augmented in value, but he succeeded in gaining the great object of his life, the title

of king. In the year 1700 he assumed this new dignity. He had on that occasion to undergo all the mortifications which fall to the lot of ambitious upstarts. Compared with the other crowned heads of Europe, he made a figure resembling that which a Nabob or a Commissary, who had bought a title, would make in the Company of Peers whose ancestors had been attainted for treason against the Plantagenets. The envy of the class which he quitted, and the civil scorn of the class into which he intruded himself, were marked in very significant ways. The elector of Saxony at first refused to acknowledge the new Majesty. Louis the Fourteenth looked down on his brother King with an air not unlike that with which the Count in Molière's play regards Monsieur Jourdain, just fresh from the mummery of being made a gentleman. Austria exacted large sacrifices in return for her recognition, and at last gave it ungraciously.

Frederic was succeeded by his son, Frederic William, a prince who must be allowed to have possessed some talents for administration, but whose character was disfigured by the most odious vices, and whose eccentricities were such as had never been seen out of a madhouse. He was exact and diligent in the transaction of business, and he was the first who formed the design of obtaining for Prussia a place among the European powers, altogether out of proportion to her extent and population, by means of a strong military organization. Strict economy enabled him to keep up a peace establishment of sixty thousand troops. These troops were disciplined in such a manner, that placed beside them, the household regiments of Versailles and St. James' would have appeared an awkward squad. The master of such a force could not but be regarded by all his neighbours as a formidable enemy, and a valuable ally.

But the mind of Frederic William was so ill regulated, that all his inclinations became passions, and all his passions partook of the character of moral and intellectual disease. His parsimony degenerated into sordid avarice. His taste for military pomp and order became a mania, like that of a Dutch burgo-master for tulips; or that of a member of the Roxburghe club for Caxtons. While the envoys of the Court of Berlin were in a state of such squalid poverty as moved the laughter of foreign capitals; while the food placed before the princes and princesses of the blood-royal of Prussia was too scanty to appease hunger, and so bad that even hunger loathed it—no price was thought too extravagant for tall recruits. The ambition of the king was to form a brigade of giants, and every country

was ransacked by his agents for men above the ordinary stature. These researches were not confined to Europe. No head that towered above the crowd in the bazars of Aleppo, of Cairo, or of Surat, could escape the crimps of Frederic William. One Irishman more than seven feet high, who was picked up in London by the Prussian ambassador, received a bounty of near L.1300 sterling—very much more than the ambassador's salary. This extravagance was the more absurd, because a stout youth of five feet eight, who might have been procured for a few dollars, would in all probability have been a much more valuable soldier. But to Frederic William, this huge Irishman was what a brass Otho, or a Vinegar Bible, is to a collector of a different kind.

It is remarkable, that though the main end of Frederic William's administration was to have a great military force, though his reign forms an important epoch in the history of military discipline, and though his dominant passion was the love of military display, he was yet one of the most pacific of princes. We are afraid that his aversion to war was not the effect of humanity, but was merely one of his thousand whims. His feeling about his troops seems to have resembled a miser's feeling about his money. He loved to collect them, to count them, to see them increase; but he could not find it in his heart to break in upon the precious hoard. He looked forward to some future time when his Patagonian battalions were to drive hostile infantry before them like sheep. But this future time was always receding; and it is probable that, if his life had been prolonged thirty years, his superb army would never have seen any harder service than a sham fight in the fields near Berlin. But the great military means which he had collected, were destined to be employed by a spirit far more daring and inventive than his own.

Frederic, surnamed the Great, son of Frederic William, was born in January, 1712. It may safely be pronounced that he had received from nature a strong and sharp understanding, and a rare firmness of temper and intensity of will. As to the other parts of his character, it is difficult to say whether they are to be ascribed to nature, or to the strange training which he underwent. The history of his boyhood is painfully interesting. Oliver Twist in the parish workhouse, Smike at Dotheboys' Hall, were petted children when compared with this wretched heir-apparent of a crown. The nature of Frederic William was hard and bad, and the habit of exercising arbitrary power had made him frightfully savage. His rage constantly vented itself to right and left in curses and blows. When

his majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street, he gave her a kick, and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning, administered on the spot. But it was in his own house that he was most unreasonable and ferocious. His palace was hell, and he was the most execrable of fiends—a cross between Moloch and Puck. His son Frederick and his daughter Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Bareuth, were in an especial manner objects of his aversion. His own mind was uncultivated. He despised literature. He hated infidels, papists, and metaphysicians, and did not very well understand in what they differed from each other. The business of life, according to him, was to drill and be drilled. The recreations suited to a prince, were to sit in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, to sip Swedish beer between the puffs of the pipe, to play backgammon for three-halfpence a rubber, to kill wild hogs, and to shoot partridges by the thousand. The Prince-Royal showed little inclination either for the serious employments or for the amusements of his father. He shirked the duties of the parade—he detested the fumes of tobacco—he had no taste either for backgammon or for field-sports. He had received from nature an exquisite ear, and performed skilfully on the flute. His earliest instructors had been French refugees, and they had awakened in him a strong passion for French literature and French society. Frederic William regarded these tastes as effeminate and contemptible, and, by abuse and persecution, made them still stronger. Things became worse when the Prince-Royal attained that time of life at which the great revolution in the human mind and body takes place. He was guilty of some youthful indiscretions, which no good and wise parent would regard with severity. At a later period he was accused, truly or falsely, of vices from which History averts her eyes, and which even Satire blushes to name—vices such that, to borrow the energetic language of Lord-Keeper Coventry, ‘the depraved nature of man, which of itself carrieth man to all other sin, abhorreth them.’ But the offences of his youth were not characterized by any peculiar turpitude. They excited, however, transports of rage in the King, who hated all faults except those to which he was himself inclined; and who conceived that he made ample atonement to heaven for his brutality, by holding the softer passions in detestation. The Prince-Royal, too, was not one

of those who are content to take their religion on trust. He asked puzzling questions, and brought forward arguments which seemed to savour of something different from pure Lutheranism. The King suspected that his son was inclined to be a heretic of some sort or other, whether Calvinist or Atheist his majesty did not very well know. The ordinary malignity of Frederic William was bad enough. He now thought malignity a part of his duty as a Christian man, and all the conscience that he had, stimulated his hatred. The flute was broken—the French books were sent out of the palace—the prince was kicked, and cudgelled, and pulled by the hair. At dinner the plates were hurled at his head—sometimes he was restricted to bread and water—sometimes he was forced to swallow food so nauseous, that he could not keep it on his stomach. Once his father knocked him down, dragged him along the floor to a window, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him with the cord of the curtain. The Queen, for the crime of not wishing to see her son murdered, was subjected to the grossest indignities. The Princess Wilhelmina, who took her brother’s part, was treated almost as ill as Mrs. Brownrigg’s apprentices. Driven to despair, the unhappy youth tried to run away; then the fury of the old tyrant rose to madness. The prince was an officer in the army; his flight was therefore desertion, and, in the moral code of Frederic William, desertion was the highest of all crimes. ‘Desertion,’ says this royal theologian, in one of his half-crazy letters, ‘is from hell. It is the work of the children of the devil. No child of God could possibly be guilty of it.’ An accomplice of the prince, in spite of the recommendation of a court-martial, was mercilessly put to death. It seemed probable that the prince himself would suffer the same fate. It was with difficulty that the intercession of the States of Holland, of the Kings of Sweden and Poland, and of the Emperor of Germany, saved the House of Brandenburg from the stain of an unnatural murder. After months of cruel suspense, Frederic learned that his life would be spared. He remained, however, long a prisoner; but he was not on that account to be pitied. He found in his jailers a tenderness which he had never found in his father; his table was not sumptuous, but he had wholesome food in sufficient quantity to appease hunger; he could read the *Henriade* without being kicked, and play on his flute without having it broken over his head.

When his confinement terminated he was a man. He had nearly completed his twenty-first year, and could scarcely, even by such a parent as Frederic William, be kept much

longer under the restraints which had made his boyhood miserable. Suffering had matured his understanding, while it had hardened his heart and soured his temper. He had learnt self-command and dissimulation; he affected to conform to some of his father's views, and submissively accepted a wife, who was a wife only in name, from his father's hand. He also served with credit, though without any opportunity of acquiring brilliant distinction, under the command of Prince Eugene, during a campaign marked by no extraordinary events. He was now permitted to keep a separate establishment, and was therefore able to indulge with caution his own tastes. Partly in order to conciliate the king, and partly, no doubt, from inclination, he gave up a portion of his time to military and political business; and thus gradually acquired such an aptitude for affairs as his most intimate associates were not aware that he possessed.

His favourite abode was at Rheinsberg, near the frontier which separates the Prussian dominions from the duchy of Mecklenburg. Rheinsberg is a fertile and smiling spot, in the midst of the sandy waste of the Marquisate. The mansion, surrounded by woods of oak and beech, looks out upon a spacious lake. There Frederic amused himself by laying out gardens in regular alleys and intricate mazes, by building obelisks, temples, and conservatories, and by collecting rare fruits and flowers. His retirement was enlivened by a few companions, among whom he seems to have preferred those who, by birth or extraction, were French. With these inmates he dined and supped well, drank freely, and amused himself sometimes with concerts, sometimes with holding chapters of a fraternity which he called the Order of Bayard; but literature was his chief resource.

His education had been entirely French. The long ascendancy which Louis XIV. had enjoyed, and the eminent merit of the tragic and comic dramatists, of the satirists, and of the preachers who had flourished under that magnificent prince, had made the French language predominant in Europe. Even in countries which had a national literature, and which could boast of names greater than those of Racine, of Molière, and of Massillon—in the country of Dante, in the country of Cervantes, in the country of Shakspeare and Milton—the intellectual fashions of Paris had been to a great extent adopted. Germany had not yet produced a single master-piece of poetry or eloquence. In Germany, therefore, the French taste reigned without rival and without limit. Every youth of rank was taught to speak and write French. That he

should speak and write his own tongue with politeness, or even with accuracy and facility, was regarded as comparatively an unimportant object. Even Frederic William, with all his rugged Saxon prejudices, thought it necessary that his children should know French, and quite unnecessary that they should be well versed in German. The Latin was positively interdicted. 'My son,' his majesty wrote, 'shall not learn Latin; and, more than that, I will not suffer anybody even to mention such a thing to me.' One of the preceptors ventured to read the Golden Bull in the original with the Prince Royal. Frederic William entered the room, and broke out in his usual kingly style:—

'Rascal, what are you at there?'

'Please your majesty,' answered the preceptor, 'I was explaining the Golden Bull to his royal highness.'

'I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal!' roared the majesty of Prussia. Up went the king's cane, away ran the terrified instructor, and Frederic's classical studies ended for ever. He now and then affected to quote Latin sentences, and produced such exquisite Ciceronian phrases as these:—'*Stante pede morire*,'—'*De gustibus non est disputandus*,'—'*Tot verbas tot spondera*.' Of Italian, he had not enough to read a page of Metastasio with ease; and of the Spanish and English, he did not, as far as we are aware, understand a single word.

As the highest human compositions to which he had access were those of the French writers, it is not strange that his admiration for those writers should have been unbounded. His ambitious and eager temper early prompted him to imitate what he admired. The wish, perhaps, dearest to his heart was, that he might rank among the masters of French rhetoric and poetry. He wrote prose and verse as indefatigably as if he had been a starving hack of Cave or Osborn; but Nature, which had bestowed on him, in a large measure, the talents of a captain and of an administrator, had withheld from him those higher and rarer gifts, without which industry labours in vain to produce immortal eloquence or song. And, indeed, had he been blessed with more imagination, wit, and fertility of thought, than he appears to have had, he would still have been subject to one great disadvantage, which would, in all probability, have for ever prevented him from taking a high place among men of letters. He had not the full command of any language. There was no machine of thought which he could employ with perfect ease, confidence, and freedom. He had German enough to scold his servants, or to give the word of command to his grenadiers; but his grammar and pro-

nunciation were extremely bad. He found it difficult to make out the meaning even of the simplest German poetry. On one occasion a version of Racine's *Iphigénie* was read to him. He held the French original in his hand; but was forced to own, that, even with such help, he could not understand the translation. Yet, though he had neglected his mother tongue, in order to bestow all his attention on French, his French was, after all, the French of a foreigner. It was necessary for him to have always at his beck some men of letters from Paris to point out the solecisms and false rhymes, of which, to the last, he was frequently guilty. Even had he possessed the poetic faculty—of which, as far as we can judge, he was utterly destitute—the want of a language would have prevented him from being a great poet. No noble work of imagination, as far as we recollect, was ever composed by any man, except in a dialect which he had learned without remembering how or when; and which he had spoken with perfect ease before he had ever analysed its structure. Romans of great talents wrote Greek verses; but how many of those verses have deserved to live? Many men of eminent genius have, in modern times, written Latin poems; but, as far as we are aware, none of those poems, not even Milton's, can be ranked in the first class of art, or even very high in the second. It is not strange, therefore, that in the French verses of Frederic, we can find nothing beyond the reach of any man of good parts and industry—nothing above the level of Newdigate and Seatonian poetry. His best pieces may, perhaps, rank with the worst in Dodsley's collection. In history, he succeeded better. We do not, indeed, find in any part of his voluminous Memoirs, either deep reflection or vivid painting. But the narrative is distinguished by clearness, conciseness, good sense, and a certain air of truth and simplicity, which is singularly graceful in a man who, having done great things, sits down to relate them. On the whole, however, none of his writings are so agreeable to us as his Letters; particularly those which are written with earnestness, and are not embroidered with verses.

It is not strange that a young man devoted to literature, and acquainted only with the literature of France, should have looked with profound veneration on the genius of Voltaire. Nor is it just to condemn him for this feeling. 'A man who has never seen the sun,' says Calderon, in one of his charming comedies, 'cannot be blamed for thinking that no glory can exceed that of the moon. A man who has seen neither moon nor sun, cannot be blamed for talking of the unrivalled bright-

ness of the morning star.' Had Frederic been able to read Homer and Milton, or even Virgil and Tasso, his admiration of the *Henriade* would prove that he was utterly destitute of the power of discerning what is excellent in art. Had he been familiar with Sophocles or Shakspeare, we should have expected him to appreciate *Zaire* more justly. Had he been able to study Thucydides and Tacitus in the original Greek and Latin, he would have known that there were heights in the eloquence of history far beyond the reach of the author of the *Life of Charles the Twelfth*. But the finest heroic poem, several of the most powerful tragedies, and the most brilliant and picturesque historical work that Frederic had ever read, were Voltaire's. Such high and various excellence moved the young prince almost to adoration. The opinions of Voltaire on religious and philosophical questions had not yet been fully exhibited to the public. At a later period, when an exile from his country, and at open war with the Church, he spoke out. But when Frederic was at Rheinsberg, Voltaire was still a courtier; and, though he could not always curb his petulant wit, he had as yet published nothing that could exclude him from Versailles, and little that a divine of the mild and generous school of Grotius and Tillotson might not read with pleasure. In the *Henriade*, in *Zaire*, and in *Alzire*, Christian piety is exhibited in the most amiable form; and, some years after the period of which we are writing, a Pope condescended to accept the dedication of *Mahomet*. The real sentiments of the poet, however, might be clearly perceived by a keen eye through the decent disguise with which he veiled them, and could not escape the sagacity of Frederic, who held similar opinions, and had been accustomed to practise similar dissimulation.

The prince wrote to his idol in the style of a worshipper; and Voltaire replied with exquisite grace and address. A correspondence followed, which may be studied with advantage by those who wish to become proficient in the ignoble art of flattery. No man ever paid compliments better than Voltaire. His sweetest confectionary had always a delicate, yet stimulating flavour, which was delightful to palates wearied by the coarse preparations of inferior artists. It was only from his hand that so much sugar could be swallowed without making the swallower sick. Copies of verses, writing-desks, trinkets of amber, were exchanged between the friends. Frederic confided his writings to Voltaire; and Voltaire applauded, as if Frederic had been Racine and Bossuet in one. One of his royal highness's performances was a refutation of the *Principe* of Machiavelli. Voltaire under-

took to convey it to the press. It was entitled the *Anti-Machiavel*, and was an edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war—in short, against almost everything for which its author is now remembered among men.

The old King uttered now and then a ferocious growl at the diversions of Rheinsberg. But his health was broken; his end was approaching; and his vigour was impaired. He had only one pleasure left—that of seeing tall soldiers. He could always be propitiated by a present of a grenadier of six feet nine; and such presents were from time to time judiciously offered by his son.

Early in the year 1740, Frederic William met death with a firmness and dignity worthy of a better and wiser man; and Frederic, who had just completed his twenty-eighth year, became King of Prussia. His character was little understood. That he had good abilities, indeed, no person who had talked with him, or corresponded with him, could doubt. But the easy Epicurean life which he had led, his love of good cookery and good wine, of music, of conversation, of light literature, led many to regard him as a sensual and intellectual voluptuary. His habit of canting about moderation, peace, liberty, and the happiness which a good mind derives from the happiness of others, had imposed on some who should have known better. Those who thought best of him, expected a *Telemachus* after *Fénélon's* pattern. Others predicted the approach of a *Medicean* age—an age propitious to learning and art, and not unpropitious to pleasure. Nobody had the least suspicion that a tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry more extraordinary still, without fear, without faith, and without mercy, had ascended the throne.

The disappointment of Falstaff at his old boon-companion's coronation, was not more bitter than that which awaited some of the inmates of Rheinsberg. They had long looked forward to the accession of their patron, as to the day from which their own prosperity and greatness was to date. They had at last reached the promised land, the land which they had figured to themselves as flowing with milk and honey; and they found it a desert. 'No more of these fooleries,' was the short, sharp admonition given by Frederic to one of them. It soon became plain that, in the most important points, the new sovereign bore a strong family likeness to his predecessor. There was a wide difference between the father and the son as respected extent and vigour of intellect, speculative opinions, amusements, studies, outward

demeanour. But the groundwork of the character was the same in both. To both were common the love of order, the love of business, the military taste, the parsimony, the imperious spirit, the temper irritable even to ferocity, the pleasure in the pain and humiliation of others. But these propensities had in Frederic William partaken of the general unsoundness of his mind, and wore a very different aspect when found in company with the strong and cultivated understanding of his successor. Thus, for example, Frederic was as anxious as any prince could be about the efficacy of his army. But this anxiety never degenerated into a monomania, like that which led his father to pay fancy-prices for giants. Frederic was as thrifty about money as any prince or any private man ought to be. But he did not conceive, like his father, that it was worth while to eat unwholesome cabbages for the sake of saving four or five rix-dollars in the year. Frederic was, we fear, as malevolent as his father; but Frederic's wit enabled him often to show his malevolence in ways more decent than those to which his father resorted, and to inflict misery and degradation by a taunt instead of a blow. Frederic, it is true, by no means relinquished his hereditary privilege of kicking and cudgelling. His practice, however, as to that matter, differed in some important respects from his father's. To Frederic William, the mere circumstance that any person whatever, men, women, or children, Prussians or foreigners, were within reach of his toes and of his cane, appeared to be a sufficient reason for proceeding to belabour them. Frederic required provocation as well as vicinity; nor was he ever known to inflict this paternal species of correction on any but his born subjects; though on one occasion M. Thiébault had reason, during a few seconds, to anticipate the high honour of being an exception to this general rule.

The character of Frederic was still very imperfectly understood either by his subjects or by his neighbours, when events occurred which exhibited it in a strong light. A few months after his accession died Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, the last descendant, in the male line, of the house of Austria.

Charles left no son, and had, long before his death, relinquished all hopes of male issue. During the latter part of his life, his principal object had been to secure to his descendants in the female line the many crowns of the house of Hapsburg. With this view, he had promulgated a new law of succession, widely celebrated throughout Europe under the name of the 'Pragmatic Sanction.' By virtue of this decree, his

daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Francis of Lorraine, succeeded to the dominions of her ancestors.

No sovereign has ever taken possession of a throne by a clearer title. All the politics of the Austrian cabinet had, during twenty years, been directed to one single end—the settlement of the succession. From every person whose rights could be considered as injuriously affected, renunciations in the most solemn form had been obtained. The new law had been ratified by the Estates of all the kingdoms and principalities which made up the great Austrian monarchy. England, France, Spain, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, the Germanic body, had bound themselves by treaty to maintain the ‘Pragmatic Sanction.’ That Instrument was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world.

Even if no positive stipulations on the subject had existed, the arrangement was one which no good man would have been willing to disturb. It was a peaceable arrangement. It was an arrangement acceptable to the great population whose happiness was chiefly concerned. It was an arrangement which made no change in the distribution of power among the states of Christendom. It was an arrangement which could be set aside only by means of a general war; and, if it were set aside, the effect would be, that the equilibrium of Europe would be deranged, that the loyal and patriotic feelings of millions would be cruelly outraged, and that great provinces which had been united for centuries would be torn from each other by main force.

The sovereigns of Europe were, therefore, bound by every obligation which those who are intrusted with power over their fellow-creatures ought to hold most sacred, to respect and defend the rights of the Archduchess. Her situation and her personal qualities were such as might be expected to move the mind of any generous man to pity, admiration, and chivalrous tenderness. She was in her twenty-fourth year. Her form was majestic, her features beautiful, her countenance sweet and animated, her voice musical, her deportment gracious and dignified. In all domestic relations she was without reproach. She was married to a husband whom she loved, and was on the point of giving birth to a child when death deprived her of her father. The loss of a parent, and the new cares of empire, were too much for her in the delicate state of her health. Her spirits were depressed, and her cheek lost its bloom.

Yet it seemed that she had little cause for anxiety. It seemed that justice, humanity, and the faith of treaties would have their due weight, and that the settlement so solemnly

guaranteed would be quietly carried into effect. England, Russia, Poland, and Holland, declared in form their intention to adhere to their engagements. The French ministers made a verbal declaration to the same effect. But from no quarter did the young Queen of Hungary receive stronger assurances of friendship and support than from the King of Prussia.

Yet the King of Prussia, the ‘Anti-Machiavel,’ had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war; and all this for no end whatever, except that he might extend his dominions, and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy, to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom.

We will not condescend to refute at length the pleas which the compiler of the *Memoirs* before us has copied from Doctor Preuss. They amount to this—that the house of Brandenburg had some ancient pretensions to Silesia, and had in the previous century been compelled by hard usage on the part of the Court of Vienna, to waive those pretensions. It is certain that, whoever might originally have been in the right, Prussia had submitted. Prince after prince of the house of Brandenburg had acquiesced in the existing arrangement. Nay, the Court of Berlin had recently been allied with that of Vienna, and had guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian states. Is it not perfectly clear, that if antiquated claims are to be set up against recent treaties and long possession, the world can never be at peace for a day? The laws of all nations have wisely established a time of limitation, after which titles, however illegitimate in their origin, cannot be questioned. It is felt by everybody, that to eject a person from his estate on the ground of some injustice committed in the time of the Tudors, would produce all the evils which result from arbitrary confiscation, and would make all property insecure. It concerns the commonwealth—so runs the legal maxim—that there be an end of litigation. And surely this maxim is at least equally applicable to the great commonwealth of states; for in that commonwealth litigation means the devastation of provinces, the suspension of trade and industry, sieges like those of Badajoz and St. Sebastian, pitched fields like those of Eylau and Borodino. We hold that the transfer of Norway from Denmark to Sweden was an unjustifiable proceeding; but would the king of Denmark be therefore justified in landing, without any new provocation, in

Norway, and commencing military operations there? The king of Holland thinks, no doubt, that he was unjustly deprived of the Belgian provinces. Grant that it were so. Would he, therefore, be justified in marching with an army on Brussels? The case against Frederic was still stronger, inasmuch as the injustice of which he complained had been committed more than a century before. Nor must it be forgotten that he owed the highest personal obligations to the house of Austria. It may be doubted whether his life had not been preserved by the intercession of the prince whose daughter he was about to plunder.

To do the King justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In Manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and Memoirs he took a very different tone. To quote his own words: 'Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war.'

Having resolved on his course, he acted with ability and vigour. It was impossible wholly to conceal his preparations; for throughout the Prussian territories regiments, guns, and baggage were in motion. The Austrian envoy at Berlin apprised his court of these facts, and expressed a suspicion of Frederic's designs; but the ministers of Maria Theresa refused to give credit to so black an imputation on a young prince who was known chiefly by his high professions of integrity and philanthropy. 'We will not,'—they wrote—'we cannot, believe it.'

In the mean time the Prussian forces had been assembled. Without any declaration of war, without any demand for reparation, in the very act of pouring forth compliments and assurances of good-will, Frederic commenced hostilities. Many thousands of his troops were actually in Silesia before the Queen of Hungary knew that he had set up any claim to any part of her territories. At length he sent her a message which could be regarded only as an insult. If she would but let him have Silesia, he would, he said, stand by her, against any power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions: as if he was not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one!

It was the depth of winter. The cold was severe, and the roads deep in mire. But the Prussians pressed on. Resistance was impossible. The Austrian army was then neither numerous nor efficient. The small portion of that army which lay in Silesia, was unprepared for hostilities. Glogau was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlau was evacuated. A few scattered garrisons still held out; but the whole open country was

subjugated; no enemy ventured to encounter the king in the field; and, before the end of January, 1741, he returned to receive the congratulations of his subjects at Berlin.

Had the Silesian question been merely a question between Frederic and Maria Theresa, it would be impossible to acquit the Prussian king of gross perfidy. But when we consider the effects which his policy produced, and could not fail to produce, on the whole community of civilized nations, we are compelled to pronounce a condemnation still more severe. Till he began the war, it seemed possible, even probable, that the peace of the world would be preserved. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was indeed a strong temptation; and in more than one cabinet ambitious schemes were already meditated. But the treaties by which the 'Pragmatic Sanction' had been guaranteed, were express and recent. To throw all Europe into confusion for a purpose clearly unjust, was no light matter. England was true to her engagements. The voice of Fleury had always been for peace. He had a conscience. He was now in extreme old age, and was unwilling, after a life which, when his situation was considered, must be pronounced singularly pure, to carry the fresh stain of a great crime before the tribunal of his God. Even the vain and unprincipled Belle-Isle, whose whole life was one wild daydream of conquest and spoliation, could not, without disgrace, make a direct attack on the Austrian dominions. Charles, Elector of Bavaria, pretended that he had a right to a large part of the inheritance which the 'Pragmatic Sanction' gave to the Queen of Hungary; but he was not sufficiently powerful to move without support. It might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected, that after a short period of restlessness, all the potentates of Christendom would acquiesce in the arrangements made by the late Emperor. But the selfish rapacity of the king of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbours. His example quieted their sense of shame. His success led them to underrate the difficulty of dismembering the Austrian monarchy. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the brave mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

Silesia had been occupied without a battle; but the Austrian troops were advancing to the relief of the fortresses which still held out. In the spring Frederic rejoined his army. He had seen little of war, and had never commanded any great body of men in the field. It is not, therefore, strange that his first military operations showed little of that skill which, at a later period, was the admiration of Europe. What connoisseurs say of some pictures painted by Raphael in his youth, may be said of this campaign. It was in Frederic's early bad manner. Fortunately for him, the generals to whom he was opposed were men of small capacity. The discipline of his own troops, particularly of the infantry, was unequalled in that age; and some able and experienced officers were at hand to assist him with their advice. Of these, the most distinguished was Field-Marshal Schwerin—a brave adventurer of Pomeranian extraction, who had served half the governments in Europe, had borne the commissions of the States-General of Holland and of the Duke of Mecklenburg, had fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been with Charles the Twelfth at Bender.

Frederic's first battle was fought at Molwitz; and never did the career of a great commander open in a more inauspicious manner. His army was victorious. Not only, however, did he not establish his title to the character of an able general, but he was so unfortunate as to make it doubtful whether he possessed the vulgar courage of a soldier. The cavalry, which he commanded in person, was put to flight. Unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of a field of battle, he lost his self-possession, and listened too readily to those who urged him to save himself. His English grey carried him many miles from the field, while Schwerin, though wounded in two places, manfully upheld the day. The skill of the old Field-Marshal and the steadiness of the Prussian battalions prevailed; and the Austrian army was driven from the field with the loss of eight thousand men.

The news was carried late at night to a mill in which the king had taken shelter. It gave him a bitter pang. He was successful; but he owed his success to dispositions which others had made, and to the valour of men who had fought while he was flying. So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age!

The battle of Molwitz was the signal for a general explosion throughout Europe. Bavaria took up arms. France, not yet declaring herself a principal in the war, took part in it as an ally of Bavaria. The two great statesmen to whom mankind had owed many years of tranquillity, disappeared about this

time from the scene; but not till they had both been guilty of the weakness of sacrificing their sense of justice and their love of peace in the vain hope of preserving their power. Fleury, sinking under age and infirmity, was borne down by the impetuosity of Belle-Isle. Walpole retired from the service of his ungrateful country to his woods and paintings at Houghton; and his power devolved on the daring and eccentric Carteret. As were the ministers, so were the nations. Thirty years during which Europe had, with few interruptions, enjoyed repose, had prepared the public mind for great military efforts. A new generation had grown up, which could not remember the siege of Turin or the slaughter of Malplaquet; which knew war by nothing but its trophies; and which, while it looked with pride on the tapestries at Blenheim, or the statue in the 'Place of Victories,' little thought by what privations, by what waste of private fortunes, by how many bitter tears, conquests must be purchased.

For a time fortune seemed adverse to the Queen of Hungary. Frederic invaded Moravia. The French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, and were there joined by the Saxons. Prague was taken. The Elector of Bavaria was raised by the suffrages of his colleagues to the Imperial throne—a throne which the practice of centuries had almost entitled the House of Austria to regard as a hereditary possession.

Yet was the spirit of the haughty daughter of the Cæsars unbroken. Hungary was still hers by an unquestionable title; and although her ancestors had found Hungary the most mutinous of all their kingdoms, she resolved to trust herself to the fidelity of a people, rude indeed, turbulent, and impatient of oppression, but brave, generous, and simple-hearted. In the midst of distress and peril she had given birth to a son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph the Second. Scarcely had she risen from her couch, when she hastened to Presburg. There, in the sight of an innumerable multitude, she was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. No spectator could restrain his tears when the beautiful young mother, still weak from child-bearing, rode, after the fashion of her fathers, up the Mount of Defiance, unsheathed the ancient sword of state, shook it towards north and south, east and west, and, with a glow on her pale face, challenged the four corners of the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy. At the first sitting of the Diet she appeared clad in deep mourning for her father, and in pathetic and dignified words implored her people to support her just cause. Magnates and deputies sprang up, half drew their sabres, and with

eager voices vowed to stand by her with their lives and fortunes. Till then, her firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye; but at that shout she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came again before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little Archduke in her arms. Then it was that the enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into that war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe, 'Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!'

In the meantime, Frederic was meditating a change of policy. He had no wish to raise France to supreme power on the Continent, at the expense of the house of Hapsburg. His first object was, to rob the Queen of Hungary. His second was, that, if possible, nobody should rob her but himself. He had entered into engagements with the powers leagued against Austria; but these engagements were in his estimation of no more force than the guarantee formerly given to the 'Pragmatic Sanction.' His game now was to secure his share of the plunder by betraying his accomplices. Maria Theresa was little inclined to listen to any such compromise; but the English government represented to her so strongly the necessity of buying off so formidable an enemy as Frederic, that she agreed to negotiate. The negotiation would not, however, have ended in a treaty, had not the arms of Frederic been crowned with a second victory. Prince Charles of Loraine, brother-in-law to Maria Theresa, a bold and active, though unfortunate general, gave battle to the Prussians at Chotusitz, and was defeated. The king was still only a learner of the military art. He acknowledged, at a later period, that his success on this occasion was to be attributed, not at all to his own generalship, but solely to the valour and steadiness of his troops. He completely effaced, however, by his courage and energy, the stain which Molwitz had left on his reputation.

A peace, concluded under the English mediation, was the fruit of this battle. Maria Theresa ceded Silesia; Frederic abandoned his allies; Saxony followed his example; and the Queen was left at liberty to turn her whole force against France and Bavaria. She was everywhere triumphant. The French were compelled to evacuate Bohemia, and with difficulty effected their escape. The whole line of their retreat might be tracked by the corpses of thousands who had died of cold, fatigue and hunger. Many of those who reached their country carried with them the seeds of death. Bavaria was overrun by bands of ferocious warriors from that bloody 'debateable land,' which lies on the frontier between Christendom and Islam. The terri-

ble names of the Pandoor, the Croat, and the Hussar, then first became familiar to western Europe. The unfortunate Charles of Bavaria, vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary states, and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and remorse to an untimely end. An English army appeared in the heart of Germany, and defeated the French at Dettingen. The Austrian captains already began to talk of completing the work of Marlborough and Eugene, and of compelling France to relinquish Alsace and the Three Bishoprics.

The Court of Versailles, in this peril, looked to Frederic for help. He had been guilty of two great treasons, perhaps he might be induced to commit a third. The Duchess of Chateauroux then held the chief influence over the feeble Louis. She determined to send an agent to Berlin, and Voltaire was selected for the mission. He eagerly undertook the task; for, while his literary fame filled all Europe, he was troubled with a childish craving for political distinction. He was vain, and not without reason, of his address, and of his insinuating eloquence; and he flattered himself that he possessed boundless influence over the king of Prussia. The truth was, that he knew, as yet, only one corner of Frederic's character. He was well acquainted with all the petty vanities and affectations of the poetaster; but was not aware that these foibles were united with all the talents and vices which lead to success in active life; and that the unlucky versifier who bored him with reams of middling Alexandrines, was the most vigilant, suspicious, and severe of politicians.

Voltaire was received with every mark of respect and friendship, was lodged in the palace, and had a seat daily at the royal table. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to exchange their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guarantees, and the great king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion Voltaire put into his Majesty's hands a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the king's poems; and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. 'He had no credentials,' says Frederic, 'and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce.'

But what the influence of Voltaire could not effect, the rapid progress of the Austrian arms effected. If it should be in the power

of Maria Theresa and George the Second to dictate terms of peace to France, what chance was there that Prussia would long retain Silesia? Frederic's conscience told him that he had acted perfidiously and inhumanly towards the Queen of Hungary. That her resentment was strong she had given ample proof; and of her respect for treaties he judged by his own. Guarantees, he said, were mere filigree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure. He thought it his safest course to ally himself closely to France, and again to attack the Empress Queen. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1744, without notice, without any decent pretext, he recommenced hostilities, marched through the electorate of Saxony without troubling himself about the permission of the Elector, invaded Bohemia, took Prague, and even menaced Vienna.

It was now that, for the first time, he experienced the inconstancy of fortune. An Austrian army under Charles of Loraine threatened his communications with Silesia. Saxony was all in arms behind him. He found it necessary to save himself by a retreat. He afterwards owned that his failure was the natural effect of his own blunders. No general, he said, had ever committed greater faults. It must be added, that to the reverses of this campaign he always ascribed his subsequent successes. It was in the midst of difficulty and disgrace that he caught the first clear glimpse of the principles of the military art.

The memorable year 1745 followed. The war raged by sea and land, in Italy, in Germany, and in Flanders; and even England, after many years of profound internal quiet, saw for the last time, hostile armies set in battle-array against each other. This year is memorable in the life of Frederic, as the date at which his noviciate in the art of war may be said to have terminated. There have been great captains whose precocious and self-taught military skill resembled intuition. Condé, Clive, and Napoleon are examples. But Frederic was not one of these brilliant portents. His proficiency in military science was simply the proficiency which a man of vigorous faculties makes in any science to which he applies his mind with earnestness and industry. It was at Hohenfriedberg that he first proved how much he had profited by his errors, and by their consequences. His victory on that day was chiefly due to his skilful dispositions, and convinced Europe that the prince, who, a few years before, had stood aghast in the rout of Molwitz, had attained in the military art a mastery equalled by none of his contemporaries, or equalled by Saxe alone. The victory of Hohenfriedberg was speedily followed by that of Sorr.

In the mean time, the arms of France had been victorious in the Low Countries. Frederic had no longer reason to fear that Maria Theresa would be able to give law to Europe, and he began to meditate a fourth breach of his engagements. The court of Versailles was alarmed and mortified. A letter of earnest expostulation, in the handwriting of Louis, was sent to Berlin; but in vain. In the autumn of 1745, Frederic made peace with England, and before the close of the year, with Austria also. The pretensions of Charles of Bavaria could present no obstacle to an accommodation. That unhappy prince was no more; and Francis of Loraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, was raised, with the general assent of the Germanic body, to the Imperial throne.

Prussia was again at peace; but the European war lasted till, in the year 1748, it was terminated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Of all the powers that had taken part in it, the only gainer was Frederic. Not only had he added to his patrimony the fine province of Silesia: he had, by his unprincipled dexterity, succeeded so well in alternately depressing the scale of Austria and that of France, that he was generally regarded as holding the balance of Europe—a high dignity for one who ranked lowest among kings, and whose great-grandfather had been no more than a Margrave. By the public, the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious, and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong. He was at the same time allowed to be a man of parts, a rising general, a shrewd negotiator and administrator. Those qualities wherein he surpassed all mankind, were as yet unknown to others or to himself; for they were qualities which shine out only on a dark ground. His career had hitherto, with little interruption, been prosperous; and it was only in adversity, in adversity which seemed without hope or resource, in adversity which would have overwhelmed even men celebrated for strength of mind, that his real greatness could be shown.

He had, from the commencement of his reign, applied himself to public business after a fashion unknown among kings. Louis XIV., indeed, had been his own prime minister, and had exercised a general superintendence over all the departments of the government; but this was not sufficient for Frederic. He was not content with being his own prime minister—he would be his own sole minister. Under him there was no room, not merely for a Richelieu or a Mazarin, but for a Colbert, a Louvois, or a Torcy. A love of labour for its own sake, a restless and insatiable longing to

dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt, a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow creatures, indisposed him to ask counsel, to confide important secrets, to delegate ample powers. The highest functionaries under his government were mere clerks, and were not so much trusted by him as valuable clerks are often trusted by the heads of departments. He was his own treasurer, his own commander-in-chief, his own intendant of public works; his own minister for trade and justice, for home affairs and foreign affairs; his own master of the horse, steward and chamberlain. Matters of which no chief of an office in any other government would ever hear, were in this singular monarchy, decided by the King in person. If a traveller wished for a good place to see a review, he had to write to Frederic, and received next day, from a royal messenger, Frederic's answer signed by Frederic's own hand. This was an extravagant, a morbid activity. The public business would assuredly have been better done if each department had been put under a man of talents and integrity, and if the King had contented himself with a general control. In this manner the advantages which belong to unity of design, and the advantages which belong to the division of labour, would have been to a great extent combined. But such a system would not have suited the peculiar temper of Frederic. He could tolerate no will, no reason in the state, save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate, to transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and No into an official form. Of the higher intellectual faculties, there is as much in a copying machine, or a lithographic press, as he required from a secretary of the cabinet.

His own exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body, or a human mind. At Potsdam, his ordinary residence, he rose at three in summer and four in winter. A page soon appeared, with a large basketful of all the letters which had arrived for the King by the last courier—despatches from ambassadors, reports from officers of revenue, plans of buildings, proposals for draining marshes, complaints from persons who thought themselves aggrieved, applications from persons who wanted titles, military commissions, and civil situations. He examined the seals with a keen eye; for he was never for a moment free from the suspicion that some fraud might be practised on him. Then he read the letters, divided them into several packets, and signified his pleasure, generally by a mark, often by two or three words, now and then by some cutting epigram. By eight he had generally finished this part of his task.

The adjutant-general was then in attendance, and received instructions for the day as to all the military arrangements of the kingdom. Then the King went to review his guards, not as kings ordinarily review their guards, but with the minute attention and severity of an old drill-sergeant. In the mean time the four cabinet secretaries had been employed in answering the letters on which the King had that morning signified his will. These unhappy men were forced to work all the year round like negro-slaves in the time of the sugar-crop. They never had a holiday. They never knew what it was to dine. It was necessary that, before they stirred, they should finish the whole of their work. The King, always on his guard against treachery, took from the heap a handful at random, and looked into them to see whether his instructions had been exactly followed. This was no bad security against foul play on the part of the secretaries; for if one of them was detected in a trick, he might think himself fortunate if he escaped with five years of imprisonment in a dungeon. Frederic then signed the replies, and all were sent off the same evening.

The general principles on which this strange government was conducted, deserve attention. The policy of Frederic was essentially the same as his father's; but Frederic, while he carried that policy to lengths to which his father never thought of carrying it, cleared it at the same time from the absurdities with which his father had encumbered it. The King's first object was to have a great, efficient, and well-trained army. He had a kingdom which in extent and population was hardly in the second rank of European powers; and yet he aspired to a place not inferior to that of the sovereigns of England, France, and Austria. For that end it was necessary that Prussia should be all sting. Louis XV., with five times as many subjects as Frederic, and more than five times as large a revenue, had not a more formidable army. The proportion which the soldiers in Prussia bore to the people, seems hardly credible. Of the males in the vigour of life, a seventh part were probably under arms; and this great force had, by drilling, by reviewing, and by the unsparing use of cane and scourge, been taught to perform all evolutions with a rapidity and a precision which would have astonished Villars or Eugene. The elevated feelings which are necessary to the best kind of army were then wanting to the Prussian service. In those ranks were not found the religious and political enthusiasm which inspired the pikemen of Cromwell—the patriotic ardour, the thirst of glory, the devotion to a great leader, which inflamed the Old Guard of Napoleon. But in all the mechanical parts of the military calling,

the Prussians were as superior to the English and French troops of that day, as the English and French troops to a rustic militia.

Though the pay of the Prussian soldier was small, though every rixdollar of extraordinary charge was scrutinized by Frederic with a vigilance and suspicion such as Mr. Joseph Hume never brought to the examination of an army-estimate, the expense of such an establishment was, for the means of the country, enormous. In order that it might not be utterly ruinous, it was necessary that every other expense should be cut down to the lowest possible point. Accordingly Frederic, though his dominions bordered on the sea, had no navy. He neither had nor wished to have colonies. His judges, his fiscal officers, were meanly paid. His ministers at foreign courts walked on foot, or drove shabby old carriages till the axletrees gave way. Even to his highest diplomatic agents, who resided at London and Paris, he allowed less than a thousand pounds sterling a-year. The royal household was managed with a frugality unusual in the establishments of opulent subjects—unexampled in any other palace. The king loved good eating and drinking, and during great part of his life took pleasure in seeing his table surrounded by guests; yet the whole charge of his kitchen was brought within the sum of two thousand pounds sterling a-year. He examined every extraordinary item with a care which might be thought to suit the mistress of a boarding-house better than a great prince. When more than four rixdollars were asked of him for a hundred oysters, he stormed as if he had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress to the Empress-Queen. Not a bottle of champagne was uncorked without his express order. The game of the royal parks and forests, a serious head of expenditure in most kingdoms, was to him a source of profit. The whole was farmed out; and though the farmers were almost ruined by their contract, the King would grant them no remission. His wardrobe consisted of one fine gala dress, which lasted him all his life; of two or three old coats fit for Monmouth Street, of yellow waistcoats soiled with snuff, and of huge boots embrowned by time. One taste alone sometimes allured him beyond the limits of parsimony, nay, even beyond the limits of prudence—the taste for building. In all other things his economy was such as we might call by a harsher name, if we did not reflect that his funds were drawn from a heavily taxed people, and that it was impossible for him, without excessive tyranny, to keep up at once a formidable army and a splendid court.

Considered as an administrator, Frederic had undoubtedly many titles to praise. Order was strictly maintained throughout his domi-

nions. Property was secure. A great liberty of speaking and of writing was allowed. Confident in the irresistible strength derived from a great army, the king looked down on malcontents and libellers with a wise disdain; and gave little encouragement to spies and informers. When he was told of the disaffection of one of his subjects, he merely asked, 'How many thousand men can he bring into the field?' He once saw a crowd staring at something on a wall. He rode up, and found that the object of curiosity was a scurrilous placard against himself. The placard had been posted up so high that it was not easy to read it. Frederic ordered his attendants to take it down and put it lower. 'My people and I,' he said, 'have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are to say what they please, and I am to do what I please.' No person would have dared to publish in London satires on George II. approaching to the atrocity of those satires on Frederic, which the booksellers at Berlin sold with impunity. One bookseller sent to the palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon that perhaps was ever written in the world, the 'Memoirs of Voltaire,' published by Beaumarchais, and asked for his majesty's orders. 'Do not advertise it in an offensive manner,' said the king; 'but sell it by all means. I hope it will pay you well.' Even among statesmen accustomed to the license of a free press, such steadfastness of mind as this is not very common.

It is due also to the memory of Frederic to say, that he earnestly laboured to secure to his people the great blessing of cheap and speedy justice. He was one of the first rulers who abolished the cruel and absurd practice of torture. No sentence of death, pronounced by the ordinary tribunals, was executed without his sanction; and his sanction, except in cases of murder, was rarely given. Towards his troops he acted in a very different manner. Military offences were punished with such barbarous scourging, that to be shot was considered by the Prussian soldier as a secondary punishment. Indeed, the principle which pervaded Frederic's whole policy was this—that the more severely the army is governed, the safer it is to treat the rest of the community with lenity.

Religious persecution was unknown under his government—unless some foolish and unjust restrictions which lay upon the Jews may be regarded as forming an exception. His policy with respect to the Catholics of Silesia presented an honourable contrast to the policy which, under very similar circumstances, England long followed with respect to the Catholics of Ireland. Every form of religion and irreligion found an asylum in his states.

The scoffer whom the parliaments of France had sentenced to a cruel death, was consoled by a commission in the Prussian service. The Jesuit who could show his face nowhere else—who in Britain was still subject to penal laws, who was proscribed by France, Spain, Portugal and Naples, who had been given up even by the Vatican—found safety and the means of subsistence in the Prussian dominions.

Most of the vices of Frederic's administration resolved themselves into one vice—the spirit of meddling. The indefatigable activity of his intellect, his dictatorial temper, his military habits, all inclined him to this great fault. He drilled his people as he drilled his grenadiers. Capital and industry were diverted from their natural direction by a crowd of preposterous regulations. There was a monopoly of coffee, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of refined sugar. The public money, of which the king was generally so sparing, was lavishly spent in ploughing bogs, in planting mulberry-trees amidst the sand, in bringing sheep from Spain to improve the Saxon wool, in bestowing prizes for fine yarn, in building manufactories of porcelain, manufactories of carpets, manufactories of hardware, manufactories of lace. Neither the experience of other rulers, nor his own, could ever teach him that something more than an edict and a grant of public money is required to create a Lyons, a Brussels, or a Birmingham.

For his commercial policy, however, there is some excuse. He had on his side illustrious examples and popular prejudice. Grievously as he erred, he erred in company with his age. In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice as well as with the course of trade; and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that a body of men, whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil right, were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions than a prince whose attention was divided between a thousand objects, and who had probably never read a law-book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his Chancellor. He kicked the shins of his Judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right, and defending the cause of the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well-meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign. We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a

tyrant; but to be ruled by a busy-body is more than human nature can bear.

The same passion for directing and regulating appeared in every part of the King's policy. Every lad of a certain station in life was forced to go to certain schools within the Prussian dominions. If a young Prussian repaired, though but for a few weeks, to Leyden or Göttingen for the purpose of study, the offence was punished with civil disabilities, and sometimes with confiscation of property. Nobody was to travel without the royal permission. If the permission were granted, the pocket-money of the tourist was fixed by royal ordinance. A merchant might take with him two hundred and fifty rixdollars in gold, a noble was allowed to take four hundred; for it may be observed, in passing, that Frederic studiously kept up the old distinction between the nobles and the community. In speculation, he was a French philosopher; but in action, a German prince. He talked and wrote about the privileges of blood in the style of Siêyes; but in practice no chapter in the empire looked with a keener eye to genealogies and quarterings.

Such was Frederic the Ruler. But there was another Frederic, the Frederic of Rheinsberg, the fiddler and flute-player, the poetaster and metaphysician. Amidst the cares of state the King had retained his passion for music, for reading, for writing, for literary society. To these amusements he devoted all the time he could snatch from the business of war and government; and perhaps more light is thrown on his character by what passed during his hours of relaxation, than by his battles or his laws.

It was the just boast of Schiller, that in his country no Augustus, no Lorenzo, had watched over the infancy of art. The rich and energetic language of Luther, driven by the Latin from the school of pedants, and by the French from the palaces of kings, had taken refuge among the people. Of the powers of that language Frederic had no notion. He generally spoke of it, and of those who used it, with the contempt of ignorance. His library consisted of French books; at his table nothing was heard but French conversation.

The associates of his hours of relaxation were, for the most part, foreigners. Britain furnished to the royal circle two distinguished men, born in the highest rank, and driven by civil dissensions from the land to which, under happier circumstances, their talents and virtues might have been a source of strength and glory. George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, had taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1715, and his younger brother James, then only seventeen years old, had fought

gallantly by his side. When all was lost they retired together to the Continent, roved from country to country, served under many standards, and so bore themselves as to win the respect and good-will of many who had no love for the Jacobite cause. Their long wanderings terminated at Potsdam; nor had Frederic any associates who deserved or obtained so large a share of his esteem. They were not only accomplished men, but nobles and warriors, capable of serving him in war and diplomacy, as well as of amusing him at supper. Alone of all his companions they appear never to have had reason to complain of his demeanour towards them. Some of those who knew the palace best, pronounced that the Lord Marischal was the only human being whom Frederic ever really loved.

Italy sent to the parties at Potsdam the ingenious and amiable Algarotti, and Bastiani, the most crafty, cautious, and servile of Abbés. But the greater part of the society which Frederic had assembled around him, was drawn from France. Maupertuis had acquired some celebrity by the journey which he made to Lapland, for the purpose of ascertaining, by actual measurement, the shape of our planet. He was placed in the Chair of the Academy of Berlin, a humble imitation of the renowned academy of Paris. Baculard D'Arnaud, a young poet, who was thought to have given promise of great things, had been induced to quit his country, and to reside at the Prussian Court. The Marquis D'Argens was among the King's favourite companions, on account, as it should seem, of the strong opposition between their characters. The parts of D'Argens were good, and his manners those of a finished French gentleman; but his whole soul was dissolved in sloth, timidity, and self-indulgence. His was one of that abject class of minds which are superstitious without being religious. Hating Christianity with a rancour which made him incapable of rational inquiry; unable to see in the harmony and beauty of the universe the traces of divine power and wisdom, he was the slave of dreams and omens;—would not sit down to table with thirteen in company; turned pale if the salt fell towards him; begged his guests not to cross their knives and forks on their plates; and would not for the world commence a journey on Friday. His health was a subject of constant anxiety to him. Whenever his head ached, or his pulse beat quick, his dastardly fears and effeminate precautions were the jest of all Berlin. All this suited the King's purpose admirably. He wanted somebody by whom he might be amused, and whom he might despise. When he wished to pass half an hour in easy polished conversation, D'Argens was an excellent companion;

when he wanted to vent his spleen and contempt, D'Argens was an excellent butt.

With these associates, and others of the same class, Frederic loved to spend the time which he could steal from public cares. He wished his supper-parties to be gay and easy; and invited his guests to lay aside all restraint, and to forget that he was at the head of a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers, and was absolute master of the life and liberty of all who sat at meat with him. There was, therefore, at these meetings the outward show of ease. The wit and learning of the company were ostentatiously displayed. The discussions on history and literature were often highly interesting. But the absurdity of all the religions known among men was the chief topic of conversation; and the audacity with which doctrines and names venerated throughout Christendom were treated on these occasions, startled even persons accustomed to the society of French and English free-thinkers. But real liberty, or real affection, was in this brilliant society not to be found. Absolute kings seldom have friends: and Frederic's faults were such as, even where perfect equality exists, make friendship exceedingly precarious. He had indeed many qualities, which, on a first acquaintance, were captivating. His conversation was lively; his manners to those whom he desired to please were even caressing. No man could flatter with more delicacy. No man succeeded more completely in inspiring those who approached him with vague hopes of some great advantage from his kindness. But under his fair exterior he was a tyrant—suspicious, disdainful, and malevolent. He had one taste which may be pardoned in a boy, but which, when habitually and deliberately indulged by a man of mature age and strong understanding, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart—a taste for severe practical jokes. If a friend of the king was fond of dress, oil was flung over his richest suit. If he was fond of money, some prank was invented to make him disburse more than he could spare. If he was hypochondriacal, he was made to believe that he had the dropsy. If he had particularly set his heart on visiting a place, a letter was forged to frighten him from going thither. These things, it may be said, are trifles. They are so; but they are indications, not to be mistaken, of a nature to which the sight of human suffering and human degradation is an agreeable excitement.

Frederic had a keen eye for the foibles of others, and loved to communicate his discoveries. He had some talent of sarcasm, and considerable skill in detecting the sore places where sarcasm would be most acutely felt. His vanity, as well as his malignity, found

gratification in the vexation and confusion of those who smarted under his caustic jests. Yet in truth his success on these occasions belonged quite as much to the king as to the wit. We read that Commodus descended, sword in hand, into the arena against a wretched gladiator, armed only with a foil of lead, and, after shedding the blood of the helpless victim, struck medals to commemorate the inglorious victory. The triumphs of Frederic in the war of repartee, were of much the same kind. How to deal with him was the most puzzling of questions. To appear constrained in his presence was to disobey his commands, and to spoil his amusement. Yet if his associates were enticed by his graciousness to indulge in the familiarity of a cordial intimacy, he was certain to make them repent of their presumption by some cruel humiliation. To resent his affronts was perilous; yet not to resent them was to deserve and to invite them. In his view, those who mutinied were insolent and ungrateful; those who submitted, were curs made to receive bones and kickings with the same fawning patience. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how anything short of the rage of hunger should have induced men to bear the misery of being the associates of the Great King. It was no lucrative post. His Majesty was as severe and economical in his friendships as in the other charges of his establishment, and as unlikely to give a rixdollar too much for his guests as for his dinners. The sum which he allowed to a poet or a philosopher, was the very smallest sum for which such poet or philosopher could be induced to sell himself into slavery; and the bondsman might think himself fortunate, if what had been so grudgingly given was not, after years of suffering, rudely and arbitrarily withdrawn.

Potsdam was, in truth, what it was called by one of its most illustrious inmates, the Palace of Alcina. At the first glance it seemed to be a delightful spot, where every intellectual and physical enjoyment awaited the happy adventurer. Every new comer was received with eager hospitality, intoxicated with flattery, encouraged to expect prosperity and greatness. It was in vain that a long succession of favourites who had entered that abode with delight and hope, and who, after a short term of delusive happiness, had been doomed to expiate their folly by years of wretchedness and degradation, raised their voices to warn the aspirant who approached the charmed threshold. Some had wisdom enough to discover the truth early, and spirit enough to fly without looking back; others lingered on to a cheerless and unhonoured old age. We have no hesitation in saying that the poorest author of that time

in London, sleeping on a bulk, dining in a cellar, with a cravat of paper, and a skewer for a shirtpin, was a happier man than any of the literary inmates of Frederic's Court.

But of all who entered the enchanted garden in the inebriation of delight, and quitted it in agonies of rage and shame, the most remarkable was Voltaire. Many circumstances had made him desirous of finding a home at a distance from his country. His fame had raised him up enemies. His sensibility gave them a formidable advantage over him. They were, indeed, contemptible assailants. Of all that they wrote against him, nothing has survived except what he has himself preserved. But the constitution of his mind resembled the constitution of those bodies in which the slightest scratch of a bramble, or the bite of a gnat, never fails to fester. Though his reputation was rather raised than lowered by the abuse of such writers as Fréron and Desfontaines—though the vengeance which he took on Fréron and Desfontaines was such, that scourging, branding, pillorying, would have been a trifle to it—there is reason to believe that they gave him far more pain than he ever gave them. Though he enjoyed during his own lifetime the reputation of a classic—though he was extolled by his contemporaries above all poets, philosophers, and historians—though his works were read with as much delight and admiration at Moscow and Westminster, at Florence and Stockholm, as at Paris itself, he was yet tormented by that restless jealousy which should seem to belong only to minds burning with the desire of fame, and yet conscious of impotence. To men of letters who could by no possibility be his rivals, he was, if they behaved well to him, not merely just, not merely courteous, but often a hearty friend and a munificent benefactor. But to every writer who rose to a celebrity approaching his own, he became either a disguised or an avowed enemy. He slyly depreciated Montesquieu and Buffon. He publicly, and with violent outrage, made war on Jean Jaques. Nor had he the art of hiding his feelings under the semblance of good-humour or of contempt. With all his great talents, and all his long experience of the world, he had no more self-command than a petted child or a hysterical woman. Whenever he was mortified, he exhausted the whole rhetoric of anger and sorrow to express his mortification. His torrents of bitter words—his stamping and cursing—his grimaces and his tears of rage—were a rich feast to those abject natures, whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits, and in the abasement of immortal names. These creatures had now found out a way of galling

him to the very quick. In one walk, at least, it had been admitted by envy itself that he was without a living competitor. Since Racine had been laid among the great men whose dust made the holy precinct of Port-Royal holier, no tragic poet had appeared who could contest the palm with the author of *Zaire*, of *Alzire*, and of *Merope*. At length a rival was announced. Old Crébillon, who, many years before, had obtained some theatrical success, and who had long been forgotten, came forth from his garret in one of the meanest lanes near the Rue St. Antoine, and was welcomed by the acclamations of envious men of letters, and of a capricious populace. A thing called *Catiline*, which he had written in his retirement, was acted with boundless applause. Of this execrable piece it is sufficient to say, that the plot turns on a love affair, carried on in all the forms of Scudery, between Catiline, whose confidant is the Prætor Lentulus, and Tullia, the daughter of Cicero. The theatre resounded with acclamations. The king pensioned the successful poet; and the coffee-houses pronounced that Voltaire was a clever man, but that the real tragic inspiration, the celestial fire which glowed in Corneille and Racine, was to be found in Crébillon alone.

The blow went to Voltaire's heart. Had his wisdom and fortitude been in proportion to the fertility of his intellect, and to the brilliancy of his wit, he would have seen that it was out of the power of all the puffers and detractors in Europe to put *Catiline* above *Zaire*; but he had none of the magnanimous patience with which Milton and Bentley left their claims to the unerring judgment of time. He eagerly engaged in an undignified competition with Crébillon, and produced a series of plays on the same subjects which his rival had treated. These pieces were coolly received. Angry with the court, angry with the capital, Voltaire began to find pleasure in the prospect of exile. His attachment to Madame du Châtelet long prevented him from executing his purpose. Her death set him at liberty; and he determined to take refuge at Berlin.

To Berlin he was invited by a series of letters, couched in terms of the most enthusiastic friendship and admiration. For once the rigid parsimony of Frederic seemed to have relaxed. Orders, honourable offices, a liberal pension, a well-served table, stately apartments under a royal roof, were offered in return for the pleasure and honour which were expected from the society of the first wit of the age. A thousand louis were remitted for the charges of the journey. No ambassador setting out from Berlin for a court of the first rank, had ever been more amply supplied.

But Voltaire was not satisfied. At a later period, when he possessed an ample fortune, he was one of the most liberal of men; but till his means had become equal to his wishes, his greediness for lucre was unrestrained either by justice or by shame. He had the effrontery to ask for a thousand louis more, in order to enable him to bring his niece, Madame Denis, the ugliest of coquettes, in his company. The indelicate rapacity of the poet produced its natural effect on the severe and frugal king. The answer was a dry refusal. 'I did not,' said his Majesty, 'solicit the honour of the lady's society.' On this, Voltaire went off into a paroxysm of childish rage. 'Was there ever such avarice? He has hundreds of tubs full of dollars in his vaults, and haggles with me about a poor thousand louis.' It seemed that the negotiation would be broken off; but Frederic, with great dexterity, affected indifference, and seemed inclined to transfer his idolatry to Baculard d'Arnaud. His Majesty even wrote some bad verses, of which the sense was, that Voltaire was a setting sun, and that Arnaud was rising. Good-natured friends soon carried the lines to Voltaire. He was in his bed. He jumped out in his shirt, danced about the room with rage, and sent for his passport and his post-horses. It was not difficult to foresee the end of a connection which had such a beginning.

It was in the year 1750 that Voltaire left the great capital, which he was not to see again till, after the lapse of near thirty years, he returned, bowed down by extreme old age, to die in the midst of a splendid and ghastly triumph. His reception in Prussia was such as might well have elated a less vain and excitable mind. He wrote to his friends at Paris, that the kindness and the attention with which he had been welcomed surpassed description—that the king was the most amiable of men—that Potsdam was the paradise of philosophers. He was created chamberlain, and received, together with his gold key, the cross of an order, and a patent ensuring to him a pension of eight hundred pounds sterling a-year for life. A hundred and sixty pounds a-year were promised to his niece if she survived him. The royal cooks and coachmen were put at his disposal. He was lodged in the same apartments in which Saxe had lived, when, at the height of power and glory, he visited Prussia. Frederic, indeed, stooped for a time even to use the language of adulation. He pressed to his lips the meagre hand of the little grinning skeleton, whom he regarded as the dispenser of immortal renown. He would add, he said, to the titles which he owed to his ancestors and his sword, another title derived from his

last and proudest acquisition. His style should run thus :—Frederic, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, Possessor of Voltaire. But even amidst the delights of the honey-moon, Voltaire's sensitive vanity began to take alarm. A few days after his arrival, he could not help telling his niece that the amiable King had a trick of giving a sly scratch with one hand, while patting and stroking with the other. Soon came hints not the less alarming, because mysterious. 'The supper parties are delicious. The king is the life of the company. But—I have operas and comedies, reviews and concerts, my studies and books. But—but—Berlin is fine, the princesses charming, the maids of honour handsome. But'—

This eccentric friendship was fast cooling. Never had there met two persons so exquisitely fitted to plague each other. Each of them had exactly the fault of which the other was most impatient; and they were, in different ways, the most impatient of mankind. Frederic was frugal, almost niggardly. When he had secured his plaything he began to think that he had bought it too dear. Voltaire, on the other hand, was greedy, even to the extent of impudence and knavery; and conceived that the favourite of a monarch who had barrels full of gold and silver laid up in cellars, ought to make a fortune which a receiver-general might envy. They soon discovered each other's feelings. Both were angry, and a war began, in which Frederic stooped to the part of Harpagon, and Voltaire to that of Scapin. It is humiliating to relate, that the great warrior and statesman gave orders that his guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate should be curtailed. It is, if possible, a still more humiliating fact, that Voltaire indemnified himself by pocketing the wax-candles in the royal antechamber. Disputes about money, however, were not the most serious disputes of these extraordinary associates. The sarcasms of the king soon galled the sensitive temper of the poet. D'Arnaud and D'Argens, Guichard and La Métrie, might, for the sake of a morsel of bread, be willing to bear the insolence of a master; but Voltaire was of another order. He knew that he was a potentate as well as Frederic; that his European reputation, and his incomparable power of covering whatever he hated with ridicule, made him an object of dread even to the leaders of armies and the rulers of nations. In truth, of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants, who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions, turned pale at his

name. Principles unassailable by reason, principles which had withstood the fiercest attacks of power, the most valuable truths, the most generous sentiments, the noblest and most graceful images, the purest reputations, the most august institutions, began to look mean and loathsome as soon as that withering smile was turned upon them. To every opponent, however strong in his cause and his talents, in his station and in his character, who ventured to encounter the great scoffer, might be addressed the caution which was given of old to the Archangel :—

'I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that fatal dint,
Save Him who reigns above, none can resist.'

We cannot pause to recount how often that rare talent was exercised against rivals worthy of esteem—how often it was used to crush and torture enemies worthy only of silent disdain—how often it was perverted to the more noxious purpose of destroying the last solace of earthly misery, and the last restraint on earthly power. Neither can we pause to tell how often it was used to vindicate justice, humanity, and toleration—the principles of sound philosophy, the principles of free government. This is not the place for a full character of Voltaire.

Causes of quarrel multiplied fast. Voltaire, who, partly from love of money, and partly from love of excitement, was always fond of stockjobbing, became implicated in transactions of at least a dubious character. The King was delighted at having such an opportunity to humble his guest; and bitter reproaches and complaints were exchanged. Voltaire, too, was soon at war with the other men of letters who surrounded the King; and this irritated Frederic, who, however, had himself chiefly to blame: for, from that love of tormenting which was in him a ruling passion, he perpetually lavished extravagant praises on small men and bad books, merely in order that he might enjoy the mortification and rage which on such occasions Voltaire took no pains to conceal. His majesty, however, soon had reason to regret the pains which he had taken to kindle jealousy among the members of his household. The whole palace was in a ferment with literary intrigues and cabals. It was to no purpose that the imperial voice, which kept a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers in order, was raised to quiet the contention of the exasperated wits. It was far easier to stir up such a storm than to lull it. Nor was Frederic, in his capacity of wit, by any means without his own share of vexations. He had sent a large quantity

of verses to Voltaire, and requested that they might be returned, with remarks and corrections. 'See,' exclaimed Voltaire, 'what a quantity of his dirty linen the King has sent me to wash!' Talebearers were not wanting to carry the sarcasm to the royal ear; and Frederic was as much incensed as a Grub Street writer who had found his name in the 'Dunciad.'

This could not last. A circumstance which, when the mutual regard of the friends was in its first glow, would merely have been matter for laughter, produced a violent explosion. Maupertuis enjoyed as much of Frederic's good-will as any man of letters. He was President of the Academy of Berlin; and he stood second to Voltaire, though at an immense distance, in the literary society which had been assembled at the Prussian court. Frederic had, by playing for his own amusement on the feelings of the two jealous and vainglorious Frenchmen, succeeded in producing a bitter enmity between them. Voltaire resolved to set his mark, a mark never to be effaced, on the forehead of Maupertuis; and wrote the exquisitely ludicrous diatribe of *Doctor Akakia*. He showed this little piece to Frederic, who had too much taste and too much malice not to relish such delicious pleasantry. In truth, even at this time of day, it is not easy for any person who has the least perception of the ridiculous to read the jokes on the Latin city, the Patagonians, and the hole to the centre of the earth, without laughing till he cries. But though Frederic was diverted by this charming pasquinade, he was unwilling that it should get abroad. His self-love was interested. He had selected Maupertuis to fill the Chair of his Academy. If all Europe were taught to laugh at Maupertuis, would not the reputation of the Academy, would not even the dignity of its royal patron be in some degree compromised? The King, therefore, begged Voltaire to suppress his performance. Voltaire promised to do so, and broke his word. The diatribe was published, and received with shouts of merriment and applause by all who could read the French language. The King stormed. Voltaire, with his usual disregard of truth, protested his innocence, and made up some lie about a printer or an amanuensis. The King was not to be so imposed upon. He ordered the pamphlet to be burned by the common hangman, and insisted upon having an apology from Voltaire, couched in the most abject terms. Voltaire sent back to the King his cross, his key, and the patent of his pension. After this burst of rage, the strange pair began to be ashamed of their violence, and went through the forms of reconciliation. But the breach was irreparable,

and Voltaire took his leave of Frederic for ever. They parted with cold civility; but their hearts were big with resentment. Voltaire had in his keeping a volume of the King's poetry, and forgot to return it. This was, we believe, merely one of the oversights which men setting out upon a journey often commit. That Voltaire could have meditated plagiarism is quite incredible. He would not, we are confident, for the half of Frederic's kingdom, have consented to father Frederic's verses. The King, however, who rated his own writings much above their value, and who was inclined to see all Voltaire's actions in the worst light, was enraged to think that his favourite compositions were in the hands of an enemy, as thievish as a daw and as mischievous as a monkey. In the anger excited by this thought, he lost sight of reason and decency, and determined on committing an outrage at once odious and ridiculous.

Voltaire had reached Frankfort. His niece, Madame Denis, came thither to meet him. He conceived himself secure from the power of his late master, when he was arrested by order of the Prussian resident. The precious volume was delivered up. But the Prussian agents had, no doubt, been instructed not to let Voltaire escape without some gross indignity. He was confined twelve days in a wretched hovel. Sentinels with fixed bayonets kept guard over him. His niece was dragged through the mire by the soldiers. Sixteen hundred dollars were extorted from him by his insolent jailors. It is absurd to say that this outrage is not to be attributed to the King. Was anybody punished for it? Was anybody called in question for it? Was it not consistent with Frederic's character? Was it not of a piece with his conduct on other similar occasions? Is it not notorious that he repeatedly gave private directions to his officers to pillage and demolish the houses of persons against whom he had a grudge—charging them, at the same time, to take their measures in such a way that his name might not be compromised? He acted thus towards Count Buhl, in the Seven Years' War. Why should we believe that he would have been more scrupulous with regard to Voltaire?

When at length the illustrious prisoner regained his liberty, the prospect before him was but dreary. He was an exile both from the country of his birth and from the country of his adoption. The French government had taken offence at his journey to Prussia, and would not permit him to return to Paris; and in the vicinity of Prussia it was not safe for him to remain.

He took refuge on the beautiful shores of

Lake Lemán. There, loosed from every tie which had hitherto restrained him, and having little to hope or to fear from courts and churches, he began his long war against all that, whether for good or evil, had authority over man; for what Burke said of the Constituent Assembly, was eminently true of this its great forerunner. He could not build—he could only pull down—he was the very Vitruvius of ruin. He has bequeathed to us not a single doctrine to be called by his name—not a single addition to the stock of our positive knowledge. But no human teacher ever left behind him so vast and terrible a wreck of truths and falsehoods—of things noble and things base—of things useful and things pernicious. From the time when his sojourn beneath the Alps commenced, the dramatist, the wit, the historian, was merged in a more important character. He was now the patriarch, the founder of a sect, the chief of a conspiracy, the prince of a wide intellectual commonwealth. He often enjoyed a pleasure dear to the better part of his nature, the pleasure of vindicating innocence which had no other helper—of repairing cruel wrongs—of punishing tyranny in high places. He had also the satisfaction, not less acceptable to his ravenous vanity, of hearing terrified Capuchins call him the Antichrist. But whether employed in works of benevolence, or in works of mischief, he never forgot Potsdam and Frankfort; and he listened anxiously to every murmur which indicated that a tempest was gathering in Europe, and that his vengeance was at hand.

He soon had his wish. Maria Theresa had never for a moment forgotten the great wrong which she had received at the hand of Frederic. Young and delicate, just left an orphan, just about to be a mother, she had been compelled to fly from the ancient capital of her race; she had seen her fair inheritance dismembered by robbers, and of those robbers he had been the foremost. Without a pretext, without a provocation, in defiance of the most sacred engagements, he had attacked the helpless ally whom he was bound to defend. The Empress-Queen had the faults as well as the virtues which are connected with quick sensibility and a high spirit. There was no peril which she was not ready to brave, no calamity which she was not ready to bring on her subjects, or on the whole human race, if only she might once taste the sweetness of a complete revenge. Revenge, too, presented itself, to her narrow and superstitious mind, in the guise of duty. Silesia had been wrested not only from the House of Austria, but from the Church of Rome. The conqueror had indeed permitted his new subjects to worship God after their own fashion;

but this was not enough. To bigotry it seemed an intolerable hardship that the Catholic Church, having long enjoyed ascendancy, should be compelled to content itself with equality. Nor was this the only circumstance which led Maria Theresa to regard her enemy as the enemy of God. The profaneness of Frederic's writings and conversation, and the frightful rumours which were circulated respecting the immorality of his private life, naturally shocked a woman who believed with the firmest faith all that her confessor told her; and who, though surrounded by temptations, though young and beautiful, though ardent in all her passions, though possessed of absolute power, had preserved her fame unsullied even by the breath of slander.

To recover Silesia, to humble the dynasty of Hohenzollern to the dust, was the great object of her life. She toiled during many years for this end, with zeal as indefatigable as that which the poet ascribes to the stately goddess who tired out her immortal horses in the work of raising the nations against Troy, and who offered to give up to destruction her darling Sparta and Mycenæ, if only she might once see the smoke going up from the palace of Priam. With even such a spirit did the proud Austrian Juno strive to array against her foe a coalition such as Europe had never seen. Nothing would content her but that the whole civilized world, from the White Sea to the Adriatic, from the Bay of Biscay to the pastures of the wild horses of Tanais, should be combined in arms against one petty state.

She early succeeded by various arts in obtaining the adhesion of Russia. An ample share of spoil was promised to the King of Poland; and that prince, governed by his favourite, Count Buhl, readily promised the assistance of the Saxon forces. The great difficulty was with France. That the Houses of Bourbon and of Hapsburg should ever cordially co-operate in any great scheme of European policy, had long been thought, to use the strong expression of Frederic, just as impossible as that fire and water should amalgamate. The whole history of the Continent, during two centuries and a half, had been the history of the mutual jealousies and enmities of France and Austria. Since the administration of Richelieu, above all, it had been considered as the plain policy of the Most Christian King to thwart on all occasions the Court of Vienna; and to protect every member of the Germanic body who stood up against the dictation of the Cæsars. Common sentiments of religion had been unable to mitigate this strong antipathy. The rulers of France, even while clothed in the Roman purple, even while persecuting the

heretics of Rochelle and Auvergne, had still looked with favour on the Lutheran and Calvinistic princes who were struggling against the chief of the empire. If the French ministers paid any respect to the traditional rules handed down to them through many generations, they would have acted towards Frederic as the greatest of their predecessors acted towards Gustavus Adolphus. That there was deadly enmity between Prussia and Austria, was of itself a sufficient reason for close friendship between Prussia and France. With France, Frederic could never have any serious controversy. His territories were so situated, that his ambition, greedy and unscrupulous as it was, could never impel him to attack her of his own accord. He was more than half a Frenchman. He wrote, spoke, read nothing but French; he delighted in French society. The admiration of the French he proposed to himself as the best reward of all his exploits. It seemed incredible that any French government, however notorious for levity or stupidity, could spurn away such an ally.

The Court of Vienna, however, did not despair. The Austrian diplomatists propounded a new scheme of politics, which, it must be owned, was not altogether without plausibility. The great powers, according to this theory, had long been under a delusion. They had looked on each other as natural enemies, while in truth they were natural allies. A succession of cruel wars had devastated Europe, had thinned the population, had exhausted the public resources, had loaded governments with an immense burden of debt; and when, after two hundred years of murderous hostility or of hollow truce, the illustrious Houses whose enmity had distracted the world, sat down to count their gains, to what did the real advantage on either side amount? Simply to this, that they had kept each other from thriving. It was not the King of France, it was not the Emperor, who had reaped the fruits of the Thirty Years' War, of the War of the Grand Alliance, of the War of the Pragmatic Sanction. Those fruits had been pilfered by states of the second and third rank, which, secured against jealousy by their insignificance, had dexterously aggrandized themselves while pretending to serve the animosity of the great chiefs of Christendom. While the lion and tiger were tearing each other, the jackal had run off into the jungle with the prey. The real gainer by the Thirty Years' War had been neither France nor Austria, but Sweden. The real gainer by the war of the Grand Alliance had been neither France nor Austria, but Savoy. The real gainer by the war of the Pragmatic Sanction had been

neither France nor Austria, but the upstart of Brandenburg. Of all these instances, the last was the most striking: France had made great efforts, had added largely to her military glory, and largely to her public burdens; and for what end? Merely that Frederic might rule Silesia. For this and this alone one French army, wasted by sword and famine, had perished in Bohemia; and another had purchased, with floods of the noblest blood, the barren glory of Fontenoy. And this prince, for whom France had suffered so much, was he a grateful, was he even an honest ally? Had he not been as false to the Court of Versailles as to the Court of Vienna? Had he not played, on a large scale, the same part which, in private life, is played by the vile agent of chicane who sets his neighbours quarrelling, involves them in costly and interminable litigation, and betrays them to each other all round, certain that, whoever may be ruined, he shall be enriched? Surely the true wisdom of the great powers was to attack, not each other, but this common barrator, who, by inflaming the passions of both, by pretending to serve both, and by deserting both, had raised himself above the station to which he was born. The great object of Austria was to regain Silesia; the great object of France was to obtain an accession of territory on the side of Flanders. If they took opposite sides, the result would probably be that, after a war of many years, after the slaughter of many thousands of brave men, after the waste of many millions of crowns, they would lay down their arms without having achieved either object; but, if they came to an understanding, there would be no risk, and no difficulty. Austria would willingly make in Belgium such cessions as France could not expect to obtain by ten pitched battles. Silesia would easily be annexed to the monarchy of which it had long been a part. The union of two such powerful governments would at once overawe the King of Prussia. If he resisted, one short campaign would settle his fate. France and Austria, long accustomed to rise from the game of war both losers, would, for the first time, both be gainers. There could be no room for jealousy between them. The power of both would be increased at once; the equilibrium between them would be preserved; and the only sufferer would be a mischievous and unprincipled bucanier, who deserved no tenderness from either.

These doctrines, attractive from their novelty and ingenuity, soon became fashionable at the supper-parties and in the coffee-houses of Paris, and were espoused by every gay marquis and every facetious abbé who was admitted to see Madame de Pompadour.

hair curled and powdered. It was not, however, to any political theory that the strange coalition between France and Austria owed its origin. The real motive which induced the great continental powers to forget their old animosities and their old state maxims, was personal aversion to the King of Prussia. This feeling was strongest in Maria Theresa; but it was by no means confined to her. Frederic, in some respects a good master, was emphatically a bad neighbour. That he was hard in all dealings, and quick to take all advantages, was not his most odious fault. His bitter and scoffing speech had inflicted keener wounds than his ambition. In his character of wit he was under less restraint than even in his character of ruler. Satirical verses against all the princes and ministers of Europe were ascribed to his pen. In his letters and conversation he alluded to the greatest potentates of the age in terms which would have better suited Collé, in a war of repartee with young Crébillon at Pelletier's table, than a great sovereign speaking of great sovereigns. About women he was in the habit of expressing himself in a manner which it was impossible for the meekest of women to forgive; and, unfortunately for him, almost the whole Continent was then governed by women who were by no means conspicuous for meekness. Maria Theresa herself had not escaped his scurrilous jests; the Empress Elizabeth of Russia knew that her gallantries afforded him a favourite theme for ribaldry and invective; Madame de Pompadour, who was really the head of the French government, had been even more keenly galled. She had attempted, by the most delicate flattery, to propitiate the King of Prussia, but her messages had drawn from him only dry and sarcastic replies. The Empress-Queen took a very different course. Though the haughtiest of princesses, though the most austere of matrons, she forgot in her thirst for revenge both the dignity of her race and the purity of her character, and condescended to flatter the low-born and low-minded concubine, who, having acquired influence by prostituting herself, retained it by prostituting others. Maria Theresa actually wrote with her own hand a note, full of expressions of esteem and friendship, to her dear cousin, the daughter of the butcher Poisson, the wife of the publican D'Etiolles, the kidnapper of young girls for the *Parc-aux-cerfs*—a strange cousin for the descendant of so many emperors of the West! The mistress was completely gained over, and easily carried her point with Louis, who had, indeed, wrongs of his own to resent. His feelings were not quick; but contempt, says the eastern proverb, pierces even through the shell of the tortoise; and neither prudence nor decorum had ever restrained

Frederic from expressing his measureless contempt for the sloth, the imbecility, and the baseness of Louis. France was thus induced to join the coalition; and the example of France determined the conduct of Sweden, then completely subject to French influence.

The enemies of Frederic were surely strong enough to attack him openly; but they were desirous to add to all their other advantages the advantage of a surprise. He was not, however, a man to be taken off his guard. He had tools in every court; and he now received from Vienna, from Dresden, and from Paris, accounts so circumstantial and so consistent, that he could not doubt of his danger. He learnt that he was to be assailed at once by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body; that the greater part of his dominions was to be portioned out among his enemies; that France, which from her geographical position could not directly share in his spoils, was to receive an equivalent in the Netherlands; that Austria was to have Silesia, and the Czarina East Prussia; that Augustus of Saxony expected Magdeburg; and that Sweden would be rewarded with part of Pomerania. If these designs succeeded, the House of Brandenburg would at once sink in the European system to a place lower than that of the Duke of Wurtemberg or the Margrave of Baden.

And what hope was there that these designs would fail? No such union of the continental powers had been seen for ages. A less formidable confederacy had in a week conquered all the provinces of Venice, when Venice was at the height of power, wealth, and glory. A less formidable confederacy had compelled Louis the Fourteenth to bow down his haughty head to the very earth. A less formidable confederacy has, within our own memory, subjugated a still mightier empire, and abased a still prouder name. Such odds had never been heard of in war. The people whom Frederic ruled were not five millions. The population of the countries which were leagued against him amounted to a hundred millions. The disproportion in wealth was at least equally great. Small communities, actuated by strong sentiments of patriotism or loyalty, have sometimes made head against great monarchies weakened by factions and discontents. But small as was Frederic's kingdom, it probably contained a greater number of disaffected subjects than were to be found in all the states of his enemies. Silesia formed a fourth part of his dominions: and from the Silesians, born under Austrian princes, the utmost that he could expect was apathy. From the Silesian Catholics he could hardly expect anything but resistance.

Some states have been enabled, by their geographical position, to defend themselves with advantage against immense force. The sea has repeatedly protected England against the fury of the whole Continent. The Venetian government, driven from its possessions on the land, could still bid defiance to the confederates of Cambray from the Arsenal amidst the lagoons. More than one great and well-appointed army, which regarded the shepherds of Switzerland as an easy prey, has perished in the passes of the Alps. Frederic had no such advantage. The form of his states, their situation, the nature of the ground, all were against him. His long, scattered, straggling territory, seemed to have been shaped with an express view to the convenience of invaders, and was protected by no sea, by no chain of hills. Scarcely any corner of it, was a week's march from the territory of the enemy. The capital itself, in the event of war, would be constantly exposed to insult. In truth, there was hardly a politician or a soldier in Europe who doubted that the conflict would be terminated in a very few days by the prostration of the House of Brandenburg.

Nor was Frederic's own opinion very different. He anticipated nothing short of his own ruin, and of the ruin of his family. Yet there was still a chance, a slender chance, of escape. His states had at least the advantage of a central position; his enemies were widely separated from each other, and could not conveniently unite their overwhelming forces on one point. They inhabited different climates, and it was probable that the season of the year which would be best suited to the military operations of one portion of the league, would be unfavourable to those of another portion. The Prussian monarchy, too, was free from some infirmities which were found in empires far more extensive and magnificent. Its effective strength for a desperate struggle was not to be measured merely by the number of square miles or the number of people. In that spare but well-knit and well-exercised body, there was nothing but sinew, and muscle, and bone. No public creditors looked for dividends. No distant colonies required defence. No court, filled with flatterers and mistresses, devoured the pay of fifty battalions. The Prussian army, though far inferior in number to the troops which were about to be opposed to it, was yet strong out of all proportion to the extent of the Prussian dominions. It was also admirably trained and admirably officered, accustomed to obey and accustomed to conquer. The revenue was not only unencumbered by debt, but exceeded the ordinary outlay in time of peace. Alone of all the

European princes, Frederic had a treasure laid up for a day of difficulty. Above all, he was one, and his enemies were many. In their camps would certainly be found the jealousy, the dissension, the slackness inseparable from coalitions; on his side was the energy, the unity, the secrecy of a strong dictatorship. To a certain extent the deficiency of military means might be supplied by the resources of military art. Small as the king's army was, when compared with the six hundred thousand men whom the confederates could bring into the field, celerity of movement might in some degree compensate for deficiency of bulk. It was thus just possible that genius, judgment, resolution, and good-luck united, might protract the struggle during a campaign or two; and to gain even a month was of importance. It could not be long before the vices which are found in all extensive confederacies would begin to show themselves. Every member of the league would think his own share of the war too large, and his own share of the spoils too small. Complaints and recriminations would abound. The Turk might stir on the Danube; the statesmen of France might discover the error which they had committed in abandoning the fundamental principles of their national policy. Above all, death might rid Prussia of its most formidable enemies. The war was the effect of the personal aversion with which three or four sovereigns regarded Frederic; and the decease of any one of those sovereigns might produce a complete revolution in the state of Europe.

In the midst of a horizon generally dark and stormy, Frederic could discern one bright spot. The peace which had been concluded between England and France in 1748, had been in Europe no more than an armistice; and had not even been an armistice in the other quarters of the globe. In India the sovereignty of the Carnatic was disputed between two great Mussulman houses; Fort Saint George had taken the one side, Pondicherry the other; and in a series of battles and sieges the troops of Lawrence and Clive had been opposed to those of Dupleix. A struggle less important in its consequences, but not less likely to produce immediate irritation, was carried on between those French and English adventurers, who kidnapped negroes and collected gold dust on the coast of Guinea. But it was in North America that the emulation and mutual aversion of the two nations were most conspicuous. The French attempted to hem in the English colonists by a chain of military posts, extending from the Great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. The English took arms. The wild aboriginal tribes appeared on each side

mingled with the 'Pale Faces.' Battles were fought; forts were stormed; and hideous stories about stakes, scalplings, and death-songs reached Europe, and inflamed that national animosity which the rivalry of ages had produced. The disputes between France and England came to a crisis at the very time when the tempest which had been gathering was about to burst on Prussia. The tastes and interests of Frederic would have led him, if he had been allowed an option, to side with the house of Bourbon. But the folly of the Court of Versailles left him no choice. France became the tool of Austria, and Frederic was forced to become the ally of England. He could not, indeed, expect that a power which covered the sea with its fleets, and which had to make war at once on the Ohio and the Ganges, would be able to spare a large number of troops for operations in Germany. But England, though poor compared with the England of our time, was far richer than any country on the Continent. The amount of her revenue, and the resources which she found in her credit, though they may be thought small by a generation which has seen her raise a hundred and thirty millions in a single year, appeared miraculous to the politicians of that age. A very moderate portion of her wealth, expended by an able and economical prince, in a country where prices were low, would be sufficient to equip and maintain a formidable army.

Such was the situation in which Frederic found himself. He saw the whole extent of his peril. He saw that there was still a faint possibility of escape; and, with prudent temerity, he determined to strike the first blow. It was in the month of August, 1756, that the great war of the Seven Years commenced. The King demanded of the Empress-Queen a distinct explanation of her intentions, and plainly told her that he should consider a refusal as a declaration of war. 'I want,' he said, 'no answer in the style of an oracle.' He received an answer at once haughty and evasive. In an instant the rich electorate of Saxony was overflowed by sixty thousand Prussian troops. Augustus with his army occupied a strong position at Pirna. The Queen of Poland was at Dresden. In a few days Pirna was blockaded and Dresden was taken. The first object of Frederic was to obtain possession of the Saxon State Papers; for those papers, he well knew, contained ample proofs that, though apparently an aggressor, he was really acting in self-defence. The Queen of Poland, as well acquainted as Frederic with the importance of those documents, had packed them up, had concealed them in her bed-chamber, and was to send them off to Warsaw, when a

Prussian officer made his appearance. In the hope that no soldier would venture to outrage a lady, a queen, the daughter of an emperor, the mother-in-law of a dauphin, she placed herself before the trunk, and at length sat down on it. But all resistance was vain. The papers were carried to Frederic, who found in them, as he expected, abundant evidence of the designs of the coalition. The most important documents were instantly published, and the effect of the publication was great. It was clear that, of whatever sins the King of Prussia might formerly have been guilty, he was now the injured party, and had merely anticipated a blow intended to destroy him.

The Saxon camp at Pirna was in the meantime closely invested; but the besieged were not without hopes of succour. A great Austrian army under Marshal Brown was about to pour through the passes which separate Bohemia from Saxony. Frederic left at Pirna a sufficient force to deal with the Saxons, hastened into Bohemia, encountered Brown at Lowositz, and defeated him. This battle decided the fate of Saxony. Augustus and his favourite, Buhl, fled to Poland. The whole army of the electorate capitulated. From that time till the end of the war, Frederic treated Saxony as a part of his dominions, or, rather, he acted towards the Saxons in a manner which may serve to illustrate the whole meaning of that tremendous sentence—*subjectos tanquam suos, viles tanquam alienos*. Saxony was as much in his power as Brandenburg; and he had no such interest in the welfare of Saxony as he had in the welfare of Brandenburg. He accordingly levied troops and exacted contributions throughout the enslaved province, with far more rigour than in any part of his own dominions. Seventeen thousand men who had been in the camp at Pirna were half compelled, half persuaded to enlist under their conqueror. Thus, within a few weeks from the commencement of hostilities, one of the confederates had been disarmed, and his weapons pointed against the rest.

The winter put a stop to military operations. All had hitherto gone well. But the real tug of war was still to come. It was easy to foresee that the year 1757 would be a memorable era in the history of Europe.

The scheme for the campaign was simple, bold, and judicious. The Duke of Cumberland with an English and Hanoverian army was in Western Germany, and might be able to prevent the French troops from attacking Prussia. The Russians, confined by their snows, would probably not stir till the spring was far advanced. Saxony was prostrated. Sweden could do nothing very important.

During a few months Frederic would have to deal with Austria alone. Even thus the odds were against him. But ability and courage have often triumphed against odds still more formidable.

Early in 1757 the Prussian army in Saxony began to move. Through four defiles in the mountains they came pouring into Bohemia. Prague was his first mark; but the ulterior object was probably Vienna. At Prague lay Marshal Brown with one great army. Daun, the most cautious and fortunate of the Austrian captains, was advancing with another. Frederic determined to overwhelm Brown before Daun should arrive. On the sixth of May was fought, under those walls which, a hundred and thirty years before, had witnessed the victory of the Catholic league and the flight of the unhappy Palatine, a battle more bloody than any which Europe saw during the long interval between Malplaquet and Eylau. The King and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were distinguished on that day by their valour and exertions. But the chief glory was with Schwerin. When the Prussian infantry wavered, the stout old marshal snatched the colours from an ensign, and, waving them in the air, led back his regiment to the charge. Thus at seventy-two years of age he fell in the thickest battle, still grasping the standard which bears the black eagle on the field argent. The victory remained with the King. But it had been dearly purchased. Whole columns of his bravest warriors had fallen. He admitted that he had lost eighteen thousand men. Of the enemy, twenty-four thousand had been killed, wounded, or taken.

Part of the defeated army was shut up in Prague. Part fled to join the troops which, under the command of Daun, were now close at hand. Frederic determined to play over the same game which had succeeded at Lowositz. He left a large force to besiege Prague, and at the head of thirty thousand men he marched against Daun. The cautious marshal, though he had a great superiority in numbers, would risk nothing. He occupied at Kolin a position almost impregnable, and awaited the attack of the King.

It was the 18th of June—a day which, if the Greek superstition still retained its influence, would be held sacred to Nemesis—a day on which the two greatest princes and soldiers of modern times were taught, by a terrible experience, that neither skill nor valour can fix the inconstancy of fortune. The battle began before noon; and part of the Prussian army maintained the contest till after the midsummer sun had gone down. But at length the King found that his troops, having been repeatedly driven back with

frightful carnage, could no longer be led to the charge. He was with difficulty persuaded to quit the field. The officers of his personal staff were under the necessity of expostulating with him, and one of them took the liberty to say, ‘Does your Majesty mean to storm the batteries alone?’ Thirteen thousand of his bravest followers had perished. Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia.

This stroke seemed to be final. Frederic’s situation had at best been such, that only an uninterrupted run of good luck could save him, as it seemed, from ruin. And now, almost in the outset of the contest, he had met with a check which, even in a war between equal powers, would have been felt as serious. He had owed much to the opinion which all Europe entertained of his army. Since his accession, his soldiers had in many successive battles been victorious over the Austrians. But the glory had departed from his arms. All whom his malevolent sarcasms had wounded, made haste to avenge themselves by scoffing at the scoffer. His soldiers had ceased to confide in his star. In every part of his camp his dispositions were severely criticised. Even in his own family he had detractors. His next brother, William, heir-presumptive, or rather, in truth, heir-apparent to the throne, and great-grandfather of the present king, could not refrain from lamenting his own fate and that of the house of Hohenzollern, once so great and so prosperous, but now, by the rash ambition of its chief, made a by-word to all nations. These complaints, and some blunders which William committed during the retreat from Bohemia, called forth the bitter displeasure of the inexorable king. The prince’s heart was broken by the cutting reproaches of his brother; he quitted the army, retired to a country seat, and in a short time died of shame and vexation.

It seemed that the king’s distress could hardly be increased. Yet at this moment another blow not less terrible than that of Kolin fell upon him. The French under Marshal D’Estrées had invaded Germany. The Duke of Cumberland had given them battle at Hastenbeck, and had been defeated. In order to save the Electorate of Hanover from entire subjugation, he had made, at Closter Severn, an arrangement with the French Generals, which left them at liberty to turn their arms against the Prussian dominions.

That nothing might be wanting to Frederic’s distress, he lost his mother just at this time; and he appears to have felt the loss

more than was to be expected from the hardness and severity of his character. In truth, his misfortunes had now cut to the quick. The mocker, the tyrant, the most rigorous, the most imperious, the most cynical of men, was very unhappy. His face was so haggard and his form so thin, that when on his return from Bohemia he passed through Leipzig, the people hardly knew him again. His sleep was broken; the tears, in spite of himself, often started into his eyes; and the grave began to present itself to his agitated mind as the best refuge from misery and dishonour. His resolution was fixed never to be taken alive, and never to make peace on condition of descending from his place among the powers of Europe. He saw nothing left for him except to die; and he deliberately chose his mode of death. He always carried about with him a sure and speedy poison in a small glass case; and to the few in whom he placed confidence, he made no mystery of his resolution.

But we should very imperfectly describe the state of Frederic's mind, if we left out of view the laughable peculiarities which contrasted so singularly with the gravity, energy, and harshness of his character. It is difficult to say whether the tragic or the comic predominated in the strange scene which was then acted. In the midst of all the great king's calamities, his passion for writing indifferent poetry grew stronger and stronger. Enemies all round him, despair in his heart, pills of corrosive sublimate hidden in his clothes, he poured forth hundreds upon hundreds of lines, hateful to gods and men—the insipid dregs of Voltaire's Hippocrene—the faint echo of the lyre of Chaulieu. It is amusing to compare what he did during the last months of 1757, with what he wrote during the same time. It may be doubted whether any equal portion of the life of Hannibal, of Cæsar, or of Napoleon, will bear a comparison with that short period, the most brilliant in the history of Prussia and of Frederic. Yet at this very time the scanty leisure of the illustrious warrior was employed in producing odes and epistles, a little better than Cibber's and a little worse than Hayley's. Here and there a manly sentiment which deserves to be in prose, makes its appearance in company with Prometheus and Orpheus, Elysium and Acheron, the plaintive Philomel, the poppies of Morpheus, and all the other frippery which, like a robe tossed by a proud beauty to her waiting-woman, has long been contemptuously abandoned by genius to mediocrity. We hardly know any instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking, and so grotesque, as the character of this haughty,

vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other!

Frederic had some time before made advances towards a reconciliation with Voltaire; and some civil letters had passed between them. After the battle of Kolin their epistolary intercourse became, at least in seeming, friendly and confidential. We do not know any collection of Letters which throw so much light on the darkest and most intricate parts of human nature, as the correspondence of these strange beings after they had exchanged forgiveness. Both felt that the quarrel had lowered them in the public estimation. They admired each other. They stood in need of each other. The great King wished to be handed down to posterity by the great Writer. The great Writer felt himself exalted by the homage of the great King. Yet the wounds which they had inflicted on each other were too deep to be effaced, or even perfectly healed. Not only did the scars remain; the sore places often festered and bled afresh. The letters consisted for the most part of compliments, thanks, offers of service, assurances of attachment. But if anything brought back to Frederic's recollection the cunning and mischievous pranks by which Voltaire had provoked him, some expression of contempt and displeasure broke forth in the midst of eulogy. It was much worse when anything recalled to the mind of Voltaire the outrages which he and his kinswoman had suffered at Frankfort. All at once his flowing panegyric is turned into invective. 'Remember how you behaved to me. For your sake I have lost the favour of my king. For your sake I am an exile from my country. I loved you. I trusted myself to you. I had no wish but to end my life in your service. And what was my reward? Stripped of all you had bestowed on me, the key, the order, the pension, I was forced to fly from your territories. I was hunted as if I had been a deserter from your grenadiers. I was arrested, insulted, plundered. My niece was dragged in the mud of Frankfort by your soldiers, as if she had been some wretched follower of your camp. You have great talents. You have good qualities. But you have one odious vice. You delight in the abasement of your fellow-creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of philosopher. You have given some colour to the slanders of the bigots, who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith.' Then the King answers, with less heat but equal se-

verity—‘You know that you behaved shamefully in Prussia. It was well for you that you had to deal with a man so indulgent to the infirmities of genius as I am. You richly deserved to see the inside of a dungeon. Your talents are not more widely known than your faithlessness and your malevolence. The grave itself is no asylum from your spite. Maupertuis is dead; but you still go on calumniating and deriding him, as if you had not made him miserable enough while he was living. Let us have no more of this. And, above all, let me hear no more of your niece. I am sick to death of her name. I can bear with your faults for the sake of your merits; but she has not written *Mahomet* or *Merope*.’

An explosion of this kind, it might be supposed, would necessarily put an end to all amicable communication. But it was not so. After every outbreak of ill-humour this extraordinary pair became more loving than before, and exchanged compliments and assurances of mutual regard with a wonderful air of sincerity.

It may well be supposed that men who wrote thus to each other were not very guarded in what they said of each other. The English ambassador, Mitchell, who knew that the King of Prussia was constantly writing to Voltaire with the greatest freedom on the most important subjects, was amazed to hear his majesty designate this highly-favoured correspondent as a bad-hearted fellow, the greatest rascal on the face of the earth. And the language which the poet held about the king was not much more respectful.

It would probably have puzzled Voltaire himself to say what was his real feeling towards Frederic. It was compounded of all sentiments, from enmity to friendship, and from scorn to admiration; and the proportions in which these elements were mixed, changed every moment. The old patriarch resembled the spoiled child who screams, stamps, cuffs, laughs, kisses, and cuddles within one quarter of an hour. His resentment was not extinguished; yet he was not without sympathy for his old friend. As a Frenchman, he wished success to the arms of his country. As a philosopher, he was anxious for the stability of a throne on which a philosopher sat. He longed both to save and to humble Frederic. There was one way, and only one, in which all his conflicting feelings could at once be gratified. If Frederic were preserved by the interference of France, if it were known that for that interference he was indebted to the mediation of Voltaire, this would indeed be delicious revenge; this would indeed be to heap coals of fire on that haughty head. Nor did the vain and restless poet think it impos-

sible that he might, from his hermitage near the Alps, dictate peace to Europe. D’Estrees had quitted Hanover, and the command of the French army had been entrusted to the Duke of Richelieu, a man whose chief distinction was derived from his success in gallantry. Richelieu was in truth the most eminent of that race of seducers by profession, who furnished Crébillon the younger and La Clos with models for their heroes. In his earlier days the royal house itself had not been secure from his presumptuous love. He was believed to have carried his conquests into the family of Orleans, and some suspected that he was not unconcerned in the mysterious remorse which embittered the last hours of the charming mother of Louis the Fifteenth. But the Duke was now fifty years old. With a heart deeply corrupted by vice, a head long accustomed to think only on trifles, an impaired constitution, an impaired fortune, and, worst of all, a very red nose, he was entering on a dull, frivolous, and unrespected old age. Without one qualification for military command, except that personal courage which was common between him and the whole nobility of France, he had been placed at the head of the army of Hanover; and in that situation he did his best to repair, by extortion and corruption, the injury which he had done to his property by a life of dissolute profusion.

The Duke of Richelieu to the end of his life hated the philosophers as a sect—not for those parts of their system which a good and wise man would have condemned—but for their virtues, for their spirit of free inquiry, and for their hatred of those social abuses of which he was himself the personification. But he, like many of those who thought with him, excepted Voltaire from the list of proscribed writers. He frequently sent flattering letters to Ferney. He did the patriarch the honour to borrow money of him, and ever carried his condescending friendship so far as to forget to pay interest. Voltaire thought that it might be in his power to bring the Duke and the king of Prussia into communication with each other. He wrote earnestly to both; and he so far succeeded that a correspondence between them was commenced.

But it was to very different means that Frederic was to owe his deliverance. At the beginning of November, the net seemed to have closed completely round him. The Russians were in the field, and were spreading devastation through his eastern provinces. Silesia was overrun by the Austrians. A great French army was advancing from the west under the command of Marshal Soubise, a prince of the great Armorican house of Rohan. Berlin itself had been taken and plundered by the Croats. Such was the

situation from which Frederic extricated himself, with dazzling glory, in the short space of thirty days.

He marched first against Soubise. On the fifth of November the armies met at Rosbach. The French were two to one ; but they were ill-disciplined, and their general was a dunce. The tactics of Frederic, and the well-regulated valour of the Prussian troops, obtained a complete victory. Seven thousand of the invaders were made prisoners. Their guns, their colours, their baggage, fell into the hands of the conquerors. Those who escaped fled as confusedly as a mob scattered by cavalry. Victorious in the West, the king turned his arms towards Silesia. In that quarter everything seemed to be lost. Breslau had fallen ; and Charles of Loraine, with a mighty power, held the whole province. On the fifth of December, exactly one month after the battle of Rosbach, Frederic, with forty thousand men, and Prince Charles, at the head of not less than sixty thousand, met at Leuthen, hard by Breslau. The King, who was, in general, perhaps too much inclined to consider the common soldier as a mere machine, resorted, on this great day, to means resembling those which Bonaparte afterwards employed with such signal success for the purpose of stimulating military enthusiasm. The principal officers were convoked. Frederic addressed them with great force and pathos ; and directed them to speak to their men as he had spoken to them. When the armies were set in battle array, the Prussian troops were in a state of fierce excitement ; but their excitement showed itself after the fashion of a grave people. The columns advanced to the attack chanting, to the sound of drums and fifes, the rude hymns of the old Saxon Herhholds. They had never fought so well ; nor had the genius of their chief ever been so conspicuous. ' That battle,' said Napoleon, ' was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederic to a place in the first rank among generals.' The victory was complete. Twenty-seven thousand Austrians were killed, wounded, or taken ; fifty stand of colours, a hundred guns, four thousand waggons, fell into the hands of the Prussians. Breslau opened its gates ; Silesia was reconquered ; Charles of Loraine retired to hide his shame and sorrow at Brussels ; and Frederic allowed his troops to take some repose in winter quarters, after a campaign, to the vicissitudes of which it will be difficult to find any parallel in ancient or modern history.

The King's fame filled all the world. He had, during the last year, maintained a contest, on terms of advantage, against three powers, the weakest of which had more than

three times his resources. He had fought four great pitched battles against superior forces. Three of these battles he had gained ; and the defeat of Kolin, repaired as it had been, rather raised than lowered his military renown. The victory of Leuthen is, to this day, the proudest on the roll of Prussian fame. Leipsic indeed, and Waterloo, produced consequences more important to mankind. But the glory of Leipsic must be shared by the Prussians with the Austrians and Russians ; and at Waterloo the British infantry bore the burden and heat of the day. The victory of Rosbach was, in a military point of view, less honourable than that of Leuthen ; for it was gained over an incapable general and a disorganized army. But the moral effect which it produced was immense. All the preceding triumphs of Frederic had been triumphs over Germans, and could excite no emotions of national pride among the German people. It was impossible that a Hessian or a Hanoverian could feel any patriotic exultation at hearing that Pomeranians slaughtered Moravians, or that Saxon banners had been hung in the churches of Berlin. Indeed, though the military character of the Germans justly stood high throughout the world, they could boast of no great day which belonged to them as a people ;—of no Agincourt, of no Bannockburn. Most of their victories had been gained over each other ; and their most splendid exploits against foreigners had been achieved under the command of Eugene, who was himself a foreigner. The news of the battle of Rosbach stirred the blood of the whole of the mighty population from the Alps to the Baltic, and from the borders of Courland to those of Loraine. Westphalia and Lower Saxony had been deluged by a great host of strangers, whose speech was unintelligible, and whose petulant and licentious manners had excited the strongest feelings of disgust and hatred. That great host had been put to flight by a small band of German warriors, led by a prince of German blood on the side of father and mother, and marked by the fair hair and the clear blue eye of Germany. Never since the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne, had the Teutonic race won such a field against the French. The tidings called forth a general burst of delight and pride from the whole of the great family which spoke the various dialects of the ancient language of Arminius. The fame of Frederic began to supply, in some degree, the place of a common government and of a common capital. It became a rallying point for all true Germans—a subject of mutual congratulation to the Bavarian and the Westphalian, to the citizen of Frankfort and the citizen of Nuremberg. Then first it

was manifest that the Germans were truly a nation. Then first was discernible that patriotic spirit which, in 1813, achieved the great deliverance of central Europe, and which still guards, and long will guard, against foreign ambition the old freedom of the Rhine.

Nor were the effects produced by that celebrated day merely political. The greatest masters of German poetry and eloquence have admitted that, though the great King neither valued nor understood his native language, though he looked on France as the only seat of taste and philosophy; yet, in his own despite, he did much to emancipate the genius of his countrymen from the foreign yoke; and that, in the act of vanquishing Soubise, he was, unintentionally, rousing the spirit which soon began to question the literary precedence of Boileau and Voltaire. So strangely do events confound all the plans of man. A prince who read only French, who wrote only French, who ranked as a French classic, became, quite unconsciously, the means of liberating half the Continent from the dominion of that French criticism, of which he was himself, to the end of his life, a slave. Yet even the enthusiasm of Germany in favour of Frederic hardly equalled the enthusiasm of England. The birth-day of our ally was celebrated with as much enthusiasm as that of our own sovereign; and at night the streets of London were in a blaze with illuminations. Portraits of the Hero of Rosbach, with his cocked-hat and long pig-tail, were in every house. An attentive observer will, at this day, find in the parlours of old-fashioned inns, and in the portfolios of print-sellers, twenty portraits of Frederic for one of George II. The sign-painters were everywhere employed in touching up Admiral Vernon into the King of Prussia. Some young Englishmen of rank proposed to visit Germany as volunteers, for the purpose of learning the art of war under the greatest of commanders. This last proof of British attachment and admiration, Frederic politely but firmly declined. His camp was no place for amateur students of military science. The Prussian discipline was rigorous even to cruelty. The officers, while in the field, were expected to practise an abstemiousness and self-denial such as was hardly surpassed by the most rigid monastic orders. However noble their birth, however high their rank in the service, they were not permitted to eat from anything better than pewter. It was a high crime even in a count and field-marshal to have even a silver spoon among his baggage. Gay young Englishmen of twenty thousand a year, accustomed to liberty and

to luxury, would not easily submit to these Spartan restraints. The King could not venture to keep them in order as he kept his own subjects in order. Situated as he was with respect to England, he could not well imprison or shoot refractory Howards and Cavendishes. On the other hand, the example of a few fine gentlemen, attended by chariots and livery servants, eating in plate, and drinking champagne and tokay, was enough to corrupt his whole army. He thought it best to make a stand at first, and civilly refused to admit such dangerous companions among his troops.

The help of England was bestowed in a manner far more useful and more acceptable. An annual subsidy of near seven hundred thousand pounds enabled the King to add probably more than fifty thousand men to his army. Pitt, now at the height of power and popularity, undertook the task of defending Western Germany against France, and asked Frederic only for the loan of a general. The general selected was Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had attained high distinction in the Prussian service. He was put at the head of an army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, partly composed of mercenaries hired from the petty princes of the empire. He soon vindicated the choice of the two allied courts, and proved himself the second general of the age.

Frederic passed the winter at Breslau, in reading, writing, and preparing for the next campaign. The havoc which the war had made among his troops was rapidly repaired; and in the spring of 1758 he was again ready for the conflict. Prince Ferdinand kept the French in check. The King in the mean time, after attempting against the Austrians some operations which led to no very important result, marched to encounter the Russians, who, slaying, burning, and wasting wherever they turned, had penetrated into the heart of his realm. He gave them battle at Zorndorf, near Frankfort on the Oder. The fight was long and bloody. Quarter was neither given nor taken; for the Germans and Scythians regarded each other with bitter aversion, and the sight of the ravages committed by the half savage invaders had incensed the king and his army. The Russians were overthrown with great slaughter, and for a few months no further danger was to be apprehended from the east.

A day of thanksgiving was proclaimed by the King, and was celebrated with pride and delight by his people. The rejoicings in England were not less enthusiastic or less sincere. This may be selected as the point of time at which the military glory of Frederic reached the zenith. In the short space of three quarters

of a year he had won three great battles over the armies of three mighty and warlike monarchies—France, Austria, and Russia.

But it was decreed that the temper of that strong mind should be tried by both extremes of fortune in rapid succession. Close upon this bright series of triumphs came a series of disasters, such as would have blighted the fame and broken the heart of almost any other commander. Yet Frederic, in the midst of his calamities, was still an object of admiration to his subjects, his allies, and his enemies. Overwhelmed by adversity, sick of life, he still maintained the contest—greater in defeat, in flight, and in what seemed hopeless ruin, than on the fields of his proudest victories.

Having vanquished the Russians, he hastened into Saxony to oppose the troops of the Empress-Queen, commanded by Daun, the most cautious, and Laudohn, the most inventive and enterprising of her generals. These two celebrated commanders agreed on a scheme in which the prudence of the one and the vigour of the other seem to have been happily combined. At dead of night they surprised the King in his camp at Hochkirchen. His presence of mind saved his troops from destruction; but nothing could save them from defeat and severe loss. Marshal Keith was among the slain. The first roar of the guns roused the noble exile from his rest, and he was instantly in the front of the battle. He received a dangerous wound, but refused to quit the field, and was in the act of rallying his broken troops, when an Austrian bullet terminated his chequered and eventful life.

The misfortune was serious. But of all generals Frederic understood best how to repair defeat, and Daun understood least how to improve victory. In a few days the Prussian army was as formidable as before the battle. The prospect was, however, gloomy. An Austrian army under General Harsch had invaded Silesia, and invested the fortress of Neisse. Daun, after his success at Hochkirchen, had written to Harsch in very confident terms: 'Go on with your operations against Neisse. Be quite at ease as to the King. I will give a good account of him.' In truth, the position of the Prussians was full of difficulties. Between them and Silesia lay the victorious army of Daun. It was not easy for them to reach Silesia at all. If they did reach it, they left Saxony exposed to the Austrians. But the vigour and activity of Frederic surmounted every obstacle. He made a circuitous march of extraordinary rapidity, passed Daun, hastened into Silesia, raised the siege of Neisse, and drove Harsch into Bohemia. Daun availed himself of the

King's absence to attack Dresden. The Prussians defended it desperately. The inhabitants of that wealthy and polished capital begged in vain for mercy from the garrison within and from the besiegers without. The beautiful suburbs were burned to the ground. It was clear that the town, if won at all, would be won street by street by the bayonet. At this conjuncture came news that Frederic, having cleared Silesia of his enemies, was returning by forced marches into Saxony. Daun retired from before Dresden, and fell back into the Austrian territories. The King, over heaps of ruins, made his triumphant entry into the unhappy metropolis, which had so cruelly expiated the weak and perfidious policy of its sovereign. It was now the 20th of November. The cold weather suspended military operations; and the King again took up his winter quarters at Breslau.

The third of the seven terrible years was over; and Frederic still stood his ground. He had been recently tried by domestic as well as by military disasters. On the 14th of October, the day on which he was defeated at Hochkirchen, the day on the anniversary of which, forty-eight years later, a defeat far more tremendous laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust, died Wilhelmina, Margravine of Bareuth. From the portraits which we have of her, by her own hand, and by the hands of the most discerning of her contemporaries, we should pronounce her to have been coarse, indelicate, and a good hater, but not destitute of kind and generous feelings. Her mind, naturally strong and observant, had been highly cultivated; and she was, and deserved to be, Frederic's favourite sister. He felt the loss as much as it was in his iron nature to feel the loss of anything but a province or a battle.

At Breslau, during the winter, he was indefatigable in his poetical labours. The most spirited lines, perhaps, that he ever wrote, are to be found in a bitter lampoon on Louis and Madame de Pompadour, which he composed at this time, and sent to Voltaire. The verses were, indeed, so good, that Voltaire was afraid that he might himself be suspected of having written them, or at least of having corrected them; and partly from fright—partly, we fear, from love of mischief—sent them to the Duke of Choiseul, then prime minister of France. Choiseul very wisely determined to encounter Frederic at Frederic's own weapons, and applied for assistance to Palissot, who had some skill as a versifier, and who, though he had not yet made himself famous by bringing Rousseau and Helvetius on the stage, was known to possess some little talent for satire. Palissot

produced some very stinging lines on the moral and literary character of Frederic, and these lines the duke sent to Voltaire. This war of couplets, following close on the carnage of Zorndorf and the conflagration of Dresden, illustrates well the strangely-compounded character of the King of Prussia.

At this moment he was assailed by a new enemy. Benedict XIV., the best and wisest of the two hundred and fifty successors of St. Peter, was no more. During the short interval between his reign and that of his disciple Ganganelli, the chief seat in the Church of Rome was filled by Rezzonico, who took the name of Clement XIII. This absurd priest determined to try what the weight of his authority could effect in favour of the orthodox Maria Theresa against a heretic king. At the high mass on Christmas-day, a sword with a rich belt and scabbard, a hat of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and a dove of pearls, the mystic symbol of the Divine Comforter, were solemnly blessed by the supreme pontiff, and were sent with great ceremony to Marshal Daun, the conqueror of Kolin and Hochkirchen. This mark of favour had more than once been bestowed by the Popes on the great champions of the faith. Similar honours had been paid, more than six centuries earlier, by Urban II. to Godfrey of Bouillon. Similar honours had been conferred on Alba for destroying the liberties of the Low Countries, and on John Sobiesky after the deliverance of Vienna. But the presents which were received with profound reverence by the Baron of the Holy Sepulchre in the eleventh century, and which had not wholly lost their value even in the seventeenth century, appeared inexpressibly ridiculous to a generation which read Montesquieu and Voltaire. Frederic wrote sarcastic verses on the gifts, the giver, and the receiver. But the public wanted no prompter; and an universal roar of laughter from Petersburg to Lisbon, reminded the Vatican that the age of crusades was over.

The fourth campaign, the most disastrous of all the campaigns of this fearful war, had now opened. The Austrians filled Saxony, and menaced Berlin. The Russians defeated the King's generals on the Oder, threatened Silesia, effected a junction with Laudohn, and intrenched themselves strongly at Kunersdorf. Frederic hastened to attack them. A great battle was fought. During the earlier part of the day everything yielded to the impetuosity of the Prussians, and to the skill of their chief. The lines were forced. Half the Russians guns were taken. The king sent off a courier to Berlin with two lines, announcing a complete victory. But, in the mean time, the stubborn Russians,

defeated yet unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position, on an eminence where the Jews of Frankfort were wont to bury their dead. Here the battle recommenced. The Prussian infantry, exhausted by six hours of hard fighting under a sun which equalled the tropical heat, were yet brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. The King led three charges in person. Two horses were killed under him. The officers of his staff fell all around him. His coat was pierced by several bullets. All was in vain. His infantry were driven back with frightful slaughter. Terror began to spread fast from man to man. At that moment, the fiery cavalry of Laudohn, still fresh, rushed on the wavering ranks. Then followed an universal rout. Frederic himself was on the point of falling into the hands of the conquerors, and was with difficulty saved by a gallant officer, who, at the head of a handful of Hussars, made good a diversion of a few minutes. Shattered in body, shattered in mind, the king reached that night a village which the Cossacks had plundered; and there, in a ruined and deserted farm-house, flung himself on a heap of straw. He had sent to Berlin a second despatch very different from his first:—'Let the royal family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy.'

The defeat was, in truth, overwhelming. Of fifty thousand men, who had that morning marched under the black eagles, not three thousand remained together. The king bethought him again of his corrosive sublimate and wrote to bid adieu to his friends, and to give directions as to the measures to be taken in the event of his death:—'I have no resource left'—such is the language of one of his letters—'all is lost. I will not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell for ever.'

But the mutual jealousies of the confederates prevented them from following up their victory. They lost a few days in loitering and squabbling; and a few days, improved by Frederic, were worth more than the years of other men. On the morning after the battle, he had got together eighteen thousand of his troops. Very soon his force amounted to thirty thousand. Guns were procured from the neighbouring fortresses; and there was again an army. Berlin was for the present safe; but calamities came pouring on the King in uninterrupted succession. One of his generals, with a large body of troops, was taken at Maxen; another was defeated at Meissen; and when at length the campaign of 1759 closed, in the midst of a rigorous winter, the situation of Prussia appeared desperate. The only consoling circumstance was, that, in the West, Fer-

dinand of Brunswick had been more fortunate than his master ; and by a series of exploits, of which the battle of Minden was the most glorious, had removed all apprehension of danger on the side of France.

The fifth year was now about to commence. It seemed impossible that the Prussian territories, repeatedly devastated by hundreds of thousands of invaders, could longer support the contest. But the King carried on war as no European power has ever carried on war, except the Committee of Public Safety during the great agony of the French Revolution. He governed his kingdom as he would have governed a besieged town, not caring to what extent property was destroyed, or the pursuits of civil life suspended, so that he did but make head against the enemy. As long as there was a man left in Prussia, that man might carry a musket—as long as there was a horse left, that horse might draw artillery. The coin was debased, the civil functionaries were left unpaid ; in some provinces civil government altogether ceased to exist. But there were still rye-bread and potatoes ; there were still lead and gunpowder ; and, while the means of sustaining and destroying life remained, Frederic was determined to fight it out to the very last.

The earlier part of the campaign of 1760 was unfavourable to him. Berlin was again occupied by the enemy. Great contributions were levied on the inhabitants, and the royal palace was plundered. But at length, after two years of calamity, victory came back to his arms. At Lignitz he gained a great battle over Laudohn ; at Torgau, after a day of horrible carnage, he triumphed over Daun. The fifth year closed, and still the event was in suspense. In the countries where the war had raged, the misery and exhaustion were more appalling than ever ; but still there were left men and beasts, arms and food, and still Frederic fought on. It truth he had now been baited into savageness. His heart was ulcerated with hatred. The implacable resentment with which his enemies persecuted him, though originally provoked by his own unprincipled ambition, excited in him a thirst for vengeance which he did not even attempt to conceal. ‘It is hard,’ he says in one of his letters, ‘for man to bear what I bear. I begin to feel that, as the Italians say, revenge is a pleasure for the gods. My philosophy is worn out by suffering. I am no saint, like those of whom we read in the legends ; and I will own that I should die content if only I could first inflict a portion of the misery which I endure.’

Borne up by such feelings, he struggled with various success, but constant glory,

through the campaign of 1761. On the whole, the result of this campaign was disastrous to Prussia. No great battle was gained by the enemy ; but, in spite of the desperate bounds of the hunted tiger, the circle of pursuers was fast closing round him. Laudohn had surprised the important fortress of Schweidnitz. With that fortress, half of Silesia, and the command of the most important defiles through the mountains, had been transferred to the Austrians. The Russians had overpowered the King’s generals in Pomerania. The country was so completely desolated that he began, by his own confession, to look round him with blank despair, unable to imagine where recruits, horses, or provisions were to be found.

Just at this time two great events brought on a complete change in the relations of almost all the powers of Europe. One of those events was the retirement of Mr. Pitt from office ; the other was the death of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia.

The retirement of Pitt seemed to be an omen of utter ruin to the House of Brandenburg. His proud and vehement nature was incapable of anything that looked like either fear or treachery. He had often declared that, while he was in power, England should never make a peace of Utrecht ;—should never, for any selfish object, abandon an ally even in the last extremity of distress. The Continental war was his own war. He had been bold enough—he who in former times had attacked, with irresistible powers of oratory, the Hanoverian policy of Carteret, and the German subsidies of Newcastle—to declare that Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire, and that he would conquer America in Germany. He had fallen ; and the power which he had exercised, not always with discretion, but always with vigour and genius, had devolved on a favourite who was the representative of the Tory party—of the party which had thwarted William, which had persecuted Marlborough, and which had given up the Catalans to the vengeance of Philip of Anjou. To make peace with France—to shake off with all, or more than all, the speed compatible with decency, every Continental connection, these were among the chief objects of the new Minister. The policy then followed inspired Frederic with an unjust, but deep and bitter aversion to the English name ; and produced effects which are still felt throughout the civilized world. To that policy it was owing that, some years later, England could not find on the whole Continent a single ally to stand by her, in her extreme need, against the House of Bourbon. To that policy it was owing that Frederic, alienated from England, was compelled to

connect himself closely, during his later years, with Russia; and was induced reluctantly to assist in that great crime, the fruitful parent of other great crimes—the first partition of Poland.

Scarcely had the retreat of Mr. Pitt deprived Prussia of her only friend, when the death of Elizabeth produced an entire revolution in the politics of the North. The Grand Duke Peter, her nephew, who now ascended the Russian throne, was not merely free from the prejudices which his aunt had entertained against Frederic, but was a worshipper, a servile imitator, a Boswell, of the great king. The days of the new Czar's government were few and evil, but sufficient to produce a change in the whole state of Christendom. He set the Prussian prisoners at liberty, fitted them out decently, and sent them back to their master; he withdrew his troops from the provinces which Elizabeth had decided on incorporating with her dominions, and absolved all those Prussian subjects, who had been compelled to swear fealty to Russia, from their engagements.

Not content with concluding peace on terms favourable to Prussia, he solicited rank in the Prussian service, dressed himself in a Prussian uniform, wore the Black Eagle of Prussia on his breast, made preparations for visiting Prussia, in order to have an interview with the object of his idolatry, and actually sent fifteen thousand excellent troops to reinforce the shattered army of Frederic. Thus strengthened, the king speedily repaired the losses of the preceding year, reconquered Silesia, defeated Daun at Buckersdorf, invested and retook Schweidnitz, and, at the close of the year, presented to the forces of Maria Theresa a front as formidable as before the great reverses of 1759. Before the end of the campaign, his friend the Emperor Peter having, by a series of absurd insults to the institutions, manners, and feelings of his people, united them in hostility to his person and government, was deposed and murdered. The Empress, who, under the title of Catherine the Second, now assumed the supreme power, was, at the commencement of her administration, by no means partial to Frederic, and refused to permit her troops to remain under his command. But she observed the peace made by her husband; and Prussia was no longer threatened by danger from the East.

England and France at the same time paired off together. They concluded a treaty, by which they bound themselves to observe neutrality with respect to the German war. Thus the coalitions on both sides were dissolved; and the original enemies, Austria and Prussia, remained alone confronting each other.

Austria had, undoubtedly, by far greater means than Prussia, and was less exhausted by hostilities; yet it seemed hardly possible that Austria could effect alone what she had in vain attempted to effect when supported by France on the one side, and by Russia on the other. Danger also began to menace the Imperial house from another quarter. The Ottoman Porte held threatening language, and a hundred thousand Turks were mustered on the frontiers of Hungary. The proud and revengeful spirit of the Empress Queen at length gave way; and, in February, 1763, the peace of Hubertsburg put an end to the conflict which had, during seven years, devastated Germany. The king ceded nothing. The whole Continent in arms had proved unable to tear Silesia from that iron grasp.

The war was over. Frederic was safe. His glory was beyond the reach of envy. If he had not made conquests as vast as those of Alexander, of Cæsar, and of Napoleon—if he had not, on field of battle, enjoyed the constant success of Marlborough and Wellington—he had yet given an example unrivalled in history, of what capacity and resolution can effect against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune. He entered Berlin in triumph, after an absence of more than six years. The streets were brilliantly lighted up; and, as he passed along in an open carriage, with Ferdinand of Brunswick at his side, the multitude saluted him with loud praises and blessings. He was moved by those marks of attachment, and repeatedly exclaimed—‘Long live my dear people!—Long live my children!’ Yet, even in the midst of that gay spectacle, he could not but perceive everywhere the traces of destruction and decay. The city had been more than once plundered. The population had considerably diminished. Berlin, however, had suffered little when compared with most parts of the kingdom. The ruin of private fortunes, the distress of all ranks, was such as might appal the firmest mind. Almost every province had been the seat of war, and of war conducted with merciless ferocity. Clouds of Croats had descended on Silesia. Tens of thousands of Cossacks had been let loose on Pomerania and Brandenburg. The mere contributions levied by the invaders amounted, it was said, to more than a hundred millions of dollars; and the value of what they extorted was probably much less than the value of what they destroyed. The fields lay uncultivated. The very seed-corn had been devoured in the madness of hunger. Famine, and contagious maladies, the effect of famine, had swept away the herds and flocks; and there was reason to fear that a great pestilence among the human race was

likely to follow in the train of that tremendous war. Near fifteen thousand houses had been burned to the ground. The population of the kingdom had in seven years decreased to the frightful extent of ten per cent. A sixth of the males capable of bearing arms had actually perished on the field of battle. In some districts, no labourers, except women, were seen in the fields at harvest-time. In others, the traveller passed shuddering through a succession of silent villages, in which not a single inhabitant remained. The currency had been debased; the authority of laws and magistrates had been suspended; the whole social system was deranged. For, during that convulsive struggle, everything that was not military violence was anarchy. Even the army was disorganized. Some great generals, and a crowd of excellent officers, had fallen, and it had been impossible to supply their place. The difficulty of finding recruits had, towards the close of the war, been so great, that selection and rejection were impossible. Whole battalions were composed of deserters or of prisoners. It was hardly to be hoped that thirty years of repose and industry would repair the ruin produced by seven years of havoc. One consolatory circumstance, indeed, there was. No debt had been incurred. The burdens of the war had been terrible, almost insupportable; but no arrear was left to embarrass the finances in time of peace.

Here, for the present, we must pause. We have accompanied Frederic to the close of his career as a warrior. Possibly, when these Memoirs are completed, we may resume the consideration of his character, and give some account of his domestic and foreign policy, and of his private habits, during the many years of tranquillity which followed the Seven Years' War.

POEMS, BY WILLIAM THOM.

From the Westminster Review.

Poems. By William Thom. Inverury, Aberdeenshire. (Unpublished.)

THE poems which we wish to introduce to our readers have appeared in the Aberdeen newspapers, with a few exceptions. They have never been collected and published. Their author, Mr. Thom, is a weaver in Inverury, a small rural burgh in Aberdeenshire, situated about sixteen miles from the capital of the county, where the Ury runs into the Don, near the foot of a lofty heather-clad mountain, called Benachie. Inverury is not destitute of interesting associations. Its Bass

—a small round green island in a morass—is the subject of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer. Not far from Inverury is the wild and barren field of Harlow, where, four centuries ago, lowland valour proved its superiority over Celtic fire; the civic Baillies defeating the highland chieftains, and Provost Davidson, of Aberdeen, routing the most powerful of the Lords of the Isles. Benachie gave a name to one of the giants celebrated in old ballads, still *crooned* by grandsires by the winter fire-side—John of Benachie, the friend of John o' Noth.

Of the poems of Mr. Thom we think so highly, that we make no apology for devoting our pages to an account of them. His biography, as we have been able to gather it, is a poem of itself, simple, real, touching, and instructive; in fact, our poet is autobiographical. His prose and verse both delineate his life—that awful and touching thing which is tritely called a biography—a soul encased in a man heaving and swelling with love and sorrow—struggling against cold and hunger—wafted aloft to good, torn down by the talons of sin, the black shadow of Death ever ready to fall on the spark which has brightened out between the past and the future Darkness.

In self-portraiture like that of Mr. Thom, there is nothing of the pettiness of egotism. He sings his own emotions because they are grand and beautiful to him. He narrates the incidents of his own experience, because he sees rays of light are thrown by them on the sufferings of his class and the humanity of which he is a partaker.

William Thom is now about forty-five years of age. His stature is short, and his legs stunted, like those of one whose childhood was not generously fed; but there is breadth in his shoulders and clearness in his complexion, indicating a hale and tough constitution. Light auburn hair, now silvering, covers a large broad head with ample brow, firm set mouth, and light blue twinkling eyes, full of the sensibility and acuteness of the man. His dress is that of his station—the corduroy trousers, the blue short coat with brass buttons, and the silk hat, having that air of smartness peculiar to the costume of those who follow the sedentary trades. By the way, this smartness is a more respectable thing than the contempt with which it is mentioned by well-off people. In short, Mr. Thom looks like what he is—a clever man—in early life a factory boy, in manhood a country weaver. He thus describes his dwelling, in a letter dated April, 1831, to Mr. Gordon, of Knockespock, who kindly tried to befriend the poet:—

"I occupy two trim little garrets in a house belonging to Sir Robert Elphinstone, lately built on the market stand of Inverury. We have everything required in our humble way; perhaps our blankets pressed a little too lightly during the last severe winter, but then we crept closer together—that is gone—'tis summer now, and we are hopeful that next winter will bring better things."

Such is the environment of William Thom, in Inverury, at the heathery feet of the mist-crowned Benachie.

Mr. Thom was born in Aberdeen, and is the son of a widow.

"In the summer of 1805, a nobleman's carriage was ran away with on the race course at Aberdeen. Several persons were severely injured; the leg of a poor lad of seven years of age was run over, and the ankle and foot crushed together under the wheels. Ten shillings were given to his poor mother, who, although urged by her neighbours to petition for something more, however severely pressed, had too much of the proud and independent soul of a Scotchwoman to ask. She was silent; she sunk and died in poverty. After suffering much agony, the boy remained a cripple for life."

When ten years of age, the cripple boy was placed in a public factory, where he served an apprenticeship for four years, at the end of which he entered the great weaving establishment of Gordon, Barron, and Co., remaining 17 years.

"During my apprenticeship," continues Mr. Thom, "I had picked up a little reading and writing. Afterwards set about studying Latin; went so far, but was fairly defeated through want of time, &c., having the while to support my mother, who was getting frail. However, I continued to gather something of arithmetic and music, both of which I mastered so far as to render further progress easy did I see it requisite. I play the German flute tolerably in general subjects; but in my native melodies, lively or pathetic, to few will I lay it down. I have every Scotch song that is worth singing, and though my vocal capability is somewhat limited, I can convey a pretty fair idea of what a Scotch song ought to be."

Mr. Thom's account of his education is a very fair specimen of that of the best of his class and generation in Scotland. Prior to entering the factory the boy has reading and writing and arithmetic enough to make the keeping up of these acquirements quite easy to all but downright dunces. This is all the herd of Scotch weavers do for life. But the best of them have loftier ideas. We have seen optical and astronomical instruments constructed in moments snatched from the loom. A pale youth has been seen reading a borrowed copy of the 'Principia of Newton' on his loom during his dinner hour. Camera obscuras, ouranions, telescopes, magnifying glasses, are the amusements of men

who toil on the loom for twelve and fourteen hours a day. If you join a group of four or five of this better order of Scotch mechanics in their Sunday morning stroll, ten to one they are discussing a topic in geology, or astronomy, or metaphysics. The attempt of Mr. Thom to learn Latin is characteristic of his class. A second-hand copy of Ruddiman's Latin Rudiments is bought for sixpence, and a little class of three or four is formed to teach each other the language of ancient Rome. The ascent is steep, dry and difficult. For a winter, perhaps, all persevere, snatching from meal hours time to learn, and from sleep an hour to repeat their lessons. In the spring, one who was always a laggard, joins a set for excursions of pleasure, which engross all his leisure and cash. Another has surveyed with glistening eyes a comely factory lass with shining morning face, neatly braided hair, small waist clasped by her white wrapper—

"Her waist sae jimp, her limbs sae clean,
Her tempting lips, her roguish een."

By heavens and earth he loves her!—and there is an end of his Latin studies. Pleasure and Love chain these two to poverty and the loom for life. Two still persevere. Of these the one becomes a clerk, a manager, a manufacturer; the other finds his way through a college, and "wags his head in a pulpit." In the case of Mr. Thom we fear music and the Muses interfered to prevent Latin from being to him what it is to many of his countrymen and class—the stepping-stone into middle class life.

This seems an appropriate place to introduce the first of the poems of Mr. Thom, which brought him into some notice on its appearance in the 'Aberdeen Journal,' one of the oldest and best circulated of Scotch newspapers.

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

"I'll tell some ither time, quo' he,
How we love an' laugh in the north countrie."—*Legend.*

"Men grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kent (a) na whaur (b) to stay,
Wi' fient (c) an arrow, bow, or string—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He faught (d) his lonely way.

'Is there nae mair, in Garioch fair,
Ae (e) spotless hame for me?
Hae politics, an' corn, an' kye,
Ilk bosom stappit? (f) Fie, O fie!
I'll swithe (g) me o'er the sea.'

| | | |
|------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| (a) knew. | (d) battled. | (f) choked up. |
| (b) where. | (e) one. | (g) scamper away. |
| (c) devil a bit. | | |

He lanced a leaf o' jessamine,
 On whilk he dared to swim,
 An' pillowed his head on a wee rose bud,
 Syne (*h*) slighted Love awa' did scud,
 Down Ury's waefu' stream.

'The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
 But dowie (*i*) when he gaed by;
 Till lulled wi' the sough (*j*) o' monie a sang,
 He sleepet fu' soun' as he sailed alang,
 'Neath he'ven's gowden sky!

'Twas just whaur creepin' Ury greets
 Its mountain cousin Don,
 There wandered forth a weel-faur'd (*k*) dame,
 Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
 As it flirted an' played wi' a sunny beam
 That flickered its bosom upon.

Love happit (*l*) his head, I trow, that time,
 When the jessamine bark drew nigh,
 An' the lassie espied the wee rose bud,
 An' aye her heart gae thud (*m*) for thud,
 An' quiet it wadna lie.

'O gin I but had yon wearie wee flower
 That floats on the Ury sae fair!
 She lootit (*n*) her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
 But little kent she o' the pawkie (*o*) thief
 That was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Love glower'd (*p*) when he saw her bonnie dark
 An' swore by heaven's grace [e'e,
 He ne'er had seen nor thought to see,
 Since he left the Paphian lea,
 Mair lovely a dwallin' place.

Syne, first of a', in her blythesome breast,
 He built a bower, I ween;
 An' what did the waefu' devilick neist?
 But kindled a gleam like the rosy east,
 That sparkled frae baith her een.

An' then beneath ilk high e'e bree
 He placed a quiver there;
 His bow? What but her shinin' brow?
 An' O sic deadly strings he drew
 Frae out her silken hair.

God be our guard! sic deeds waur deen,
 Roun' a' our countrie then;
 An' monie a' hangin' lug (*q*) was seen
 'Mang farmers fat an' lawyers lean,
 An' herds a' common men!"

There is much sweetness and beauty in this little piece. If the melody of it is not obvious to any one, the reason is the ignorance of the reader of the Aberdeenshire dialect. Love is the theme of several of the songs of Mr. Thom. His love songs have often been surpassed in power and brilliancy, but seldom in sweetness. Passion in its fire and affection, in its heroic devotedness, is

(*h*) then. (*l*) concealed. (*o*) designing.
 (*i*) low spirited. (*m*) knock. (*p*) stared in sur-
 (*j*) moaning. (*n*) stooped. (*q*) ear. [prise.
 (*k*) well-favoured.

not sung by the poet of the Ury. Yet his love songs are tender and heartfelt. They embody the feelings of those who have found affection a cup from which they have chiefly drank sorrow. 'O, Mary, when you think of me,' is a song expressing the sorrows of a lover who is loved too late. His fresh affection has been frowned down, and his enthusiasm of devotedness repulsed with pride, until grief has made his whole heart her own, and the loved one, in the excess of her power to pain, has lost the power to gladden.

"O, Mary, when you think of me,
 Let pity hae its share, love!
 Tho' others mock my misery,
 Do you in mercy spare, love.
 My heart, O Mary, own'd but thee,
 An' sought for thine so fervently!
 The saddest tear e'er wat my e'e,
 Ye ken wha brought it there, love!

O, lookna wi' that witchin' look
 That wiled my peace awa', love;
 An' dinna let me hear you sigh—
 It tears my heart in twa, love.
 Resume the frown ye'd wont to wear,
 Nor shed the unavailing tear!
 The hour of doom is drawing near,
 An' welcome be its ca', love!

How cou'd ye hide a thought sae kind
 Beneath sae cauld a brow, love!
 The broken heart it winna bind
 Wi' gowden bandage, now, love.
 No, Mary. Mark yon reckless shower;
 It hangs aloof in scorching hour,
 An' helps na now the feckless flower,
 That sinks beneath its flow, love."

A shallow and sceptical spirit overlooks the immense importance of Love in the life of a man. Few things are deeper and stronger. The lust of money, of importance, and fame, are tolerably powerful things in society; yet these are weak in their influences on character and happiness, compared with the thirst for love. In 'Ythanside' the poet celebrates the scene of one of those brief affectionate fancies which all have felt, and which inexorable circumstances turn into beautiful recollections, scarcely distinguishable from dreams, all one's life after. The scene is laid in the woods of Elsemont, where nature has scooped a beautiful little gallery, a "high and heathy seat," in a most romantic pinnacle which overhangs the Ythan.

YTHANSIDE.

"I had ae night, and only ane,
 On flow'ry Ythanside,
 An' kith or kindred I hae nane
 That dwell by Ythanside;
 Yet midnight dream and morning vow,
 At hame they winna bide,
 But pu', and pu' my willing heart
 Awa' to Ythanside.

What gars ilk restless, wand'ring wish
 Seek aye to Ythanside,
 An' hover round yon fairy bush
 That spreads o'er Ythanside?
 I think I see its pawkie boughs,
 Whaur lovers weel might hide;
 An' O! what heart could safely sit
 Yon night at Ythanside?

Could I return and own the skaith
 I thole frae Ythanside,
 Would her mild e'e bend lythe on me
 Ance mair on Ythanside?
 Or, would she crush my lowly love
 Beneath a brow of pride?
 I daurna claim, and maunna blame,
 Her heart on Ythanside.

I'll rue yon high and heathy seat
 That hangs o'er Ythanside;
 I'll rue the mill where burnies meet;
 I'll rue ye, Ythanside.
 An' you, ye moon, wi' luckless light,
 Pour'd a' yer gowden tide
 O'er sic a brow!—sic een, yon night!—
 O, weary Ythanside!"

The associations of the affections can make the most barren spots dear to men. Hence, national and local attachments become strongest in persons of the finest natures. When they narrow the intellect and restrain the sympathies, they produce, no doubt, the antipathies which are the fuel of war. As they deepen in generous souls, they fill history with heroism.

The feelings associated with the land in former days bound the serf to the landlord, they now array the thoughtful mechanics against the lords of the soil.

"My heather land, my heather land!
 Though chilling winter pours
 Her freezing breath roun' fireless hearth,
 Whaur breadless mis'ry cow'rs;
 Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight
 The godless revin' hand——
 Whan wither'd tyranny shall reel
 Frae our rous'd heather land."

"Why are not you a Conservative?" asked a conceited personage, who thought Conservatism a gentlemanly thing, of the intelligent William Thom; the reply was—"If you were cold and starving, *that* is not a state of things of which you would be Conservative. Hence a generation has grown up, among whom a sense of oppression is universal. They cannot believe that the aristocracy generally entertain kind feelings towards them. By their hold of the powers of legislation the Highland chieftains have made the soil of Scotland entirely their own, in utter disregard of the claims of the descendants of their clans—whose fathers won and defended it by their swords, on the hon-

ourable understanding that their descendants should be supported upon it for ever. Chieftains now-a-days clear their estates of the sons of those to whose liberally-shed blood they owe them. Hence the spectre of tyranny which all the poor Scotch see overshadowing the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood."

Poor men think that long ere now the law, if justly made, would have given a permanent tenure of the land to the persons who are now cleared off it. Unhealthy and unhappy though these feelings are in men in the situation of Mr. Thom, they are natural and inevitable. Such men heed not the fact that these ideas and feelings are injurious to their personal interests. Unfinished and rough though it be, there is a striking exhibition in the following verses of the sympathy with poverty which all poor men feel.

A CHIEFTAIN UNKNOWN TO THE QUEEN.

"Auld Scotland cried 'Welcome your Queen!
 Ilk glen echoed 'Welcome your Queen!
 While turret and tower to mountain and moor,
 Cried 'Wauken and welcome our Queen!'

Syne, O sic deray was exprest,
 As Scotland for long hadna seen;
 When bodies cam bickerin' a' clad in their best—
 To beck to their bonnie young Queen.

When a' kinds o' colours cam' south,
 An' scarlet frae sly Aberdeen;
 Ilk flutterin' heart flitted up to the mouth.
 A' pantin' to peep at our Queen.

There were Earls on that glitterin' strand,
 Wi' diamonded Dame many ane;
 An' weel might it seem that the happiest land
 Was trod by the happiest Queen.

Then mony a chieftain's heart
 Beat high 'neath his proud tartan screen;
 But one sullen chief stood afar and apart,
 Nor recked he the smile o' a Queen.

Wha's he winna blink on our Queen,
 Wi' his haffets sae lyart and lean?
 O ho! it is Want wi' his gathering gaunt,
 An' his million o' mourners unseen.

Proud Scotland cried 'Hide them, O hide!
 An' lat na them light on her een;
 Wi' their bairnies bare, it would sorrow her sair!
 For a mither's heart moves in our Queen!"

Mr. Thom's sympathies with Want are not the creatures of his fancy. They are produced by experience. They are not information—they arise from knowledge, intense, personal, practical knowledge. In the spring of 1837 certain American failures silenced in one week six thousand looms in Forfarshire.

Newtyle, the village in which Mr. Thom resided, was an especial sufferer. He had to maintain a family of six persons on five shillings weekly. We quote his description of one specimen morning at Newtyle.

"Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a-whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which of course rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, mother, gie me a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!"

Seeing that the strength of himself and his family was rapidly declining, William Thom pawned a dear relic of better days for ten shillings, bought four shillings' worth of second-hand books to sell again, and leaving the furniture and key of his habitation with the landlord, set out with his family on foot in quest of bread. After sunset on the third day, Saturday, rain came on, with cold, sour east winds. They asked forlorn-looking beings they met what farm-towns in the vicinity were most likely to afford them shelter for the night.

"Jean, my wife, was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at the breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day. It was nine o'clock when we approached the large and comfortable-looking steading of B——, standing about a quarter of a mile off the road. Leaving my poor flock on the wayside, I pushed down the path to the farm-house with considerable confidence, for I had been informed that B—— (meaning, by this local appellation, the farmer) was a humane man, who never turned the wanderer from his door. Unfortunately for us, the worthy farmer was from home, and not expected to return that night. His house-keeper had admitted several poor people already, and could admit no more. I pleaded with her the infancy of my family, the lateness of the night, and their utter unfitness to proceed—that we sought nothing but shelter—that the meanest shed would be a blessing. Heaven's mercy was never more earnestly pleaded for than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion. But 'No, no, no,' was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

"I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired that trembling woman; 'I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie,' she added; 'isna she waesome-like? Let's in frae the cauld.' 'We've nae way to gang, lass,' said I, 'whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us.' Few words more passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no out-look—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits: when Despair has loosed honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing on-looker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

"I will resume my story. The gloaming light was scarcely sufficient to allow me to write a little note, which I carried to a stately mansion hard by. It was to entreat what we had been denied at B——. This application was also fruitless. The servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule. On re-joining my little group, my heart lightened at the presence of a serving-man, who at that moment came near, and who, observing our wretchedness, could not pass without endeavouring to succour us. The kind words of this worthy peasant sunk deep into our hearts. I do not know his name; but never can I forget him. Assisted by him, we arrived, about eleven o'clock, at the farm-house of John Cooper, West-town of Kinnaird, where we were immediately admitted. The accommodation, we were told, was poor—but what an alternative from the storm-beaten way-side! The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an out-house. A man stood by with a lantern, while with straw and blankets we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean waked me. Oh, that scream;—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as that did, a long course of hardship,

too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be well borne by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat a while and looked on them: Comfort I had none to give—none to take: I spake not—what could be said?—words? oh, no! The worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, who had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did everything which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the melancholy occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbours assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favourite, little Jeanie.

“Early on Monday we wandered onwards without any settled purpose or end. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where tomorrow our grave. ’Tis but fair to say, however, that our children never were ill off during the day-time. Where our goods were not bought, we were nevertheless offered ‘a piece to the bairnies.’ One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance as yet was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawker nor the habitual mendicant, so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But oh, the ever-recurring sunset. Then came the hour of sad conjecturing and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset, was to ensure refusal. After nightfall, the children, worn out with the day’s wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down. After experience taught us cunning in this, as in other things—the tactics of habitual vagrants being to remain in concealment near a farm of good name until a suitable lateness warranted the attack.”

William Thom and his family, during their wanderings in quest of work, had considerable experience of the lodging-houses for poor travellers, called in England tramp-houses. Cheapness is the sole recommendation of these places. Without fires, without seats, these places pack five or six persons into one box called a bed, and hence there is small need for bed-clothes. At Methven, as this poor family sat in the lodging-house of “Mrs. L.,” they were informed that their entertainment would cost them sixpence, which, according to the standing rule of the establishment, must be paid before they “took off their shoon.” The expression did not seem appropriate in a hotel in which most of the guests were barefooted. The demand for sixpence exceeded the finances of Mr. Thom, who had only got fivepence-halfpenny in the world. He therefore des-

perately resolved to sally forth with his flute, and play it for money in the outskirts of the village. Homer had done a similar thing in Greece—Goldsmith on the continent, and neither of them had children in Methven or anywhere else, nor perhaps a landlady who attached special consequence to the moment that undid the shoe-tie.

“Musing over these and many other considerations, we found ourselves in a beautiful green lane, fairly out of the town, and opposite a genteel-looking house, at the windows of which sat several well-dressed people. I think that it might be our bewildered and hesitating movements that attracted their notice—perhaps not favourably. ‘A quarter of an hour longer,’ said I, ‘and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit.’ The sun had been down a good while, and the gloaming was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. The ‘Flowers of the Forest’ brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another, and in less than ten minutes put me in possession of 3s. 9d. of good British money. I sent the mother home with this treasure, and directed her to send her eldest girl to me. It was by this time nearly dark. Everybody says, ‘Things just need a beginning.’ I had made a beginning, and a very good one too. I had a smart turn for strathspeys, and there appeared to be a fair run upon them. By this time I was nearly into the middle of the town. When I finally made my bow and retired to my lodging, it was with four shillings and seven pence, in addition to what was sent before. My little girl got a beautiful shawl, and several articles of wearing apparel. Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven? Let me ever chance to meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last bannock with him. These men—for I knew them, as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that ‘ease and grace’ indispensable to him who would successfully ‘carry the gaberlunzie on.’ I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.”

Robert Burns often alludes to the grim alternative of beggary as eligible for him in case of failure in everything else. William Thom experienced what Burns only fancied. Burns only expressed the feelings of his class. Ploughmen, labourers, journeymen mechanics, and all men in their circumstances, feel that

“Thin partitions do the realms divide,”

which separate the men who cannot get work from the wretches who are compelled to ask for bread. “Gin a’ trades fail me, Gweed be thankit I can beg,” is a Scotch saying of

people of this class, which, however dismal, is used to keep off the tyranny of the spectre of Starvation.

This seems an appropriate place to throw out a hint of institutions for the relief of homeless wanderers, and the improvement of their condition, which may perhaps be worthy of the consideration of persons better informed on the subject than we can profess to be. It has often occurred to us that great good would result to the poorest of the poor, and to society generally, from the establishment, on all the great roads, of lodgings somewhat resembling the caravansaries of the East. Every one who has ever made it his painful duty to examine for himself any of the tramp-houses used by poor travellers in England and Scotland, knows it is impossible to exaggerate their abominations. Morally and physiologically, they are pest-houses. We have visited some of them at midnight, in spite of stench like to knock persons down who encountered it, and in defiance of the moral nuisance of encountering male and female characters of the worst description. The moral abominations of these places are inconceivable. In each small room there are generally four beds filled with four or five persons each of both sexes. In these tramp-houses poor but honest and industrious labourers and mechanics out of work are compelled to associate with thieves, prostitutes, beggars, and vagrants. The preservation of modesty is impossible in these places. They make modesty, if not chastity, an impossibility for poor women. When the poor are suffering the greatest privations to which their poverty exposes them, and are consequently most open to temptation to sacrifice their honest name, these tramp-houses bring them into contact with those who have already thrown aside every moral and religious restraint. Precisely when the moral strength of the poor man is beginning to fail him, do these arsenals of contamination envelope him in an atmosphere of vice and crime. Just in the very hour when hunger and cold are tempting the poor woman to forfeit her honour for bread, she meets in these semi-brothels with persons who deride her scruples, and exult in the gains and the pleasures of prostitution. In these lodging-houses the thief meets the receiver of stolen goods, the pander finds her victims; and here, amidst gluttony, drunkenness, debauchery, starvation, and wretchedness, crimes are plotted against the persons and the property of the respectable members of society.

Now it surely is desirable and feasible to erect, on the great lines of road, lodging-houses, in which there would be a separate apartment at least for every family. At

present the tramp-houses are lucrative speculations. It would not be difficult to erect houses in which cleanliness, warmth, and decency might be provided for the poor, at a cheaper rate than in these dens of iniquity. Let the clergy of all denominations in the parish, a committee of the most respectable and benevolent laymen, and the superintendent or inspector of police for the district, have the management of these institutions. For the erection of the houses a few hundred pounds collected by voluntary contributions would suffice. When once in operation they could be made support themselves. Respectable poor persons, however deep their poverty, might be furnished with certificates of health, cleanliness, and good character, and treated with consideration and kindness. Bad characters and filthy persons might be subjected to the ordeal of the bath and fumigation. The charge for the use of an apartment for a night need not exceed two or three pence. Persons who tried to evade the payment, or who were unable to pay it, might be furnished with work to do equal to the amount, which they would be compelled to accomplish prior to their departure. The system of certificates, of health, character, and cleanliness could not fail to have the most beneficial influence on the poor. It would enable them, wherever they went, to derive the benefits they merit for their past good conduct. Immediately and systematically discriminated from the worthless and criminal characters with whom they are too often confounded, they would find themselves exempted from the suspicions attached to them as strangers, and facilitated in countless ways in their inquiries after employment. Such institutions would be powerful helps to discovering the migratory criminal population of the country. Whenever a man or woman has taken up a life of crime, a life of itinerancy always accompanies it. As poor travellers who had no reasons to fear the police would all be found in the caravansaries, and as none but houses duly licensed need be allowed to receive travellers, chances of detection will crowd around fugitive criminals when separated from those who had nothing in common with them except poverty. Our space at present allows us only to throw out these hints. Should the members of the government deem the subject worthy of inquiry, the poor law and constabulary commissions will furnish them abundant facilities of obtaining the needful information.

To return to Mr. Thom, a man of genius, whose experience of Scotch tramp-houses has suggested this digression.

William Thom adopted the expedient, when "on the tramp," of getting some of

his poems printed on fine paper, with a fly leaf, in the form of a note, and sending a copy by the servant to the lairds whose houses lay on his way, while he waited in the hall. Once in this way he received half a guinea. But it was beggars' work, his soul grew sick of it, and he took up his abode in Inverury, and settled down to his loom.

In Inverury the wandering family found comparative comfort. William Thom was employed as a customary weaver. A country weaver in want of a journeyman sends for him to assist in making bedding, shirting, and other household stuffs.

"When his customers are served I am discharged, and so ends the season. During that time I earn from ten to twelve shillings a week—pay the master generally four shillings for my 'keep,' and remit the rest to my family. In this way we moved on happy enough. Ambition, or something like it, would now and then whisper me into discontent. I eke out the blank portions of the year by going into a factory; here the young and vigorous only can exceed six shillings weekly; this alone is my period of privation. However, it is wonderful how nicely we get on. A little job now and then in the musical way puts all to rights again. I don't drink, as little at any rate as possible. I have been vain enough to set some value on my mind, and it being all that I possess now, and the only thing likely to put me in possession of aught afterwards, I would not willingly *drown* it."

The woes of drunkenness is the subject of one of his poems. The spirit of his age and class made Robert Burns the poet of conviviality. A different spirit animating the present time, William Thom employs his genius in favour of temperance. John Barleycorn was death and degradation to Robert Burns. He sung—

"The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree"—

and by doing so kindled the fires of rheumatic fever which brought agony and death on his prime of manhood. Let us hope that temperance will, in the case of William Thom, reward her poet with a happier fate.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

"Who hath wo? who hath sorrows? They that tarry long at the wine."—Proverbs, xxiii, 29, 30.

"O tempt me not to the drunkard's draught,
With his soul-consuming gleam!
O hide me from the woes that waft
Around the drunkard's dream!

When night in holy silence brings
The God-willed hour of sleep,
Then, then the red-eyed revel swings
Its bowl of poison deep.

When morning waves its golden hair,
And smiles o'er hill and lea,
One sick'ning ray is doomed to glare
On yon rude revelry.

The rocket's flary moment sped,
Sinks black'ning back to earth;
Yet darker—deeper sinks his head
Who shares in drunkard's mirth!

Know ye the sleep the drunkard knows?
That sleep, O who may tell!
Or who can speak the fiendful throes
Of his self-heated hell!

The soul all reft of heav'nly mark—
Defaced God's image there—
Rolls down and down yon abyss dark
To thy howling home, Despair!

Or bedded his head upon broken hearts,
Where slimy reptiles creep;
While the ball-less eye of Death still darts
Black fire on the drunkard's sleep.

And lo! their coffined bosoms rife,
That bled in his ruin wild!
The cold, cold lips of his shrouded wife,
Press lips of his shrouded child!

So fast—so deep the hold they keep;
Hark his unhallowed scream!
Guard us, O God, from the drunkard's sleep—
From the drunkard's demon dream!"

The deep feelings embodied in this song ought to protect the poet from the poisoning friendship of those who for the sake of his colloquial powers, his anecdotes, his songs, and his flute, tempt him to join their carousals at inns and merry-makings. It is sport to them—death to him.

Soon after their arrival at Inverury, William Thom and his family were afflicted with much ill health. His boy had to undergo a serious operation in the Aberdeen infirmary, from the effects of which he never can recover. His wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached, died in childbed. This bereavement is the theme of most of his subsequent poems. William Thom does not derive his poetry from "the substanceless regions of fancy." Realities of the heart are his subjects. He has a well-merited contempt for the woful fancies of "the silk-bandaged sons of comfort—whose sorrows are stereotyped—who bleed ink—see mankind through the haze of theory, and would be frozen up by the sickening realities of the poor man's dwelling." His experience has taught him also that lyrical poetry is not fitted to express the highest states of the emotions. The full cisterns of sorrow have no echoes. When a feeling has passed its height, and the bitter paroxysms have long been over, a gentler state succeeds, a period of subsidence, with which music and imagery are congenial.

Neither the musical nor the beautiful, and seldom the sublime—in art, can be connected with the instants of the paroxysms of emotion and passion. Art is a stranger which must intermeddle but seldom with the deepest and darkest hours of sorrow, or the keenest ecstasies of joy. Although there are exceptions in dramatic poetry, the emotions only become congenial to art—they can be enwrap in music and imagery only when in the state in which the memory loves to retain them.

At the time of the death of Mrs. Thom, her husband's employment as a weaver lay in a village nine miles distant. He used to walk once a fortnight to Inverury, for a glimpse of "yon ineffable couthiness that swims as it were about 'ain's ain fireside," and is nowhere else to be found." After returning from the kirkyard, on the occasion of the funeral of his wife, he locked up his house. A neighbour took charge of his youngest boy, who, however, somehow slipped off unnoticed, and was found fast asleep at the door of the house where his mother died. Next morning Mr. Thom and his eldest boy, Willie, set out to resume his work. "A trifle of sad thinking," he says, "was in my head, and Benachie with its downy mists right before me." His daughter, Betsy, was keeping a cottar's cow, "herding," as it is called. She knew nothing of what had happened at home. Three weeks before, her mother had been to see her at the cottar's, and had promised to return with some wearables against the winter, which was setting in fast and bitterly.

"The day and very hour we approached her bleak watching-place was their trysted time. She saw us as we stood hesitating on the knowe (a small eminence), and came running to us, calling, 'Whaur is my mither?—Fou is na she here?'"

In the following verses, which we print for the first time, are expressed, not the widowed father's actual advice to his boy how to deport himself towards his sister in breaking the news, but the poet's idealized recollection of it.

"The ae dark spot in this loveless world,
That spot maun ever be, Willie,
Whaur she sat an' dauted yer bonnie brown hair,
An' lythly looket to me, Willie;
An' oh! my heart owned a' the power
Of your mither's gifted e'e, Willie.

There's now no blink at our slacken'd hearth,
Nor kindred breathing there, Willie;
But cauld and still our hame of Death,
Wi' its darkness evermair, Willie;
For she wha lived in our love is cauld,
An' her grave the stranger's lair, Willie.

The sleepless night, the dowie dawn,
A' stormy tho' it be, Willie,

Ye'll buckle ye in yer weet wee plaid,
An' wander awa wi' me, Willie:
Yer lonesome sister little kens
Sic tidings we hae to gie, Willie.

The promised day, the trysted hour,
She'll strain her watchfu' e'e, Willie;
Seeking that mither's look of love,
She ne'er again maun see, Willie;
Kiss aye the tear frae her whitening cheek,
An' speak awhile for me, Willie.

Look kindly, kindly when ye meet,
But speak na of the dead, Willie;
An' when yer heart would gar you greet,
Aye turn awa yer head, Willie;
That waesome look ye look to me
Would gar her young heart bleed, Willie.

Whan e'er she names a mither's name,
An' sairly presseth thee, Willie,
O tell her of a happy hame
Far, far o'er earth an' sea, Willie;
An' ane that waits to welcome them—
Her hameless bairnes an' me, Willie."

The 'Dreamings of the Bereaved' is a poem in the same vein.

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

"The morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an'
stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream!
'The good light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.

The dull common world then sinks from my
sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night,
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me!

O! come, spirit mother—discourse of the hours,
My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell,
On ears—how unheedful proved sorrow might tell.

That deathless affection—nae trial could break,
When a' else forsook me ye wouldna forsake,
Then come, O! my mother, come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee.

An' thou, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!
'Twas kind—for the love that your e'e kindled
there,
Will burn—aye an' burn—'till that breast beat nae
mair.

Our bairnies sleep round me, O! bless ye their
sleep,
Your ain dark-e'd Willie will wauken an' weep,
But blythe in his weepin' he'll tell me how you
His heaven-hamed mammie was 'dautin his brou.*

Tho' dark be our dwelling—our happin tho' bare,
And nicht creep around us in cauldness and care,
Affections will warm; and bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams.

* Patting his forehead.

Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then,
The gowd light of morning is light-less to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie !"

One of the beautiful productions of our author is called 'The Mitherless Bairn.'

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

"When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, and sairly forfairn ?
Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair !
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn !

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid ;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn !

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

Oh ! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile :—
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall
learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !"

The faults of the poems of Mr. Thom are more obvious than their beauties. All want finish. He does not, after striking a song off at a heat, subject it to a rigid criticism, and occupy himself with making the expression perfect. Forgetful that when improving the expression he is perfecting the thought, his poems are seldom correct in all respects, and almost never the best they could be made. Possessed of the essential merits of lyrical poetry, his songs contain lines which are full of gushes of genial and cordial feeling. For sweetness and tenderness he is a Scotch Thomas Moore. But they lack the aptness as well as harmoniousness of expression which is so important in the formation of the verses of poets "whose lines are mot-toes of the heart." The great merit of his verses is—they are true. Scenes he has seen, feelings he has felt, circumstances in which he has been, are the subjects of his poetry. He does not derive from Fancy beautiful falsities, which, like fairy fruits, are lovely to the eye and dust and ashes to the taste. His imagination and sympathies are exercised in enabling him to realize the verities of life, emotion, and experience. He does not ideal-

ize the real. His nature makes the real ideal to him. By seeing it as it is, a born poet beholds the world poetically. He has nothing to do but be as true as he can. Let him eschew poetical phraseology, and use the simplest and most colloquial words ; and if there is music in his soul, his words will be harmonious ; and if he has any meaning to express, it will of necessity be poetical. Truth is not logical—it is æsthetic. Definitions, however clear, are not truth, they are only expressions of aspects of it towards words given for business purposes. When you have said a truth is a proposition which you see is supported by sufficient evidence, you have not gone far in intimacy with it. Truth, viewed as you know it, is worthless compared with truth viewed as you work it and feel it. Poetry is emotional truth. Business is wrought truth. Truth practical and truth poetical are both superior to truth merely speculative or logical. Practical truth benefits and blesses mankind. It is civilisation. Poetical truth refines and elevates the mind.

"Oh deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings ;
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."

Since the poems of Mr. Thom began to attract some local notice, his circumstances have improved. He is now a customary weaver himself, with two looms of his own. A well-meant entertainment was given in his honour, two years ago, in Aberdeen. The lairds in his neighbourhood have sent him weaving to do for them. We hope the rumour is not true which has reached us, not through Mr. Thom, but otherwise, that some of them have hinted that a small piece out of the web of fancy would be a welcome addition to the shirting stuffs involved in their ostensible contracts. It is said there are lairds about Inverury who have hinted that odes on their ancestors, and sonnets on their parks, would be acceptable, if sent for nothing ; and who, when disappointed of ballads, have left off sending webs.

We shall conclude our notice with a portion of a ballad on a beautiful incident in the history of the family of Mr. Gordon, of Knockespock. Mr. Thom, in cultivating the muse, need not overlook local subjects. When really and personally interesting, they are the best he can choose, because they are those he has most advantages in handling. He can write the words on the spot, which are worth cart-loads of imaginings. He lives in a district full of poetical materials which have

never been used up. Haunted battle-fields, fairy knolls, water-kelpie rivers, unroofed castles, surround him. Above all, the actual life and real thoughts and feelings of his neighbours have never received literary expression. But undoubtedly the most interesting literary work on which he could occupy himself would be, a true and faithful account of what he has himself seen and suffered of real life. The thoughts and passions of the weaver's shop, the loves and trials of his hearth, the characters and histories of the "gungrel bodies" with whom he associated in tramp-houses; what life is to men who go through it as he has done, would be the most interesting thing he could tell. A true account of such an experience would show how the lives of poor men are often dignified by sufferings manfully borne, and ennobled by duties bravely done. Perchance such a narrative would show, that poor men, quite as often as rich, enjoy the sweetness of doing right. It might be seen that poverty is more full than wealth of opportunities of quaffing the richest of all joys, that which springs from work well done.

About a century and a half since, a laird of Knockespock, when quite old, took to wife, in a second marriage, the young and lovely Jean Leith, of Harthill. The incident on which this ballad is founded gives a noble answer to the taunting question, "What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?" When ill and dying, she nursed him day and night, and would divide her watch with no one.

"Ae wastefu' howl o'er earth an' sea,
Nae gleam o' heaven's light
Might mark the bound o' Benachie
That black an' starless night.

Siclike the night, siclike the hour,
Siclike the wae they ken,
Wha watch till those lov'd eyes shall close
That ne'er may ope again."

Worn out and exhausted, this night Mrs. Gordon fell asleep. She was awaked by the smoke and flames of their burning mansion. The menials had fled. The doom of the dying laird and his lovely lady seemed fixed. In her heroic affection she took her husband up and carried him out of the burning house.

"Upon the wet an' windy sward
She wadna lat him down,
But wiled an' wiled the lithest bield
Wi' breckans happet roun'.
Knockespock's cauld, he's deadly cauld—
Whaur has his lady gane?
How has she left him in the loan
A' tremblin' there alane?
An' has she gane for feckless goul,
To tempt yon fearfu' low?
Or is her fair mind, wreck'd an' wrang,
Forgane its guidance now?

She fearless speels the reekin' tow'r,
Tho' red, red is the wa',
An' braves the deaf'nin' din an' stour,
Whare cracklin' rafters fa'.

It is na goud, nor gallant robes,
Gars Jeanie Gordon rin;
But she has wiled the safest plaids
To wrap her leal lord in.
For woman's heart is tenderness,
Yet woman weel may dare
The deftest deed, an' tremble nane,
Gin true love be her care.

'The low has skaithed your locks, my Jean,
An' scorch'd your bonnie brow;
The graceless flame consumes our hame—
What thinks my lady now?
'My locks will grow again, my love,
My broken brow will men',
Your kindly breast's the lealest hame
That I can ever ken;

But, O, that waesome look o' thine,
Knockespock, I wad gie
The livin' heart frae out my breast
For aught to pleasure thee!"

LOUIS PHILIPPE—KING OF THE FRENCH.

PART III.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE cannon had ceased to roar; the still bleeding victims of revolutionary fury had been collected together in the hospitals; the dead had been hastily interred in large but shallow graves, dug near the Louvre, the Marché des Innocens, and the Champs de Mars; the tocsin no longer rang its heart-sickening sounds in the ears of the Parisian population; the soldiers bivouacked in the public streets and places of the metropolis; boys and girls recounted some of the marvels of valour and some of the deeds of peril and courage they themselves, or their comrades, had accomplished; a provisional government had installed itself at the Hôtel de Ville; the paving-stones still stood in shapeless heaps, and, dignified with the name of "barricades," were the favourite lounging spots of the "*Flaneurs*" of Paris; the warehouses were yet closed, the manufactories were still deserted, the public schools and colleges were as empty as a new-made tomb; the palaces were yet open to the heavy and uncereemonious tread of the populace; the public buildings were guarded by self-armed, self-elected, civic forces; and Lafayette was hesitating, both with regard to his own position, and with relation to that of the Orleans' family; when suddenly a voice was heard everywhere, proceeding from every quarter, though uttering different tones, and that one voice

said, "WE MUST HAVE A KING!" It may be asked, from whom did that voice proceed? My answer is, *From nearly every one.* I was an eye witness of all that passed; I mixed with all ranks and classes. No event of the slightest importance escaped my observation and inquiries. I saw the peers, the deputies, and even the marshals, the generals, and the officers of all grades and degrees, who knew not on the field of battle what fear meant, now trembling with anxiety and apprehension at the probable consequences of the victory of the populace, and all proclaiming in the most decisive manner, though fluctuating between hope and fear, that *they must have a king!*

The terrible journey of the whole of the Paris rabble to Rambouillet alarmed every man in the country who had a home to love, a wife to cherish, or property to preserve. There were multitudes who had not forgotten the butcheries enacted during the first revolution, and the character of the Rambouillet procession was such as to give great cause for uneasiness and anxiety. I shall never forget the preparations in Paris for that march of the mob. Every description of vehicle, both public and private, was seized by the common people. No permission was asked, no vested interests were regarded; possession was not merely "nine points of the law," but the whole of the law, with those who resolved to repair to Rambouillet, in order to drive from the shores of France the descendants of St. Louis. I remember I was amongst the victims, for whilst proceeding across the *Place Louis Seize* my cabriolet was surrounded by twenty armed ruffians, but they politely directed me to descend. I remonstrated. It was as useless as to preach order and peace to the roaring billows. "*Il faut descendre,*" was the only reply that reached me. "Your name?" asked an inspector, or chief of the rebels. I replied by stating it. "Your address, age, profession, or occupation?" I was also asked, and my replies were as laconic as the questions which were propounded. "Your cabriolet and horse shall be returned to you within eight days," said the chief, and three fellows, each armed with a gun and a sword, jumped into the vehicle, and left me disgusted and perplexed. What mattered this to them? They struck up the first stanza of the '*Marseillaise*,' as they rattled off in double quick time up the Avenue de Neuilly, whilst I tried to hum my old favourite consoler of "Begone, dull care!" The night on which that expedition took place was one of intense anxiety at Paris. The Royalists of the old dynasty firmly believed that King Charles X., the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, the

Duchess of Berry, and the Duke de Bordeaux, would be massacred; but what could *they* do to prevent it? They contrived, indeed, to forewarn his majesty, and they urged him to escape. The Royalists of the new school, or, in plain terms, such men as Guizot, Perier, Athalin, Bugeaud, and Lefebvre, dreaded the Rambouillet movement, because they feared that their country might be once more disgraced by revolutionary murders. The men who conducted the enterprise, and were responsible for its success, were not without uneasiness, lest they should not be able to keep within bounds "*the madness of the people,*" while such men as Dubourg would have rejoiced once more to have wreaked their vengeance against the Bourbons by the perpetration of great crimes.

In such a state of excitement and frenzy, the eldest branch had not a moment to lose; but those who desired to see the Revolution of 1830 free from the atrocities of 1793, were not less pressing for a revolution; and as they dreaded the word "*Republic*" infinitely more than they did that of "*empire*," they joined in the general cry to which I have already referred, viz., "*We must, we will, have a king.*"

I remember when the Duc de Ragusa retreated from the interior of Paris on the 29th of July, with his discomfited and dejected troops, I approached him in the Champs Elysées, and respectfully inquired, "M. le Maréchal, is all finished, then, that your troops retire?" "No, sir," replied the veteran, "we shall bombard Paris to-morrow." The duke had said this during the whole line of his march, and the news, or the threat, spread like wildfire. The few hours which succeeded that report were gloomy and trembling ones, indeed, to the Parisians; but not so gloomy as those during which uncertainty prevailed on the one great question or "Who should be king?" I have said in my "*Reminiscences of Lafayette*" that the old general had it not in his power, as some have ignorantly thought, to create either a republic or an empire, or to continue a constitutional monarchy in France. The shouts of "*Vive la liberté!*" were invariably mingled with those of "*Vive la Charte!*" and if the Parisians had not perceived in the then Duke of Orleans the very man of all others raised up to fill a vacant throne and save France from anarchy and wo, they would have desired even the monarchy of the eldest branch, and have submitted to the ordinances of Charles X. had Marmont carried his threat of bombardment into execution. There was an universal horror, both felt and expressed at the mere mention of "*republic!*" I say this from no party feeling, nor as the result

of any personal prejudice or antipathy, but it is a fact, that Lafayette, with all his popularity with the masses, with all the aid of the schools, with all his influence with the "Jeunesse," and with all his then omnipotence in regard to the National Guards, could not have successfully opposed the general fixed determination of "*We must have a king.*"

Now *why* was this? Was it that the French were attached, as a nation, to their old race of kings? Certainly not! Was it that they believed that a constitutional monarchy was most favourable to the development and enjoyment of rational liberty? By no means. Was it that they were not really in earnest in making their revolution of three days, and that, indeed, they already regretted their resistance? No, I cannot say that. Why was it, then, that this cry of "*We must have a king*" seemed to be the general expressions of a great, of a national want? My answer is this. 1st, The Parisians had acquired much of property, and enjoyed much of ease under the Restoration, and they believed that any other form of government would, at least, put that property in peril. This was a primary consideration with them. 2d, The Parisians were convinced that if the republican form of government should be adopted, there would be re-enacted scenes of violence and bloodshed. And 3d, The Parisians were satisfied that the establishment of any other than a monarchical form of government in France would lead to a general European war, for which that country was wholly unprepared. It was not that the Parisians were averse to war; it was not that they were satisfied with the boundaries to which France was limited by the treaties of Vienna; it was not that they had ceased to sigh for the Rhine, for Savoy, or for the Alps. Oh! no; but they knew that the Restoration had been a period of such ease, peace, and repose, that France was not in a condition, speaking both navally and militarily, to go to war. Undoubtedly, Lafayette took great pains to cause it to be believed that France could place a million of soldiers on the frontiers in a few weeks, or months; but the attempt at deception did not succeed, and, therefore, the first cry was, "*A king and peace.*"

I am anxious to establish this proposition, and I will add this truth at the commencement of this third and last part of my "*Reminiscences of Louis Philippe*," because the whole of the policy of his majesty, viz., that of peace, and the recognition of existing treaties, was based upon it. When, then, I proceed to examine the public and notorious, as well as the secret and less known mea-

asures of the head of the new dynasty, I shall refer to the fact of the non-preparedness of France for war, and of the existence of a general, if not universal impression, that war would be ruinous, since the king acted on that impression, entertaining it likewise himself.

France, then, at the end of July, 1830, had made a revolution, had driven away the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, had proclaimed the necessity for peace, and had demanded a king. I shall, probably, be told that so far from France desiring peace, the moving and agitating portion of the nation wished for war! But of how small a number did that agitating portion consist! Hare-brained students, reckless *proletaires*, wandering St. Simonians, the members of secret societies, clubbists, phalansterians; these, these were the component parts of the war faction. But, on the other side, what was to be seen? The whole, or nearly so, of the National Guards of France arming themselves to preserve peace both at home and abroad; the public funds always declining the moment any event appeared likely to lead to war; the middling and upper classes protesting, almost to a man, against war; and none encouraging it but the factions I have referred to, except, indeed, the Legitimists, who wished for a foreign invasion in order to secure the triumph of the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon. I remember to have been much struck in the earlier period of the existence of the new French dynasty at a *soirée* I passed at the house of M. Mauguin, the deputy, with the extraordinary similarity of views on the question of "*war or peace*" which existed between the republican and the legitimist chiefs. At this *soirée* men of all parties were present, *provided they were opposed to the government*. All joined in calling that government cowardly, mean, and traitorous, exclusively because it would not make war against Europe for abstract principles. I ventured to ask, if Europe should be engaged in that warfare, what was the result proposed to be attained? "*The overthrow of that which exists*," was the reply. "*We shall wholly differ as to the government which ought to succeed that which now oppresses and irritates, disgraces and dishonours us; but we all concur in the duty of overthrowing the government of Louis Philippe.*" This was the language of a deputy who has since greatly distinguished himself in the revolutionary party, and who is still an able member of the lower house. But at this same *soirée* at M. Mauguin's the agents of the then King of Holland, the defenders of the cause of Don Miguel, and the most sincere and devoted friends of the ex-French dynasty, were

likewise present, and all made use of similar language to that which I have just cited. The war party, in all cases, had no idea of improving the physical, social, moral, or political condition of France, but desired war as the certain means of overthrowing Louis Philippe, who, on his part, was resolved to keep faith with Europe, to maintain the then existing pacific relations, and to fulfil the conditions imposed on the French people and government, by the treaties of Vienna.

The war party was not a large one numerically; but it made up for its deficiency in this respect by its violence, audacity, combination, and perseverance. This party accused the Restoration of having neglected the interests of France, because that country was not in a position, after fifteen years of peace, to resist, by land and by sea, the combined forces of Europe. How truly absurd was this! The men who brought forward the accusation had been, during the period of which I am speaking, the foremost to require the *reduction* of the army and the navy, the diminution of the standing expenses of the country, and the suppression of a vast number of posts and offices connected with the defence of the empire. When, therefore, the Revolution of July, 1830, arrived, and when the leaders of the war party perceived that they were unable to convince the country that France was in a position to defend herself against foreign aggression, these same preachers of economy, these parers down of salaries, offices, and forces, turned round upon the Restoration, and accused it, forsooth, of being anti-national! Yet what could be more absurd than this reproach? During fifteen years of comparative peace, the governments of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X. had wisely sought to maintain a just proportion between the exigencies of the state and the numbers of land and sea forces. In other words, the army and navy were placed on a peace footing, and so strong were the convictions of both the monarchs and their advisers that revolution at home was impossible, and that war abroad was not probable, that even though the events of Spain, Greece, and Algiers, required occasionally extra levies and additional supplies, still the ordinary military and naval forces for the fifteen years of Bourbon government, from 1815 to 1830, were very moderate, though amply sufficient. If the Restoration had maintained large armies and navies, it would have been accused of extravagance; yet, because it pursued a different line of conduct, it was said to be anti-national! "*La France est un soldat!*" exclaimed the eloquent and poetic Chateaubriand, and he knew how to strike a popular chord, which was sure of vi-

brating when he said this. But Chateaubriand knew quite well that France could not have gone to war against Europe with the forces which she possessed in 1830, and he knew that when the demagogues of that period called for war they had no other desire than confusion and overthrow.

I have thus endeavoured to show that the Restoration could not be justly blamed for the small number of forces prepared to enter the field of conflict when the events of 1830 once more brought the war party into notice and importance. The Restoration sought to maintain peace, whilst the Revolution was said to be made, "*to tear into atoms the treaties of Vienna!*" I know it has been said that the government of Charles X., and especially the Prince de Polignac, had entertained projects hostile to the peace of Belgium, under the sway of the ever-to-be-admired and regretted ex-king of the Pays-bas; and I know it has been declared by the war faction that papers were found by the first minister of foreign affairs, after the Restoration of July, 1830, in the *cartoons* of the French foreign office, which proved that the court and royal family of France had cherished serious thoughts of annexing Belgium to the former country by means of encouraging a revolution against the *Protestant King* of Holland. That the De Guiches, the Martainvilles, the Peyronnets, the De Polignacs, and the ultra-papist party in France, viewed with horror the fact of a Protestant monarch reigning in Belgium I do not, for a moment, question; and that they would secretly have encouraged any Romanist movement for his overthrow I am prepared to admit, but that Louis XVIII., Charles X., or even the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, were parties to any secret organization of such a movement, I most unhesitatingly deny. I repeat, then, that the government of the Restoration was essentially orderly and pacific; that it did not, therefore, require an immense standing army; that to have maintained such an army would have been senseless, considering the character of the policy of the government; and, finally, that it did not entertain any plans, or desire the triumph of any system in Europe which would have required much larger forces to support or carry into execution.

This, then, was the state of men, parties, and principles, and this the condition of France, of her army and navy, when one general voice declared, "*We must have a king!*" But *who* was the king to be selected? Justice and right pointed to the Duke of Bordeaux. His grandfather and his uncle had abdicated. Their acts of abdication could not be disputed; but they could not abdicate for Henry V., and his hereditary rights un-

doubtedly existed. How was it, then, that those rights were kept in the back-ground, were only asserted and developed by Berryer, De Conny, and De Chateaubriand, and were allowed to be set at naught without any very serious or determined resistance? This is the next question to which I shall address myself as intimately connected with the reign of Louis Philippe. In the first place, Charles X. and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême were *physically* afraid of the Revolution. They had been induced to believe that the ordinances of July, 1830, would lead to nothing more than an insurrection, more or less serious, but to an insurrection which would be suppressed without much difficulty or any great loss of life. When, then, the cannon were heard to roar in Paris, at the Château of St. Cloud, the fact did not create much anxiety, and certainly no alarm. When, on the Thursday of the Revolution week, the Duke d'Angoulême broke the sword of the Duke de Ragusa, in a fit of passion and disappointment, it was because he was so wholly unprepared for such a result as defeat, as to be for the moment convinced that the cause of the king had been betrayed. From that moment Charles X. and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême became frantic with fear, and the acts of abdication were signed at Rambouillet, under apprehensions the most painful, and in states of mind and agitation almost impossible to describe. From that moment, to save their lives from the fury of revolutionary mobs was the one great object they pursued; and the three commissioners appointed by the provisional government to secure the safe retreat of the royal family, were received by the king with respect, even though De Schonen and Odillon Barrot were peculiarly obnoxious both to his principles and policy. The positive bodily fear and mental agitation of Charles X., and of the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, prevented them, therefore, from taking any steps to secure to the Duke of Bordeaux the throne of France.

But what was the situation of the Duchess of Berry? Why did she not rush from the palace of St. Cloud, and taking the young Duke of Bordeaux in her hand, present him to the troops and the people, and exclaim, "BEHOLD YOUR KING!" Did she want nerve and courage for such an undertaking? Certainly not! Her romantic history in La Vendée, where she performed such prodigies of valour, would at once give the lie to such a supposition, could it ever have been for a moment indulged. There were two reasons, or rather three, why such a line of conduct was not pursued by Madame la Duchesse. The first was, that she lacked at that critical moment, energetic and decided advisers. Second,

King Charles X. would scarcely allow the young Duke of Bordeaux to leave his side. And third, the Duchess of Berry was very inaccurately informed as to the real state of affairs, both before and after the fatal ordinances of her father and monarch. The Count de Menars had undoubtedly informed the duchess as to the state of Paris, up to Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning she communicated to Charles X. all her uneasiness and anxiety. The monarch was imperturbable, and assured the duchess there was no reason for any apprehension respecting the result. Even the arrival of a young artist at the palace, charged to take the portrait of the king, and who gave a graphic and fearful account of the scenes he had witnessed, did not move that prince, who, after having listened with attention to the recital, said, "*Ce n'est rien, tout cela finira ce soir; ce n'est presque rien. Tenez, mon cher, ce que vous avez de mieux à faire c'est de commencer mon portrait.*" And then Charles X. sat down before the artist, and his features did not evince the slightest change. Not so the painter: he could not proceed. The king perceived it. "Eh bien!" said the monarch, with unruffled composure, "ce sera pour la semaine prochaine." When the artist withdrew, the Duchess of Berry gave herself up to an agony of grief, and Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême both sought to console her. That was the moment in which she stood in need of wise, firm, and courageous advisers; but there were none who stepped forward; and the cause of her son was lost. I know very well that there are some persons, still accurately informed with regard to the events of 1830, who maintain that had the Duchess of Berry acted as I have suggested she should have done, she would have been made a prisoner, and that her son would have been shot. I do not believe this. The moment for such a line of conduct as that I have described, would have been on the Thursday afternoon, as soon as the forces of the king had retired to the Bois de Boulogne, and when the Duke de Ragusa repaired to St. Cloud. The whole city was at that time in a state of indescribable apprehension. No government had been organized; the fear of a bombardment was very general; new barricades had been everywhere thrown up; it was not believed by any one that the conflict had terminated; the heights of Montmartre were looked to with the most fearful anticipations. The Hôtel de Ville was the spot to which report after report was brought of the arrival of fresh troops from distant garrisons, and of the determination of Charles X. to bombard Paris the next day; and these reports soon became known to the whole po-

pulation. That, then, was the moment when, if the heroic Duchess of Berry had appeared, without escort, without soldiers or guards, in the midst of the people, and had exclaimed, "Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême have abdicated; the ordinances of Sunday last are withdrawn; the Chambers are to meet immediately; Casimir Perier is prime minister; and now, BEHOLD YOUR KING—Henry V.!" I feel not the smallest doubt that her mission would have been crowned with abundant success; and that all other hopes and combinations would have been at once abandoned. I admit that to have met the populace, to have faced the yet 'vengeful and but partially avenged Parisians, would have required much nerve, vigour, and presence and strength of mind. But it is precisely because the Duchess of Berry was one of a million, and because her maternal love and energy were of the first order, that therefore I advert to this subject. No real great effort was made for the son of the duchess, until it was "too late;" and he was neither to be seen or heard of at a moment when all was critical and important. It is not impossible that the duke himself may be visiting England when these pages shall appear, and that they may come under his notice. To him I say, "Prince, your cause was neglected when there was time to save it. It is now too late." Who, then, was to be king? That some one was essential, cannot be better proved, than by the following fact: that at the *bureaux* of the republican journal, *Le National*, it was *first* decided to put forward the name of the Duke of Orleans. I always feel that this fact is the most unanswerable argument to those who, even to this day, maintain that a republican form of government could have been established in France, and that Lafayette had a crown to dispose of, which he could have placed on his own head, as chief of the republic, had he felt so disposed to gratify his ambition. I shall never forget the look of satisfaction, of hope, of joy, with which the proposal of electing the Duke of Orleans was received by the middling classes of Paris. When those classes heard, on the Thursday evening that the troops of the king had been defeated, that Marmont had been driven back by the Faubourgiens, and that the *Carmagnole* and *ça-Ira* had been sung in the streets, as well as the *Marseillaise*, they were depressed beyond measure. They saw nothing before them but anarchy, confusion, war, republicanism, and the triumph of democracy. But when it was known in the capital that even the chiefs of the republican party had found out that "they *must* have a king," so resolved were the middling and upper classes to have one, that they had acquiesced in the proposal to proclaim, in

the first instance, the Duke of Orleans "lieutenant-general of the kingdom," than the depression of the public mind vanished, the gloomy forebodings of those who possessed property disappeared, shops were opened, manufactories no longer remained with closed doors, the working classes assumed an attitude of respect and dependence, and the lungs of the mighty population once more respired with health and energy.

It will be expected, of course, that I should say something of the chances of the Duke de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon Bonaparte, to the throne of France, in July, 1830. That Lafayette entertained some apprehensions on this head, is proved by the fact that M. Dumoulin, formerly an orderly officer of Napoleon, and after the three days of July, the first self-proclaimed governor of the Hôtel de Ville, was arrested by order of Lafayette himself, and kept in a state of *surveillance* until the general's fears were removed. M. Dumoulin had, during so many years of his life, devoted all his energies to the cause of the empire and the emperor, and had made so many sacrifices in behalf of his Corsican idol, had been so often arrested during the Restoration for having been concerned in the plots against the then government, once having been tried before the Chamber of Peers, and escaped death only by a very small majority of votes in his favour, and was so well known to live in the hope of seeing at least some member of the family of Bonaparte once more on the throne of France, that his arrest by order of any monarchical government, would not have been looked upon by any one as an extraordinary proceeding. But that Lafayette, the republican, should arrest Dumoulin, the Bonapartist, did seem to all who were aware of the circumstance, a stretch of self-constituted authority, which nothing could justify even in a period of revolution, but the necessity to take the step in order to secure the public peace. That the partisans of Bonaparte himself were numerous in July, 1830, no one will venture to deny; but it was one thing to worship the memory of the departed conqueror, and another to attach importance and value to the Duke de Reichstadt, his son. The fact was that the French had long ceased to think of the duke. His mother, as an Austrian, was necessarily disliked in France, for it had long been the fashion in that country to hate Austria. The young duke had taken no special pains to cause his name to be remembered in the land of his birth. The mere existence of the youth was not thought to be a matter of sufficient importance to be verified; and when it was incorrectly reported, at different times, that he was dead, that he was poisoned, and,

finally, that he had been made an Austrian state prisoner, in order to prevent his escape to France, no one appeared to be in a position to affirm, with anything like certainty, whether such reports were or were not well-founded. So that the Duke de Reichstadt had no stated correspondent in Paris; his interests, if he had any, were not watched over by any one; the château which was to have been erected for him at Chaillot, now only was remembered by reason of masses of granite which had once been collected, but had never been used; and the son of Napoleon, the King of Rome, the Hero of the Trocadero, the Duke de Reichstadt, had not any partisans, who were either organized or resolved, to defend his cause through evil and through good report. It was one thing to flock in tens of thousands round the victorious standards of an absolute and able general, riding rough-shod through foreign palaces, and pillaging them all; but it would have been quite another thing, and the French felt it would be so, to go to war with Austria to obtain possession of the person of that general's son, he, the son, being unavoidably much more Austrian than French in his tastes, education, sympathies and acquirements. In those bustling, busy, exciting days, I joined in the groups which collected in the Palais Royal, on the Place du Carrousel, on the Place du Chatelet, the Place du Grève, and wherever these subjects of succession to the throne, and of the future government of France, were discussed; and I am bound to confess that the common people themselves, notwithstanding all their enthusiasm and reverence for the memory of Napoleon, made such objections as the following, to the selection of his son to fill the vacant throne. One said, "He is a German; we want no Germans!" Another said, "He is an Austrian; we hate the Austrians." A third said, "He is only a child; we want no regency in France." A fourth said, "His mother hates the French, and has taught her son to hate us too." A fifth said, "We know nothing of his education; he may hate liberty and all democratic institutions, and so the last case would be worse than the first." Now and then, indeed, some old soldier of the empire would exclaim, "*Vive Napoléon II!*" but his voice would be drowned by a multitude, who would cry, "*Vive la Charte! Vive la Liberté!*" Without, then, detracting in the slightest degree from the talismanic influence of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, it is quite as certain that no bold or decided effort was made in behalf of his son, when the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon was compelled to seek an asylum in the castle of Holyrood. I know not what might have occurred, had the Duke

de Reichstadt presented himself in the costume of his father, at the gates of Paris. It is possible that he would have produced an effect on the public mind, such as had seldom been witnessed before, and that in a tumult of acclamation and of *souvenirs*, they might have made him an emperor. All this is *possible*, but he was *not* there; and so impatient were the middling and upper classes to put an end to all uncertainty at the non-triumph of pure democracy, that one voice was heard everywhere, that voice of which I have already spoken, the voice of national conviction, and of general desire, and that voice said, "We *must* have a king."

Then *there* was the Duke of Orleans! He was a Bourbon, but he had been a teacher of mathematics. He was a Duke, but he had fought in the republican armies. He was an Orleans, "but he had never taken up arms against his country." He was a son of "*Egalité*," but he had associated himself with the cause of liberty in America. He had received indemnity for his sufferings, and was the wealthiest man in France; but he had Lafayette, Lafitte, Gerard, Perier, Benjamin Constant for his friends; and even the *National* spoke of his military renown, of his domestic virtues, of his sons, who were educated with those of French citizens, and of his former persecution by the Jesuits!

And yet, though his name was received by the middling classes with evident satisfaction, a sentiment of surprise was connected with the pleasure it created. So some said, "It is the result of a conspiracy of fifteen years!" Others said, "So it has come to this, then, that the Orleans have defeated the Capets!" Not a few quoted Madame de Genlis's much-disputed declaration, "That if ever he should live to ascend the throne, he would make a bad king." Then one asked, "What can we expect of a son of *Egalité*, a regicide, who voted the death of his own relative, as well as his king?" Another said, "If he did not fight against France, in the war of Spanish independence, it was no merit of his, for he desired to do so." The democratic journals of the day, which scorned stamp-duties, and every other restriction imposed by law, and were distributed by tens of thousands amongst the multitude, sought to render the name of Orleans obnoxious, from the very first moment it was pronounced: and "*The Tribune*" out-Heroded Herod, by its fierce, personal, violent, daily acts of aggression against the lieutenant-general, seeking to excite an abhorrence of the new dynasty, even before it was legally constituted. Such was the history of the choice of a king, and I again insist that to that choice the Duke of Orleans was a comparative stranger.

That was an imposing scene in the life of Louis Philippe, when, surrounded by his sons, a numerous and brilliant staff, wending quietly its way over half-demolished barricades, new-closed graves, and cheered by an excited and maddened people, alike maddened by the scorching rays of the hottest sun, by previous days' large libations of *vin ordinaire*, and by the scenes of fury and bloodshed in which they had taken an active part. His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans proceeded to the Hotel de Ville to take upon himself the all-important and impressive duties of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. There sat on heaps of stones the newly-created National Guards, wearied with days and nights of excessive fatigue and emotion, and they cried aloud, "Vive le Duc d'Orléans!" The women, clad in white caps and kerchiefs, were rapturous in their enthusiasm. They felt relieved from an overpowering weight of anxiety respecting the much-dreaded republic, now that the duke had consented to place himself at the head of the revolution. The soldiers hung down their heads in confusion, for they had been beaten by the populace. The boys and girls were vociferous in their shouts of exultation, when they saw the sons of Louis Philippe, so young, so graceful, and so fair. I can recall, at this moment, to my mind, the Place de l'Hotel de Ville before those magnificent improvements which have been since made therein; and I can remember the shop-fronts mutilated or destroyed by cannon-balls, the shutters and windows pierced by bullets, the cannon and all descriptions of weapons yet standing or placed in various picturesque groupings, the bright feathers of the marshals and general officers glittering in the sunbeams, the dazzling colours of the newly re-adopted flag of France, the artillery, announcing the arrival of the duke; the half-naked costume and appearance of those who had "fought and conquered," the athletic youths, the brawny arms raised in the air of the more aged combatants, the hats of men and boys raised high from their heads to greet the prince and his "*état major*," and the looks so full of hope, of confidence, of satisfaction, and of delight, which surrounded the head of the Orleans dynasty as he proceeded "to put an end to all revolutions, and to establish on a permanent basis the institutions of France." Ah! if all the poetry and painting, if all the imagination and excitement of that scene could have been separated from the remembrances connected with a throne overthrown, with an expelled dynasty, with thousands of victims to the sword and the bullet, with the triumph of disorder, of disobedience, of revolutionary principles, murder and death; then,

indeed, it would have been one worthy of preserving in striking colouring to the close of life. But before that scene could be enacted, before those bright flags looked so brilliant, before all the glare and glitter of the pageant could be produced, many a Rachel was left weeping for her children because they were not, all the hopes of many a family had been laid low, the results of years of honest industry and exertion had been levelled by a single blow, and hopeless misery had wrung the bitterest tears from husbands deprived of wives, wives of husbands, children of parents, and parents of children, and desolation had taken the place, in thousands of homes, of peace, contentment, and joy. Still the scenery of the Hotel de Ville pageant was striking and memorable.

The appointment of the Duke of Orleans to the post of lieutenant-general originated with such of the French deputies as remained in Paris, and who assembled in those moments of popular commotion and confusion. Though few in number, and by no means legally convened, they nevertheless ventured on requesting the duke to proceed to Paris to discharge the duties of lieutenant-general; and to M. Mechin, jun., was confided the task of waiting on his royal highness. But as an unsuccessful attempt had been made by a detachment of the royal guard to arrest the duke, by order of the Prince de Polignac, he had prudently secreted himself at the house of a friend, and it was not until Saturday morning that the interview took place. On that day at noon the duke issued the following proclamation:—

"Inhabitants of Paris,—The deputies of France, at this moment assembled at Paris, have expressed to me the desire that I should repair to the capital to exercise the functions of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. I have not hesitated to come and share your dangers, to place myself in the midst of your heroic population, and to use all my efforts to preserve you from the calamities of civil war and anarchy. On returning to the city of Paris, I wear with pride *those glorious colours which you have resumed, and which I myself long wore*. The Chambers are about to assemble; they will consider the best means for securing the reign of the laws, and the maintenance of the rights of the nation. *The charter will henceforth be a reality.*

"LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS."

M. Dupin, the family councillor of the Orleans family, had declared in the most solemn manner that nothing throughout the negotiations upon this subject was suggested by or for the duke. That "the nation found him when it called for him; but that neither he nor any one belonging to him conspired to provoke that call; he answered only to

the national wish, he took the helm when every one else had quitted it."

Surrounded by Baron Louis, General Gerard, M. de Rigny, M. Bignon, M. Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, M. Dobau, M. Mauguin, M. de Puyraveau, and M. de Schonen; as well as cheered by Gauja, Thiers, Mignet, Carrel, Chambolle, and the other conductors of the *National*, and by Leroux, Sarrans, Cauchois Lemaire, Levasseur, Evariste Dumoulin, Lapeljaube, Roqueplan, Coste, Bert, Pillet, the directors or proprietors of the liberal journals of all colours, Louis Philippe arrived at the Hotel de Ville; and Lafayette, surrounded by the members of the municipal commission, by a detachment of the National Guards, and by the pupils of the Polytechnic School, received the prince at the foot of the staircase and embraced him.

As the enemies of Louis Philippe have repeatedly accused him of having violated the engagements he made at the Hotel de Ville, and as no "*programme*" has been so frequently referred to as the one adopted upon that occasion, it is necessary distinctly to state what that *programme* really was. It was embodied in a "Proclamation addressed to the French people by the deputies of departments assembled at Paris." That document was not prepared by the duke, but it was first read to him at the Palais Royal, when he requested to be supplied with a copy to place in the archives of his family; and it was again read to him at the Hotel de Ville, and on both these occasions he expressed his unqualified adhesion to all the principles and measures it announced and promised. The only portion of the proclamation which it is necessary to extract, and which formed in reality the "*programme*" in question, is the following, as it contains the promises which were made, and all of which have been fulfilled:—

"The re-establishment of the National Guards, with the intervention of the National Guards in the choice of their officers.

"The intervention of the citizens in the formation of the departmental and municipal administrations.

"The jury for offences of the press, legally organized; responsibility of the ministers of state: and of the secondary agents of the administration.

"The situation and rank of the army and navy legally secured; and

"The re-election of deputies in the place of those appointed to public offices. Such guarantees will at length give to our institutions, in concert with the head of the state, the developments of which they have need."

On this memorable occasion General Dubourg, who had taken a very active part in heading the populace and securing success

to the revolutionary cause, addressed the Duke of Orleans as follows:—

"We hope you will keep your oaths; should you do otherwise, you know the consequences. The nation has achieved its liberty at the price of its blood; and it well knows how to reachieve it, if the odious example of the fallen monarch shall be followed, and if bad men shall attempt to rob them of it."

To this wholly unexpected and appalling address, the Duke of Orleans replied with warmth and dignity. His words were,—

"General, if you were better acquainted with me, you would know that threats are not necessary to ensure my fidelity. I am a Frenchman and a man of honour. The future will prove that I know how to keep my engagements."

When the murmurs excited by this incident had subsided, the prince walked out on the balcony, where he again embraced Lafayette, and, seizing the national flag, waved it over his head in the presence of the multitude. He was then reconducted to the foot of the great staircase, where, amidst the acclamations of the people, he was carried rather than conducted back to the Palais Royal, and was there hailed as the saviour, the deliverer of France!

"But this was *not* 'the' programme of the Hôtel de Ville," reply the enemies of the king. "There was something more than this which was agreed to and understood, but which was not published in that proclamation." Let us look, then, I reply, to the address issued by Lafayette on that very day "to the citizens of Paris," and let us see what were *his* impressions at the moment after the installation of the Duke of Orleans as lieutenant-general had taken place. After announcing that in three days the deputies would assemble in regular session, conformably to the mandate of their constituents; and after declaring "that the representatives of France would then assure to the country all the guarantees of liberty, equality, and public order, which were called for by the sovereign nature of their rights, and by the firm determination of the French people;" he proceeded as follows:—

"Under a government which was foreign to us alike in its origin and its influence, it was already understood that the demand for the re-establishment of elective, communal, and departmental administrations, the formation of the National Guards of France on the basis of the law of 1791, the extension of trial by jury, the questions on the subject of the law of elections, the freedom of education, the responsibility of the agents of power, the mode by which that responsibility was to be realized, were each to become the subject of legislative discussion before

the vote of any pecuniary supplies. How much more necessary is it that these guarantees and all others which liberty and equality may require, should precede the concession of the definite powers which France may judge it right to confer. In the meantime it is known that the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, appointed by the chamber, was one of the young patriots of 1789, and one of the first generals who caused the tri-coloured flag to triumph. Liberty, equality, and public order, have always been my motto, I shall continue faithful to it."

Here, then, are recapitulated with distinctness and precision the measures which were to be proposed to the Chambers, and this was undoubtedly at the time the *programme* of the Hôtel de Ville as *then* understood by Lafayette himself. None of those promises have remained unfulfilled, except, indeed, the old general intended to include in the words, "*and all others which liberty and equality may require*," some measures of a more republican character than the rest of his address would point out. If this were the case, Lafayette acted with great disingenuousness both to the duke and to France; but if this were *not* so, then the whole of this programme has been honestly executed.

"No, it has not!" reply once more the enemies of Louis Philippe, "because it was expressly understood at the Hôtel de Ville that France was to have a *popular* throne surrounded by *republican institutions*." A more absurd or a madder scheme than this certainly never entered into the mind of man; but Lafayette insisted that Louis Philippe concurred with him in adopting the fundamental doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, the abolition of the hereditary peerage, the abolition of the property qualification for deputies, the most extensive application of the broadest electoral principle to municipal and commercial organization, the re-establishment of the National Guards according to the principles of the constitution of 1791, and the suppression of those monopolies which were contrary to the general interests of commerce and manufactures.

Lafayette adopted these as the expression of his own opinions, but he had no right to announce them to be those of the lieutenant-general. To this it is replied, that the following conversation took place between the Duke of Orleans and Lafayette, and such conversation entitled the latter to declare that the former concurred in his views and sentiments:—

LAFAYETTE.—"You know that I am a republican, and that I consider the constitution of the United States as the most perfect that ever existed."

DUKE OF ORLEANS.—"I think just as you do; it is impossible to have passed two years in America without being of that opinion;

but do you think, in the present situation of France, and according to the state of public opinion, that it would be proper for us to adopt it?"

LAFAYETTE.—"No; what is at present necessary for the French people is a popular throne surrounded with republican institutions."

DUKE OF ORLEANS.—"It is exactly so that I understand it."

If this be the mysterious "*programme*," for the non-observance of which Louis Philippe has been during many years abused and vilified by his opponents, surely it is most vague, irregular, and, indeed, unintelligible. For, 1st, the declaration of Lafayette that he was a republican, and approved the constitution of the United States, was rendered nugatory by his admission that such a constitution was unsuitable to France. 2d. The admission of the Duke of Orleans that the constitution in question was excellent, was also reduced to a matter of little importance by his declaration also that such form of government was inapplicable to the country he was called on to govern. And, 3d, the points on which both parties are said to have agreed, viz., that "what was necessary for the French people was a popular throne, surrounded by republican institutions," was really of small import, since both the duke and the general in their speeches and proclamations announced that all was to be left to *the Chambers*, and that *they* should give to France a definitive constitution. That definitive constitution the Chambers *did* give, and the Duke of Orleans swore fidelity to its provisions. That oath he has kept, and the *real* programme of the Hôtel de Ville has been honestly and faithfully executed.

The members of the ministry of the lieutenant-general were not appointed by himself. He found them nominated by the provisional government, and he simply recognized them in their then capacities. They were the Duke de Broglie, and he was a Whig of the Graham and Stanley school; M. Dupont de l'Eure, a republican, but an honest man; M. Guizot, now the prime-minister of France, always of the same school of politics as the Duke de Broglie; Count Gerard, a brave soldier, but whose political views were similar to those of Mr. Roebuck; Baron Louis, an able financier, and as sound a Conservative as Mr. Goulburn; Count Molé, a profound diplomatist, but with Russian predilections, and a Conservative; General Count Sebastiani, under the Restoration a Radical, but under the new dynasty a Whig, and for several years the ambassador from Louis Philippe to the court of St. James's.

Besides these ministers who were intrusted with portfolios, there were four other members of the cabinet who, without any other duties to perform, had a voice in its deliberation, and partook in its general responsibility. These were *Lafitte*, the revolutionist; *Casimir Perier*, the Conservative; *Dupin*, Senior, the counsel of the Orleans family, and the Lord Brougham of France; *Benjamin Constant*, the French Jeremy Bentham, with all the oddities of the philosophy of that chief of the Utilitarians; and *Bignon*, a moderate Whig, an able writer, and a shrewd diplomatist.

Nothing short of a revolution could have led to the formation of a cabinet composed of men entertaining such opposite opinions as these; and no one in his senses could have had any doubt on the question of whose policy and views would be most in harmony with those of the lieutenant-general, and which would therefore, in the end, prevail. It was quite impossible that such men as Molé and Dupont de l'Eure, Guizot and Gerard, Lafitte and Perier, De Broglie and Constant, could together conduct the affairs of France at any time, and much less so in a period of revolution. This, however, was *not* foreseen by Lafayette; and when afterwards the King of the French made his choice, and decided in favour of moderate and monarchical men and opinions, he was assailed by "the hero of the two worlds" for having violated the "programme" of the Hôtel de Ville.

At length came the 3d of August, and the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by the Duke of Nemours, now found himself the great object of attraction, of hatred, of popularity, and of wonder. The chambers were convoked to meet in the lower house. This was wholly unusual, but it was a mark of deference paid to triumphant democracy. I shall never forget that day's scenery. Berryer, the intrepid, was there, and so was De Conny—the agitating, bold, clamorous De Conny; and Jacquinet Pampléun, and De Meffrey, De Murat and De Boisbertrand, De Belissen and Du Lézard, d'Autpoul and M. Roger, were also there, all faithful to fallen fortunes; but these were all who *were* faithful out of 200 royalist deputies, the rest had hidden themselves in the provinces and refused to return. I remember to have looked in vain for the men who were always the first to ask favours of the court under the Restoration, and I remember that Berryer and De Conny simultaneously exclaimed, as they gazed on the deserted benches of the *Coté Droit*, "Where are they?" Amongst the peers were De Mortemart, De Bellune, De Valmy, De Choiseul, De Caraman, De Tre-

vise, Jourdan, Dreux, Brézé, Portalis, Seguier, Pasquier, De Montalivet, De Semonville, Roy, and, though last, not least, the noble and admirable De Chateaubriand.

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when he pronounced his first speech to the remnants of the last Chambers of the Restoration, and when he declared he had come forward "with the firm resolution of devoting his efforts to re-establish the empire of the laws: to save, protect, endangered liberty, and render the recurrence impossible of such great evils, by securing for ever the power of that charta whose name, invoked during the combat, was repeated after victory."

In this first address, Louis Philippe clearly indicated the policy he was resolved to pursue. "Every *right* should be substantially guaranteed, all the institutions necessary to their full and free exercise should receive the developments of which they had need." Again: "Attached with his whole heart, and from conviction, to the principles of a free government, he accepted all its consequences beforehand." That Europe might at once understand that his was an orderly and pacific mind, and that his government would partake of the same characteristics, he declared,—

"Yes, gentlemen, this land of France, so dear to me, will be happy and free; it will prove to Europe that, solely engaged in promoting its internal prosperity, it cherished peace as much as liberty, and only wishes for the happiness and repose of its neighbours."

This was the *programme* of the lieutenant-general; and, after thirteen years of a most laborious and agitated reign, he is as faithful to that programme now, as he has ever been, amidst all the fury of factions, and the desperate violence of anarchists. That programme he concluded as follows:—

"Respect for the rights of all, attention to every interest, and good faith in the government, are the best means of disarming parties, and of restoring to the public mind that confidence, and to the institutions that stability, which are the only sure pledges of the happiness of the people, and the strength of states."

This was noble, parliamentary, wise, and national language, and for the time it produced an immense effect.

An opportunity was at once afforded to the lieutenant-general to indicate by a solemn and deliberate act, the men and the policy he best loved, by his nomination, or rather choice, of the president of the Chamber of Deputies, from the list of candidates prepared by them at their former sitting. The choice,

in this instance, was M. Casimir Perier, for whose memory all who love peace, order, truthfulness, and manly integrity, must feel a profound and well-merited reverence.

There was an incident which took place during the debates on the expediency of changing the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, into that of hereditary prince, or king, which I cannot but refer to; especially as it demonstrates what was thought of, and said of Louis Philippe, by Lafayette, before the latter was disappointed and chagrined by preferences shown by the former to moderate and monarchical advisers. Towards the conclusion of the debate, Lafayette said,—

“It is well known that I have all my life professed republican principles: but they have not been such as to prevent me from supporting a constitutional throne, created by the will of the people. Under existing circumstances, whereby it is desirable to raise the prince-lieutenant-general to a constitutional throne, I feel myself animated by the same sentiments; and I am bound to avow, *that the more I become acquainted with the Duke of Orleans, the more perfectly does the choice fulfil my wishes.*”

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when, after the discussion of the declaration of principles, or bill of rights, was agreed to, the deputies proceeded in a body, and on foot, to the Palais Royal, to present that declaration to the lieutenant-general, and to invite him to ascend the throne. I shall never forget either the fact or its curiosity, of beholding the deputies of France marching with rapid strides, across the Pont Louis Seize, the Place de la Revolution, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue St. Honoré, and the Place of the Palais Royal, into the palace of the Orleans dynasty. The city was in a state of indescribable emotion. Factions were already agitating, the republicans were raising their voices, fears were entertained that civil war would soon rage in the provinces, anarchists were preaching the most licentious doctrines, public credit was gone, and misery and bankruptcy appeared to be inevitable. Reports, either more or less exaggerated, reached the capital every hour, of risings in the west, the east, and the south; whilst rumours were afloat of alliances being formed to invade France, and restore the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. The Paris mob, and even the middling classes, assembled in the streets all the day long; remained in anxious conversation at the doors of the Chamber of Deputies, and beneath the windows of the Duke of Orleans' palace, and there discussed the past, the present, and the future. The scene of our own Victoria before the Privy Council, when at a tender age she was required to ascend the British throne, is

always referred to by those present as one of a peculiarly striking character. And scarcely less so was that when, surrounded by his duchess, and a handsome, united, lovely family, the Duke of Orleans received at his palace the deputies of France, who arrived to offer him a vacant throne, but with a bill of rights. Lafayette read the resolutions of the Chamber, and the declaration of its desires. There was a solemn pause of about half a minute. Every one looked anxious, breathless, and concerned. The fate of France, and probably that also of Europe, were about to be decided. The duke shed a few tears. They were honourable to his heart. He had been the happiest of subjects during fifteen years of the restoration; but he was now to be torn from the endearments of social life, to encounter the hate, opposition, prejudices, and even the murderous attempts of those who hated order, peace, and the laws. His reply was brief. It was this:—

“I receive the declaration which you now present to me, with profound emotion. I regard it as the expression of the national will; and it appears to me to be in conformity with those political principles which I have all my life professed.

“Impressed with recollections which have always made me desire that I might never be destined to ascend the throne; exempt from ambition, and accustomed to the peaceful life which I lead in my family, I cannot conceal the sentiments which agitate my heart, in this great conjuncture; but there is one which is predominant—it is the love of my country. I feel what it prescribes to me, and shall not fail in the performance.”

The rest of the scene is well known. The assembled multitudes without, rent the air with their cries of joy and transport; when Lafayette, taking the hand of the then elected king, and conducting him to the balcony of the palace, exclaimed,—“We have done a good work. Here is the prince we need. *This is the best of Republics!!!*”

These words, so often contested, but so fully established, were uttered by Lafayette; and the *programme* of the Hôtel de Ville was thus fully realized. The representatives of the people had elected a king, and those same representatives had voted a bill of rights. This was a “popular throne surrounded by republican institutions.” If the phrase meant more than this, it meant nonsense.

The part taken by the Chamber of Peers in the election of a king was extremely insignificant. One hundred and fourteen only were present, of whom eighty-nine voted in favour of the declaration of the deputies, ten against it, and fifteen declined voting at all. It was on that occasion that the great and admirable Chateaubriand delivered a speech

which will remain as long as the world shall last, a specimen of the most touching and sublime eloquence. When the king of the French perused it in the columns of the *Moniteur*, he rose from his chair, on terminating the last sentence, and exclaimed, "It is lamentable that such a man should deprive France of his councils. He must, if possible, be retained." And it is a curious and striking fact, that when Charles X. heard that speech read to him at Holyrood, by the Duchess d'Angoulême, he observed, "I was deceived as to Chateaubriand. He was an honest man."

I wish that the space devoted to these "Reminiscences" would admit of my doing ample justice to the speech in question, by inserting it *in extenso*. This I cannot do; but the following pages will delight all who shall peruse them. After having denounced, in eloquent and appropriate language, the ordinances of July, and their authors; and after having rendered his noble tribute of admiration to the temperance and moderation of the people of Paris, he addressed himself to the question of the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux:

"What blood now rises against *him*? Will you venture to say that it is that of his father? This orphan, educated in the schools of his country, in the love of a constitutional government, and with the ideas of the age, would have become a king well suited to our future wants. The guardian of his youth would have sworn to the declaration on which you are about to vote; on arriving at the age of majority, the youthful monarch would have taken the oath himself. *

* * * * * To say that this child, when separated from his masters, would not have had time to forget their very names, before arriving at manhood; to say that he would remain infatuated with certain hereditary dignities, after a long course of popular education, and after the terrible lesson which in two nights has hurled two kings from the throne, is at least not very reasonable! It is not from a feeling of sentimental devotedness, transmitted from the swaddling-clothes of St. Louis, to the cradle of the young Henry, that I plead a cause where everything would again turn against me, if it triumphed. I am no believer in chivalry or romance; I have no faith in the divine right of royalty; but I believe in the power of facts and of revolutions. I do not even invoke the charta: I take my ideas from a higher source; I draw them from the sphere of philosophy, from the period at which my life terminates. I propose the Duke de Bordeaux as a necessity of a purer kind than that which is now in question. I know that by passing over this child, it is intended to establish the principle of the sovereignty of the people; an absurdity of the old school, which proves, that our veteran democrats have advanced no farther in political knowledge, than our superannuated royalists. There is no absolute sovereignty

anywhere: liberty does not flow from political right, as was supposed in the eighteenth century; it is derived from natural right, so that it exists under all forms of government; and a monarchy may be free, nay, much more free, than a republic."

There is another splendid passage, in which he denounces the conduct of those peers who were finished courtiers, but faithless friends of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, when that branch fell into disgrace and odium, through following their senseless counsels:—

"Fear I leave to those mock royalists who have never sacrificed a coin or a place to their loyalty; to those champions of the altar and the throne, who lately treated me as a renegade, an apostate, and a revolutionist. Pious libellers, the renegade now calls upon you! Come, then, and stammer out a word, a single word, with him, for the unfortunate master you have lost, and who loaded you with benefits. Instigators of *Coups d'Etat*, and preachers of constituent power, where are you? You hide yourselves in the mire, from under which you raised your heads to calumniate the faithful servants of the king. Your silence to-day is worthy of your language of yesterday! Ye gallant paladins, whose projected exploits have caused the descendants of Henry IV. to be driven from their throne at the point of the pitchfork, tremble now, as ye crouch under the tri-coloured cockade! The noble colours you display will protect your person, but will not cover your cowardice!"

That was a memorable day, not only for the Duke of Orleans, but also for his whole race, when on the 9th of August, 1830, the work of the revolution was appointed to be closed by the monarch elect taking to the new constitution, in the presence of the assembled Chambers, the oath of fidelity. The throne was despoiled of the ancient *fleur-de-lis*. The white flag of the Bourbons, "*sans tache*," had been supplanted by the tri-coloured banner of the first revolution. The crown was there; but it had been made for another dynasty, and that had disappeared. The Duchess of Orleans was to be queen of the French; and there, too, was that Mademoiselle Orleans, now Madame Adelaide, the devoted sister of the king, faithful in all times, whether adverse, prosperous, or doubtful. The duke entered the hall, dressed in the uniform of lieutenant-general. His sons, the Dukes of Chartres and De Nemours, followed him. Casimir Perier rose. He read, in a stern and manly voice, the declaration, or bill of rights, and then presented it to the prince. The act of concurrence of the Chamber of Peers, was read by Baron Pasquier; and the duke rose and addressed the Chambers:

"I have read with close attention," he observ-

ed, "the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies, and the act of adhesion of the Chamber of Peers. I have weighed and considered all their expressions; I accede, without restraint or reserve, to the clauses and engagements contained in the declaration. I accept the title of King of the French, which it confers upon me; and I am ready to make oath to its observance."

So the oath was taken; the stool on which the prince had been sitting was removed; and Louis Philippe, the first king of the French, ascended the throne of St. Louis, and thus addressed the assembly:

"I have maturely reflected on the important duties which are imposed upon me; I trust that I shall be able to discharge them, by keeping the compact which has now been entered into. I could have sincerely desired never to occupy this throne, to which the will of the nation has now called me; but I yield to the wish expressed by the Chambers, in the name of the French people, for the maintenance of the charter and the laws. The future happiness and security of France are guaranteed by the modifications which we have just made in the charter. Prosperous at home, respected abroad, and at peace with Europe, the interests of the nation will become more and more consolidated."

It will be observed that this language of the king was precisely the same as that made use of by him as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and as the Duke of Orleans. Peace, order, obedience, rational liberty, and the preservation of vested rights and interests, was his programme from the commencement; and the sketch of the leading events of his subsequent reign which I shall now attempt, will prove beyond doubt that his policy and his principles have been invariably the same.

It cannot, of course, be expected that that sketch will contain any defence or any impeachment of the various ministries which he has been obliged to form, or of the still more numerous measures which have been popular or unpopular, rejected or adopted, according to the temper of the times. My "Reminiscences" are those of Louis Philippe, and not of the chambers, of the cabinets, or even of the prime ministers. Louis Philippe, though an able diplomatist, a wise politician, a good speaker, an excellent writer, a man of sound knowledge, and profound experience; though a good soldier, an admirable administrator, and an inimitable tactician, is, nevertheless, a *constitutional* king; and as such "he can do no wrong," and acts by and through his ministers. This distinction it is necessary to keep in mind, since a variety of measures he simply acquiesced in, whilst others were determined on, or, I may say, invented by himself. To the latter, therefore, I shall particularly and more especially refer.

Immediately after the election of Louis Philippe to the throne of France, two systems of external policy presented themselves for adoption by the king. The one was to demand the destruction of the treaties of 1814 and 1815; or, in one word, war! The other was to ratify, or rather to continue to keep, and observe, these treaties; or, in one word also, peace! The war party said, "peace is impossible!" Louis Philippe resolved that it should *not* be so. The faith of treaties the war party ridiculed. They said that in political morality it was a perversion of right to make them an instrument of oppression and ruin. And then turning to monarchical Europe, they asked, "What did Austria care about all the treaties which she concluded with the republic, the consulate, and the empire? In what manner did England observe the treaty of Amiens; Prussia, those of Presburg and of Tilsit; and Russia, that same treaty of Vienna which had granted to Poland a semblance of nationality?" The insurrection of Belgium, the combats of Poland, the convulsions of Italy, the movements in Switzerland, the commotions in Germany, and a civil war in Spain, soon came to the aid of that war party; and it was then that Louis Philippe began to discover that the crown he had accepted was indeed thorny and oppressive.

Louis Philippe, however, did not hesitate with regard to his policy. He at once proclaimed it. It was the non-intervention of Europe in the affairs of France, and the non-intervention of France in the affairs of Europe. Lafayette was in favour of a one-sided non-intervention. He was as strong an advocate as the King of the French could be for the non-intervening of Europe in the affairs of France; but he raised the cry "that the revolution of July must make the tour of the world," and then sought to obtain, by direct or indirect means, the assent of Louis Philippe to that announcement.

"Let us arm!" cried the war party. "Yes," replied the King of the French, "we will arm, but we will also negotiate; and strong in our good right, and in the power of our principles, if the tempest should burst at the sight of our tri-coloured flag, so much the worse for those who shall unchain that tempest."

The first great subject of difference between the Lafitte and Lafayette party on the one hand, and the Guizot, Molé, and Perier party on the other, was the Belgian revolution. The former desired the union of Belgium to France, cost what it might, even though the consequences should be an European war. The latter said, "No; let the affairs of Belgium be directed by the Belgians, but aided by a conference of ambassadors as proposed by England; and let not France set the first

example of violating those treaties which it is her intention to recognize, and not to disavow." This was the decision of Louis Philippe. It was supported by Prince Talleyrand, by the party of resistance to further revolution both in and out of France, and was in the end triumphant.

The next question which led to a yet more decisive rupture between the men who immediately after the revolution of July acted in concert in one cabinet, was the revolution in Poland. The Lafitte and the Lafayette party proclaimed the absolute necessity for applying the principles of non-intervention at Warsaw, and insisted that the King of the French was bound by the "programme of the Hotel de Ville" to prevent the cause of liberty from being crushed by Russian forces. The Perier and the Guizot party replied that the principle could not be applied: that Poland belonged to Russia; that the Russian government had the right, therefore, to endeavour to put down rebellion in its own dominions; that should France seek to prevent that sort of intervention, she would violate the principle of non-intervention she had proclaimed; and that should La Vendée rise against the new French dynasty and separate itself from the rest of France, Russia would have the right to reply, "No, you shall not attack the Vendéans, for they inhabit a distinct province, speak a different *patois*, have historical remembrances of ancient date, and are noble, brave, and free." The answer of France would be, that the Vendéans were subjects of the French king, and that they could not be allowed to remain in a state of hostility and insurrection, against their lawful sovereign. Louis Philippe saw so clearly the justice of this principle of non-intervention, and was so convinced that nothing short of its entire enforcement with regard to all pending questions could secure the peace of Europe, that he adopted it as "*the*" fundamental principle of his government, and determined rather to die a martyr for supporting it, than to become the idol of the ignorant, the disorderly, and the anarchical, by permitting an opposite system to triumph. It is very true Louis Philippe has made some mistakes of a grievous and deplorable character in the speeches delivered by him in parliament. For instance, it was lamentable to state that "the fortresses raised in Belgium in order to overawe France should be demolished." These were most inconsiderate words placed by his ministers before him; and it is really astonishing that a prince of so much discrimination should not have effaced them. The fortresses erected in Belgium were not intended to overawe France, but to defend Belgium as a neutral state; and, in spite of the promise made by Louis

Philippe, those fortresses still remain. There was another phrase which ought not to have been uttered by the French king, unless he was prepared to defend the cause of the Poles at the head of an army of 500,000 men; and that was his declaration, that "the nationality of Poland should not perish." For what is the fact now? Is it not true that Poland is no more *as a nation*, and that it is nothing better than a Russian province?

The Lafitte and Lafayette party set out with this capital error, that it was impossible long to maintain peace; that the revolution of July, 1830, must lead to various other revolutions in different countries; that the absolute governments of Europe would be compelled to attack France, in order to defend themselves; and that it would therefore be much better for France to take the initiative, and commence the attack. Louis Philippe and the peace party insisted that France ought *not* to be a vast firebrand to be cast into other lands, and to excite misery, agitation, and death; that if she kept faithful to the principle of non-intervention, she would not long be viewed with an unfriendly eye by neighbouring and mighty powers; and that it was very possible, by prudence, dignity, and firmness, to maintain her own rank, and yet secure the continuance of peace. This system was denounced by the press, at the tribune, by political societies, and by the democrats of the streets, as an anti-national, cowardly, and disgraceful system; and then commenced and continued that series of attacks of Louis Philippe, his person, and his family, which has continued during a period of ten years.

It must not be forgotten, that the foreign policy of Louis Philippe, and his fixed determination to preserve peace with Europe and the world, if it could be so preserved without national disgrace, or a compromise of the real interests and dignity of France, was the *sole* cause of all the ferocious efforts which were made to deprive him of his life, and to overthrow the dynasty which the country had founded. It is very true that his domestic policy was afterwards attacked, but that only arose out of the circumstance that, in order to meet the violence of the unprincipled and headstrong, the mad and the inveterate enemies of the king on account of his foreign peace policy, it became necessary to propose severe laws, to prosecute the revolutionary press, and to put down insurrections by martial law. But the original cause of all this was the determination of Louis Philippe to preserve peace, and not to expose France to the horrors of invading armies, or Europe to the attacks of an ungovernable French democracy.

There is, however, a charge brought against Louis Philippe with regard to Spain, and the commencement of the Spanish revolution under Mina and Valdez in 1830, which I will state broadly and fully, and meet, I hope, with fairness and distinctness. The charge is this,—that Louis Philippe encouraged by an advance of money, and by assurances of protection, the early efforts of Mina and Valdez, and of their supporters on the frontiers of Catalonia, which had for their object to effect a revolution in Spain; and that afterwards, from some personal or private motives, not only was all assistance stopped, but the Spanish chiefs of the movement, when repulsed, were sent into the interior of France, and treated with coldness, if not with severity. That Louis Philippe determined on alarming Ferdinand VII., the last king of Spain, into a recognition by him of the government and throne of July, 1830, is indubitable. Ferdinand had refused to recognize either. This determination had rendered Louis Philippe indignant; and, as Mina and Valdez proposed to raise the *drapeau* of revolt in the Basque provinces and on the frontiers of Catalonia, they were unquestionably aided in that proceeding by the French government and king. When, however, Ferdinand VII. made the “*amende honorable*,” recognized the Orleans dynasty and the revolution of 1830, and professed a great desire to maintain the most friendly relations with the King of the French, Louis Philippe, of course, refused further aid to the Spanish revolutionists, to whom he never gave, directly or indirectly, any pledge or promise for additional support: and when they were defeated by the army of the Spanish monarch, they were sent into the interior of France, and placed under strict surveillance. I have often seen Valdez and Mina. With the latter I was intimate. I believe them both to have been honest, brave, but mistaken men. I think their talents were greatly overrated, and that their plans were always ill-digested and absurd. But I do not believe they have any real cause of complaint against the King of the French. The Spanish king and government *had* good cause, since Louis Philippe ought rather to have marched a French army to the Spanish frontiers, or even invaded the Peninsula, to have avenged himself for the insult offered to his government and dynasty by Ferdinand VII.; and, in fact, should have resorted to every possible measure for redress rather than have encouraged revolutionary projects got up by Spanish refugees against their own government. I think, then, that this was an unwise, inconsiderate, and culpable act; and the only excuse which can be offered for it

was, that it occurred in the very early days of the king's reign, and when as yet all men were more or less affected by the spirit of revolt which stalked abroad upon the earth.

It has been alleged that, for some time after the accession of the present dynasty to the throne of France, its chief remained in a state of uncertainty between his inclination for repose and peace; and his fears lest Europe should begin the attack, and thus overthrow himself, as well as his policy. This is not true. Louis Philippe was annoyed by the conduct of the King of Spain, the Emperor of Russia, and the Duke of Modena; but he saw from the first, that England, Austria, Prussia, and the secondary German states, were friendly, and he did not dread either Spain, Modena, or Russia. The circular of Spain was insulting; the declaration of the Duke of Modena, that he protested against “the usurpation,” much irritated Louis Philippe, and led to the insurrection in the duke's territory; and the letter of the Emperor Nicholas, of Sept. 18, 1830, was so cold, distant, and repulsive, that the King of the French could not but entertain some apprehensions relative to his Russian ally. Still, it is not true to assert that Louis Philippe ever wavered in his policy, or was ever disposed to make in it any important change. Often did Lafayette seek to persuade the king that his foreign policy was wrong; that he was bound to defend the principle of the sovereignty of the people, whenever, in consequence of the example set by France, that principle should be acted upon; and often did he urge that the king's government should espouse the cause of the Italian revolutionists against Austria, and of the Poles against Russia; but he found his majesty on all occasions firm and decided, and never disposed to yield one jot to his declared policy of non-intervention. “If they leave us alone, general,” said the king on several occasions, “we will leave them alone; if they do not attack us, we will not attack them; we, by our moderation, will show them that our liberty is compatible with the peace and repose of the world; and if they display no direct and flagrant hostility against our social existence, I am resolved they shall have no reason to complain either of France or of our glorious revolution.” This was not sufficient for Lafayette. He always insisted “that if other nations wished to follow the example of France, and conquer their liberty, France could not and would not suffer foreign governments to send their counter-revolutionary troops among them, and he did not consider Poland and Russia to form one and the same nation.” On one occasion he said to the celebrated M. de Humboldt, “You under-

stand, sir, that we cannot permit foreigners to attack among other nations the vital principle of our existence, that of the national sovereignty ; that it is impossible for us to allow nations to be crushed that would become our allies in case of war with arbitrary governments ; that we cannot let you convert peace itself into the first sentence of a manifesto against us, and sanction pretensions that would ultimately authorize you to declare war."

Such declarations as these, made very frequently by Lafayette at the epoch in question, did great injury to the cause of peace as well as to the government of Louis Philippe ; and it, at length, became essential for that prince to cause it to be most distinctly known everywhere that Lafayette was not authorized by the king to give his interpretation of the principles of his majesty's government.

The king has been reproached with having favoured secretly the Italian insurrection, and some men have gone the full length of wholly denying the truth of the charge. The fact is, that political proselytism was encouraged by the king's government, with his connivance, in the case of Italy,—that Italian refugees were assisted in gaining the Alpine frontier,—that arms for them were collected at Lyons and Grenoble,—that Naples had refused to become an ally of the new dynasty,—that General Pepe prepared a draft of a constitution for the Neapolitans,—that the insurrections of Modena and of Bologna followed,—but that the whole of the meditated movements, and of those which actually took place, were brought to a close by the appearance of the Austrian ambassador, M. d'Appony, who well understood all that was going on, and felt that France could, in a few days, endanger the choicest jewel in the crown of his royal master, viz., the beautiful and desirable Lombardy.

This was the result which Louis Philippe anticipated and desired. He knew that Lombardy threatened to follow the example of the insurgent states of central Italy. He knew that Piedmont already felt itself disturbed by the rising of Parma. He knew that the German troops were scarcely sufficient to restrain the Austro-Italian populations, from the lake of Como to the Venetian canals. He hoped that the Austrian cabinet would itself perceive that the presence of a single French flag on the southern declivity of the Alps, would be sufficient to throw all Italy into a flame, and his hopes were not disappointed. M. d'Appony appeared at the Tuileries to offer the hand of friendship and the olive branch of peace from the emperor his master, and both were cheerfully and most readily accepted. The duchy of Modena was oc-

cupied by Austria, the holy see was applied to, to grant representative institutions to its subjects, and the Austrian ambassador laboured night and day, in conjunction with Casimir Perier and the king, to preserve the peace of Europe, and maintain, as far as might be, the European settlement made by the treaties of Vienna in 1814 and 1815. An acquiescence in this settlement was opposed by Lafitte and Lafayette, and this difference led to the breaking up of the Lafitte cabinet.

Casimir Perier was by no means a favourite of the king,—that is, before Louis Philippe had discovered his matchless firmness, his incorruptible integrity, and his prodigious energy. But when Lafitte resigned, because Louis Philippe would not consent to march an army into Piedmont to oppose an Austrian intervention in the Italian states, the King of the French called to his aid that most disinterested and noble-minded man. Though imperious and haughty in his manner, he possessed a warm and a generous heart, and to real misfortune and suffering virtue he was a princely friend and benefactor.

That was a period of great anxiety to Louis Philippe, when the ex-ministers of Charles X. were put upon their trial. The populace demanded their blood. The king was determined, if possible, to save their lives. The democratic party exclaimed, in the language of Napoleon, "It is only the dead who do not return to us." The peers were in a state of fear and anxiety impossible to describe, and the royal family apprehended some terrible catastrophe. But Louis Philippe addressed himself to the enemies of capital punishments, obtained their support, confided the task of securing public order during the trial to Lafayette, and finally obtained the condemnation of the ministers to fines and imprisonment. This was a glorious triumph, for it assured Europe that the revolution of 1830 was to be free from any sanguinary and disgraceful stain.

That was a happy moment for Louis Philippe when Lafayette sent in his resignation of the post of commander-in-chief of the National Guards of the kingdom, a post which ought never to have been confided to any one but a king's son. That Louis Philippe was personally attached to Lafayette is certain ; that he felt that, on several occasions, he had rendered signal services to the cause of public order and peace is undoubted ; and that his admirable tact in maintaining the peace of Paris during the trial of Prince Polignac and his colleagues, was entitled to the gratitude of the nation, the king was the first to assert. But Lafayette was a dead weight on the pacific policy of Louis Philippe. It

was known to, and felt by Europe, that the old general had too much influence at court, that all revolutionary agents over the whole world looked up to him for advice and aid, that he was peculiarly obnoxious to all foreign courts, and that his removal from so important a post as that of commander-in-chief of all the militia of France was earnestly desired. His resignation, then, was an immense good; and much as the king loved him as a man and a friend, his retirement from office was a boon which none could estimate better than the king himself. But although the loss of Lafayette was a positive good, the event necessarily led to increased hostility to the government of the king on the part of the men of the movement faction; and Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamarque, Lameth, and Audry de Puyraveau, openly headed the malcontents. That fact in itself led the populace to rebel. They attacked the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and nearly destroyed it; sacked the archbishop's palace; insulted the ministers of religion; and, at length, the voice of Guizot was heard at the tribune, denouncing the Lafitte ministry for its most mischievous and ruinous policy. Now began that series of *émeutes*, insurrections, conspiracies, and plots against the king, the royal family, and the government, which lasted during many years, but which Louis Philippe has, apparently, finally succeeded in subduing, by a constant perseverance in his policy of peace abroad and obedience to the laws at home.

The declaration of Casimir Perier, "That the king had promised nothing but to France, and that France required of the king nothing beyond what he had promised; that the political promises of the country were to be found in the constitution, and that as to foreign affairs, there were no promises except in treaties," greatly delighted the king, but as greatly exasperated the Lafitte and Lafayette party, and then commenced in earnest the war unto death.

The political trials before the Chamber of Peers of seditious men and traitors, was a natural consequence of their violence and crimes. Yet Louis Philippe has been attacked with great vehemence for those proceedings. It has been urged that the ordinary tribunals of the country ought to have sufficed, and that the revolution of July never contemplated the possibility of its "heroes" being prosecuted by the very government they founded. The answer to this objection is, in my opinion, conclusive. If the "heroes of July" founded the government, why did they afterwards seek to overthrow the work of their own hands? And if they so acted, was the government bound by its

origin not to defend itself? Besides which, public opinion had been so tampered with by the men of the revolution, that, at last, no fixed public opinion existed; juries could not be relied upon, they did not *dare* to do their duty; and the charter of 1830 itself recognized the court of peers as the competent tribunal for offences of a seditious and traitorous nature. Louis Philippe could never be induced to change his views with regard to this matter. He held it to be a part of his political system to secure the conviction and punishment of real offenders, at the same time that he was averse to all capital punishments for political offences. Firm but humane, decisive but forgiving, was, and is, his system.

Whilst the Lafitte and Lafayette party were urging Utopian schemes of "social regeneration," and "the political subversion of thrones and governments," Louis Philippe pressed on his councillors to follow the example of some of the best ministers of the Restoration, and to seek to restore credit, to give a new spring to industry, and to cause the full tide of national prosperity to follow. "Let us examine," he said, "the questions of *entrepôt*, and of internal navigation, and let the consolidation of the laws be proceeded in with vigour. I desire that speculative policy should give place to practical administration, for liberty is but the instrument of civilisation, and nations discuss opinions only for the purpose of promoting their interests."

That was an interesting epoch in the life of the King of the French, when he met, for the first time, a new Chamber, just elected, and which was composed of men wholly unknown before to political France. The Chamber of the Restoration had now ceased to exist; one-half of its former members had been defeated in the elections, and the greater number of those who had been re-elected had been returned only on condition of renouncing their previous course and joining the "progressive" party. This is indisputable. But the tact of Louis Philippe prevailed over every difficulty; and the speech from the throne brought into collision the initiative of the king and that of the Chamber upon every fundamental question. This step was successful. Instead of occupying itself with secondary, and with mere ministerial questions, it was at once brought to feel that the enemies of the cabinet were those of the king and of his policy, and that it had to decide between the triumph of the laws or the success of anarchy. Thus it was that the system of Louis Philippe gained ground, and now the chamber was bound up with it.

I shall never forget, however, the eyes of Louis Philippe, as he examined with careful and profound attention the physiognomy of that new and unknown Chamber. Here and there, as he looked up and down the benches, he saw old faces, and even once familiar friends; but, on the whole, the majority were untried men, and their aspect was doubtful.

The fall of Warsaw gave great sorrow and much anxiety to the king. The shouts of "Long live Poland!" were mixed up with "Down with the ministry!" and yet that ministry was essential to the happiness, order, and progress of France. The king had taken a deep interest in the fate of Warsaw. He had ardently desired that the Poles should be able to hold out long enough for negotiations to be set on foot, and for, at least, a diplomatic intervention to take place. But he was disappointed; and he has since been reproached, unjustly, with having encouraged hopes of aid from France in the breasts of the Poles.

That was a period of great anxiety, also, to Louis Philippe, when the question of the peerage came on for final adjustment according to the promise contained in the charter of 1830. Louis Philippe was, of course, favourable to an hereditary peerage, but he knew it was impossible to carry it. Thiers, Royer Collard, and Guizot, pleaded for the hereditary principle, with prodigious talent; but the majority were opposed to it, and it was overthrown. The result did not surprise the king, who immediately applied all the energies of his mind to render the new peerage as monarchical as possible, under the then existing circumstances of public opinion.

That, too, was a most painful and distressing period in the reign of the King of the French, when, in order to secure the tranquillity of the provinces of the west, he was literally compelled to direct the arrest of the Duchess of Berry, to expose her unhappy position as pregnant, though for years she had been a widow, and thus to plunge into grief and shame the royal families of Naples, Spain, and France. Through Count d'Arrou, she was cautioned, entreated, conjured to abandon her life of wandering hostility in the west, and to put an end to the system of *chouannerie* which was going on, and which had reduced those provinces, by reason of the proclaiming of martial law, to a deplorable state of famine, misery, and bankruptcy. Louis Philippe exhausted every plan, every means, to persuade the friends of the duchess in La Vendée to effect her escape, and not to drive him to resort to extreme measures. But his efforts were vain. Even the promise she made to M. Berryer she did not fulfil;

and, at length, Deutz, the Jew spy and traitor, discovered her address, secured her arrest and received his bribe. He is now an outcast, a vagabond, and a penniless wretch, without a friend, a home, or any settled means of existence. The *accouchement* of the duchess in the citadel of Blaye was a source of great grief to her aunt, the Queen of the French; but both herself and her friends admitted that Louis Philippe had made use of every means to induce her departure before he consented to her arrest and exposure. When the king subsequently expressed his resolution to liberate the duchess without subjecting her to trial, on her engaging never again to disturb the French provinces, his enemies accused him of yielding to Austrian influence, or threats; but the accusation was *wholly unfounded*; and I am justified in stating that to the king should be ascribed all the measures which were adopted to render the duchess's incarceration as little painful as possible.

That was an immense loss, not only to Louis Philippe, but to France entire, when the cholera, after having decimated tens of thousands of her inhabitants, struck with death the mighty, noble heart of Casimir Perier. The king knew, and felt, indeed, that the system of Casimir Perier was his own system, and had been adopted, not invented, by the departed statesman. But no one had so fully entered into the monarch's views as M. Perier had done, and no one had carried them out with more of honour and energy. "We have sustained an immense loss, M. Guizot," said Louis Philippe to that celebrated man; "M. Perier was a host in himself, a rock, a cloud, a sun, a system." "True, sire," replied M. Guizot; "but your majesty is preserved to France, and she has confidence in her head." This was unquestionably true of the better and upright classes; but the death and burial of General Lamarque led to an insurrection on the 5th and 6th of June, 1832, which equalled, in violence, fury, and desperation, the memorable days of July, 1830. I beheld the commencement of the June insurrection at the Pont d'Austerlitz, near the Jardin des Plantes, saw the first pistol fired, and watched that insurrection throughout. It was frightful to behold the beardless boys of the anarchist party sacrificing their lives without a murmur or a groan in the hope of overthrowing the dynasty of the Orleans family, and thus of involving France in a war of revolutionary principles. It was awful to see men, women, girls, boys, children, all mad and desperate against Louis Philippe and his family. And why? Because they had been made to believe that the king was opposed to

the honour, the fame, the glory, the grandeur of France. Those two days of sanguinary conflict against himself and his government, whitened the head of the monarch at least ten years, and produced a change in his physiognomy which all observed, many regretted, and some rejoiced at. There were not less than 150,000 human beings present at Lamarque's interment! Seditious cries led to the intervention of the military. The conflict was long and severe, but the laws triumphed, and Paris was declared in a state of siege. That was a sad and sorrowing moment when Louis Philippe was compelled, for the first time, to place his name to such a document. Then came two years of never-ending conflicts, even in the streets of Paris, Lyons, Etienne, Grenoble, Marseilles, Toulouse, Toulon, Metz, and a variety of other places, between the exasperated and maddened enemies of the king and his government, and their firm and well-disciplined, loyal, and devoted troops, and the regiments of the National Guards. On the side of the king were the merchants, manufacturers, landed proprietors, gentry (except some of the old legitimist families, and even these were comparatively quiet), and all the shopkeepers and middling classes, together with a large portion of the working population. On the other side were the ragged, the vicious, the lazy, the unprincipled, the stark-staring mad students, the remains of the Robespierrian faction of former days, foreign refugees, the students of the public schools, and all the adventurers who had nothing to lose, but everything to gain, in a general scramble. These two years of conflict led to the great battle of 1834, when Paris, Lyons, and other cities and towns were put under martial law, and when Europe stood breathless to know whether the king or the *canaille* would triumph. Thank God! Louis Philippe was successful; but the battle was a bloody one. These conflicts, so sanguinary, so prolonged, and so awful, were all, be it remembered, the result of an obstinate and oft-repeated resistance to the *foreign* policy of the king. His home policy grew out of the opposition to his foreign policy,—the opposition being of a ferocious and personal character.

What a moment was that, too, in the life of Louis Philippe, when, surrounded by as fine and noble a staff as ever grouped round a monarch, Louis Philippe, on arriving at the Boulevard du Temple, whilst reviewing the National Guards and troops of the line, suddenly witnessed the explosion of the *infernal machine of Fieschi*. Around him were his sons. Beside him was the brave Trevisé struck down and bleeding. Everywhere about him were victims of Fieschi's diaboli-

cal plot. But the King was unhurt. He raised his hat and said, "I am not wounded." His sons crowded about him. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as he gazed on the noble and faithful Duke de Trevisé, but not a moment had to be lost. "My mother!" said the young Duke of Orleans. The king comprehended his meaning, and despatched an orderly officer to the palace. "March!" cried the king; and the *cortège* proceeded. If it had not done so—if the king had hesitated—if he had appeared paralyzed—if the review had been broken up, confusion would have followed: some tens of thousands of miscreants, who had all prepared themselves to profit by anticipated disorder, would have pillaged Paris, overthrown the government, and involved France in war and anarchy. The cool, calm, dignified, manly conduct of Louis Philippe at that moment of real danger and alarm won for him the golden opinions of all moderate men of all parties, and saved France from years of civil war.

Then followed numerous attempts at assassination. Year after year, and session after session, witnessed new regicides. But a wise, merciful, and unerring Providence preserved the life of the king, and in a manner so remarkable and special, that even the least habitually religious were compelled by the force of facts to avow it. On all these perilous occasions, when the hearts of mere spectators sunk within them, Louis Philippe preserved a calmness which honest and wise men can alone display.

There is a passage in the life of Louis Philippe which I had well-nigh forgotten, and yet which is striking and curious. The Belgian deputation arrived at Paris to offer to the Duke of Nemours the crown of their country. What was the reply of the king?—

"The thirst of conquest, or the honour of seeing a diadem placed on the brow of my son, shall not induce me to expose my country to a repetition of those calamities which war entails; nor could any advantages France might reap from my acceptance of the honour you propose, compensate for those evils. The examples of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon are sufficient to save me from the fatal temptation of erecting thrones for my sons; and I prefer the maintenance of peace to all the brilliancy of victories, unless, indeed, in a war in which the arms of France would not fail to acquire fresh glory, because the defence of her standard would call forth her sons."

That was a moment of deep interest, though of a more lively and agreeable character, when the king opened to France the magnificent galleries of Versailles. His own judgment, taste, munificence, had presided

for years over their preparation ; and long as the palace shall last, Versailles will remain a monument which shall ever proclaim his generosity, nationality, and grandeur.

Faithful to his friends, and grateful to his supporters, the king has rewarded true merit and devotedness to himself, to the cause of constitutional freedom, and to France. No prince has ever paid such undeviating attention to the claims and merits of all public men. He has changed his ministers frequently, but not from choice—from necessity ; sometimes death, sometimes public events, sometimes a change in the opinions of those in whom he had confided, and sometimes the necessity for obeying public opinion, when calmly and deliberately pronounced, have led to these changes. But the friends of his happier days, when in Neuilly, under the Restoration, he enjoyed every blessing his heart could desire, are his friends still ; and those who aided him as lieutenant-general, and in the earliest days of his reign as King of the French, are also still protected, patronized and received with urbanity, kindness, and affection.

Undoubtedly Louis Philippe is a king. To deny this would be to parody all the events and actions of his reign. Undoubtedly he is no puppet to be moved by strings, and no imaginary and unreal chief. Sometimes the conduct of Louis Philippe, in himself directing the affairs of the government, has exposed him to the charge of exceeding the usual powers, and the accustomed conduct of a constitutional sovereign. This may be the case, and I am free to admit it. But any other conduct on his part, under all the circumstances in which France and Europe were placed by the Revolution of 1830, would have led to war, misery, and anarchy. That such men as M. Guizot should, at various epochs of the reign of Louis Philippe, have sought to render his conduct and decisions more in harmony with a parliamentary government, is by no means surprising ; but it is not the less true that that same M. Guizot is now in reality his prime minister, and that Louis Philippe still exerts his royal and august authority in all matters relating to the state. He hears, sees, examines, and knows all ; and he is in reality *the* government, and *the* president of the council.

The severest trial of his long and valuable life was the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans ; but with admirable tact he has settled in his own lifetime the regency of his son's son, and has done all that human wis-

dom can effect to secure the perpetuity of the Orleans dynasty.

His "*Marie*," also, the princess of sculptors,—the lovely, the interesting, and the intellectual Marie, has been removed from his side ; but he has noble sons in Nemours, Joinville, D'Aumale, and Montpensier ; and they would shed the last drop of their blood to defend or to honour their father.

His Louise is the happy queen of prosperous Belgium, and to her admirable husband and king, King Leopold, Louis Philippe is greatly attached. His opinions he receives almost with deference, and speaks of him in terms of affection and respect.

His Clementine is lately married, and his best wishes follow her to her less brilliant but happy home.

His faithful and devoted sister, Madame Adelaide, is still the constant companion of his varied life ; and as together they descend towards the grave, they present the most perfect model of fraternal and sisterly affection, I was ever privileged to behold.

Last, but dearest of all to his heart's best sympathies, is his inimitable queen, Marie Amilie. His affection for her knows no bounds, and she is undoubtedly entitled to all that love which he has so long and so invariably displayed.

I have done. My "*Reminiscences*" of Louis Philippe are completed. I behold in him a man raised up and signally preserved by Providence to prevent unheard-of and overwhelming miseries to France, to Europe, and to the world. I see in him fixedness of purpose, integrity of heart, undaunted courage, and unquenchable love of country, a clear perception of what is necessary to France, though she may not occasionally perceive it herself, a scorn for factions and for traitors, a hatred for all that is mean and pitiful, a love for all that is grand and noble, a resolution to govern and not to be governed, an almost obstinate pertinacity with regard to his own opinion, a profound respect for vested interests and rights, and yet an attachment for clear, defined, practical, liberty. Thus I see in him a great man. The first year of his reign was marked by some errors ; but it was a period of transition. May his last year be far distant ; and when the moment shall arrive that he shall be summoned by the King of kings to render an account of his important and memorable stewardship, may that greatest of all transitions be one that shall find him fully prepared, and shall be to him the precursor of eternal bliss.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. I.

A SCAMPER IN THE PRAIRIE OF JACINTO.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

READER! Were you ever in a Texian prairie? Probably not. *I* have been; and this was how it happened. When a very young man, I found myself one fine morning possessor of a Texas land-scrip—that is to say, a certificate of the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, in which it was stated, that in consideration of the sum of one thousand dollars, duly paid and delivered by Mr. Edward Rivers into the hands of the cashier of the aforesaid Company, he, the said Edward Rivers, was become entitled to ten thousand acres of Texian land, to be selected by himself, or those he should appoint, under the sole condition of not infringing on the property or rights of the holders of previously given certificates.

Ten thousand acres of the finest land in the world, and under a heaven compared to which, our Maryland sky, bright as it is, appears dull and foggy! It was a tempting bait; too good a one not to be caught at by many in those times of speculation; and accordingly, our free and enlightened citizens bought and sold their millions of Texian acres just as readily as they did their thousands of towns and villages in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, and their tens of thousands of shares in banks and railways. It was a speculative fever, which has since, we may hope, been in some degree cured. At any rate, the remedies applied have been tolerably severe.

I had not escaped the contagion, and having got the land on paper, I thought I should like to see it in dirty acres; so, in company with a friend who had a similar venture, I embarked at Baltimore on board the *Catcher* schooner, and, after a three weeks' voyage, arrived at Galveston Bay.

The grassy shores of this bay, into which the river Brazos empties itself, rise so little above the surface of the water, to which they bear a strong resemblance in colour, that it would be difficult to discover them, were it not for three stunted trees growing on the western extremity of a long lizard-shaped island that stretches nearly sixty miles across the bay, and conceals the mouth of the river. These trees are the only landmark for the mariner; and, with their exception, not a single object—not a hill, a house, nor so much as a bush, relieves the level sameness of the island and adjacent continent.

After we had, with some difficulty, got on

the inner side of the island, a pilot came on board and took charge of the vessel. The first thing he did was to run us on a sand-bank, off which we got with no small labour, and by the united exertion of sailors and passengers, and at length entered the river. In our impatience to land, I and my friend left the schooner in a cockleshell of a boat, which upset in the surge, and we found ourselves floundering in the water. Luckily it was not very deep, and we escaped with a thorough drenching.

When we had scrambled on shore, we gazed about us for some time before we could persuade ourselves that we were actually upon land. It was, without exception, the strangest coast we had ever seen, and there was scarcely a possibility of distinguishing the boundary between earth and water. The green grass grew down to the edge of the green sea, and there was only the streak of white foam left by the latter upon the former to serve as a line of demarcation. Before us was a plain, a hundred or more miles in extent, covered with long, fine grass, rolling in waves before each puff of the sea-breeze, with neither tree, nor house, nor hill, to vary the monotony of the surface. Ten or twelve miles towards the north and north-west, we distinguished some dark masses, which we afterwards discovered to be groups of trees; but to our eyes they looked exactly like islands in a green sea, and we subsequently learned that they were called islands by the people of the country. It would have been difficult to have given them a more appropriate name, or one better describing their appearance.

Proceeding along the shore we came to a blockhouse situated behind a small tongue of land projecting into the river, and decorated with a flag of the Mexican republic, waving in all its glory from the roof. At that period, this was the only building of which Galveston harbour could boast. It served as custom-house and as barracks for the garrison, also as the residence of the director of customs, and of the civil and military intendant, as headquarters of the officer commanding, and, moreover, as hotel and wine and spirit store. Alongside the board, on which was depicted a sort of hieroglyphic, intended for the Mexican eagle, hung a bottle doing duty as a sign, and the republican banner threw its protecting shadow over an announcement of—“Brandy, Whisky, and Accommodation for Man and Beast.”

As we approached the house, we saw the whole garrison assembled before the door. It consisted of a dozen dwarfish, spindle-

shanked Mexican soldiers, none of them so big or half so strong as American boys of fifteen, and whom I would have backed a single Kentuckian woodsman, armed with a riding-whip, to have driven to the four winds of heaven. These heroes all sported tremendous beards, whiskers, and mustaches, and had a habit of knitting their brows, in the endeavour, as we supposed, to look fierce and formidable. They were crowding round a table of rough planks, and playing a game of cards, in which they were so deeply engrossed that they took no notice of our approach. Their officer, however, came out of the house to meet us.

Captain Cotton, formerly editor of the *Mexican Gazette*, now civil and military commandant at Galveston, customs-director, harbour-master, and tavern-keeper, and a Yankee to boot, seemed to trouble himself very little about his various dignities and titles. He produced some capital French and Spanish wine, which, it is to be presumed, he got duty free, and welcomed us to Texas. We were presently joined by some of our fellow-passengers, who seemed as bewildered as we had been at the billiard-table appearance of the country. Indeed the place looked so desolate and uninviting, that there was little inducement to remain on *terra firma*, and it was with a feeling of relief that we once more found ourselves on board the schooner.

We took three days to sail up the river Brazos to the town of Brazoria, a distance of thirty miles. On the first day nothing but meadow land was visible on either side of us; but, on the second, the monotonous grass-covered surface was varied by islands of trees, and, about twenty miles from the mouth of the river, we passed through a forest of sycamores, and saw several herds of deer, and flocks of wild turkeys. At length we reached Brazoria, which, at the time I speak of, namely, in the year 1832, was an important city—for Texas, that is to say—consisting of upwards of thirty houses, three of which were of brick, three of planks, and the remainder of logs. All the inhabitants were Americans, and the streets arranged in American fashion, in straight lines and at right angles. The only objection to the place was, that in the wet season it was all under water: but the Brazorians overlooked this little inconvenience, in consideration of the inexhaustible fruitfulness of the soil. It was the beginning of March when we arrived, and yet there was already an abundance of new potatoes, beans, peas, and artichokes, all of the finest sorts and most delicious flavour.

At Brazoria, my friend and myself had the satisfaction of learning that our land-certifi-

cates, for which we had each paid a thousand dollars, were worth exactly nothing—just so much waste paper, in short—unless we chose to conform to a condition to which our worthy friends, the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, had never made the smallest allusion.

It appeared, that in the year 1824, the Mexican Congress had passed an act for the encouragement of emigration from the United States to Texas. In consequence of this act, an agreement was entered into with contractors, or *empresarios*, as they call them in Mexico, who had bound themselves to bring a certain number of settlers into Texas within a given time, and without any expense to the Mexican government. On the other hand, the Mexican government had engaged to furnish land to these emigrants at the rate of five square leagues to every hundred families; but to this agreement one condition was attached, and it was, that all settlers should be, or become, Roman Catholics. Failing this, the validity of their claims to the land was not recognized, and they were liable to be turned out any day at the point of the bayonet.

This information threw us into no small perplexity. It was clear that we had been duped, completely bubbled, by the rascally Land Company; that, as heretics, the Mexican government would have nothing to say to us; and that, unless we chose to become converts to the Romish Church, we might whistle for our acres, and light our pipes with the certificate. Our Yankee friends at Brazoria, however, laughed at our dilemma, and told us, that we were only in the same plight as hundreds of our countrymen, who had come to Texas in total ignorance of this condition, but who had not the less taken possession of their land and settled there; that they themselves were among the number; and that, although it was just as likely they would turn negroes as Roman Catholics, they had no idea of being turned out of their houses and plantations; that, at any rate, if the Mexicans tried it, they had their rifles with them, and should be apt, they reckoned, to burn powder before they allowed themselves to be kicked off such an almighty fine piece of soil. So, after a while, we began to think, that as we had paid our money, and come so far, we might do as others had done before us—occupy our land, and wait the course of events. The next day we each bought a horse, or *mustang*, as they call them there, which animals were selling at Brazoria for next to nothing, and rode out into the prairie to look for a convenient spot to settle.

These mustangs are small horses, rarely

above fourteen hands high, and are descended from the Spanish breed introduced by the original conquerors of the country. During the three centuries that have elapsed since the conquest of Mexico, they have increased and multiplied to an extraordinary extent, and are to be found in vast droves in the Texian prairies, although they are now beginning to become somewhat scarcer. They are taken with the *lasso*; concerning which instrument, or weapon, I will here say a word or two, notwithstanding that it has been often described.

The lasso is usually from twenty to thirty feet long, very flexible, and composed of strips of twisted ox-hide. One end is fastened to the saddle, and the other, which forms a running noose, held in the hand of the hunter, who, thus equipped, rides out into the prairie. When he discovers a troop of wild horses, he manœuvres to get to windward of them, and then to approach as near them as possible. If he is an experienced hand, the horses seldom or never escape him; and as soon as he finds himself within twenty or thirty feet of them, he throws the noose with unerring aim over the neck of the one he has selected for his prey. This done, he turns his own horse sharp round, gives him the spur, and gallops away, dragging his unfortunate captive after him, breathless, and with his windpipe so compressed by the noose, that he is unable to make the smallest resistance, and, after a few yards, falls headlong to the ground, and lies motionless and almost lifeless, sometimes indeed badly hurt and disabled. From this day forward, the horse which has been thus caught never forgets the lasso; the mere sight of it makes him tremble in every limb; and, however wild he may be, it is sufficient to show it to him, or lay it on his neck, to render him as tame and docile as a lamb.

The horse taken, next comes the breaking in, which is effected in a no less brutal manner than his capture. The eyes of the unfortunate animal are covered with a bandage, and a tremendous bit, a pound weight or more, clapped into his mouth; the horse-breaker puts on a pair of spurs six inches long, and with rowels like penknives, and jumping on his back, urges him to his very utmost speed. If the horse tries to rear, or turns restive, one pull, and not a very hard one either, at the instrument of torture they call a bit, is sufficient to tear his mouth to shreds, and cause the blood to flow in streams. I have myself seen horses' teeth broken with these barbarous bits. The poor beast whinnies and groans with pain and terror; but there is no help for him, the spurs are at his flanks, and on he goes full gallop, till he is

ready to sink from fatigue and exhaustion. He then has a quarter of an hour's rest allowed him; but scarcely does he begin to recover breath, which has been ridden and spurred out of his body, when he is again mounted, and has to go through the same violent process as before. If he breaks down during this rude trial, he is either knocked on the head or driven away as useless: but if he holds out, he is marked with a hot iron, and left to graze on the prairie. Henceforward, there is no particular difficulty in catching him when wanted; the wildness of the horse is completely punished out of him; but for it is substituted the most confirmed vice and malice that it is possible to conceive. These mustangs are unquestionably the most deceitful and spiteful of all the equine race. They seem to be perpetually looking out for an opportunity of playing their master a trick; and very soon after I got possession of mine, I was nearly paying for him in a way that I had certainly not calculated upon.

We were going to Bolivar, and had to cross the river Brazos. I was the last but one to get into the boat, and was leading my horse carelessly by the bridle. Just as I was about to step in, a sudden jerk, and a cry of "mind your beast!" made me jump on one side; and lucky it was that I did so. My mustang had suddenly sprung back, reared up, and then thrown himself forward upon me with such force and fury, that, as I got out of his way, his fore feet went completely through the bottom of the boat. I never in my life saw an animal in such a paroxysm of rage. He curled up his lips till his whole range of teeth was visible, his eyes literally shot fire, while the foam flew from his mouth, and he gave a wild screaming neigh that had something quite diabolical in its sound. I was standing perfectly thunder-struck at this scene, when one of the party took a lasso, and very quietly laid it over the animal's neck. The effect was really magical. With closed mouth, drooping ears, and head low, there stood the mustang, as meek and docile as any old jackass. The change was so sudden and comical, that we all burst out laughing; although, when I came to reflect on the danger I had run, it required all my love of horses to prevent me from shooting the brute upon the spot.

Mounted upon this ticklish steed, and in company with my friend, I made various excursions to Bolivar, Marion, Columbia, Anahuac, incipient cities, consisting of from five to twenty houses. We also visited numerous plantations and clearings, to the owners of some of which we were known, or had messages of introduction; but either with or

without such recommendations, we always found a hearty welcome and hospitable reception, and it was rare that we were allowed to pay for our entertainment.

We arrived one day at a clearing, which lay a few miles off the way from Harrisburg to San Felipe de Austin, and belonged to a Mr. Neal. He had been three years in the country, occupying himself with the breeding of cattle, which is unquestionably the most agreeable, as well as profitable, occupation that can be followed in Texas. He had between seven and eight hundred head of cattle, and from fifty to sixty horses, all mustangs. His plantation, like nearly all the plantations in Texas at that time, was as yet in a very rough state; and his house, although roomy and comfortable enough inside, was built of unhewn tree-trunks, in true backwoodsman style. It was situated on the border of one of the islands, or groups of trees, and stood between two gigantic sycamores, which sheltered it from the sun and wind. In front, and as far as could be seen, lay the prairie, covered with its waving grass and many-coloured flowers; behind the dwelling arose the cluster of forest trees in all their primeval majesty, laced and bound together by an infinity of wild vines, which shot their tendrils and clinging branches hundreds of feet upwards to the very top of the trees, embracing and covering the whole island with a green network, and converting it into an immense bower of vine leaves, which would have been no unsuitable abode for Bacchus and his train.

These islands are one of the most enchanting features of Texian scenery. Of infinite variety and beauty of form, and unrivalled in the growth and magnitude of the trees that compose them, they are to be found of all shapes—circular, parallelograms, hexagons, octagons—some again twisting and winding like dark-green snakes over the brighter surface of the prairie. In no park or artificially laid out grounds, would it be possible to find anything equalling these natural shrubberies in beauty and symmetry. In the morning and evening especially, when surrounded by a sort of light greyish mist, and with the horizontal beams of the rising or setting sun gleaming through them, they offer pictures which it is impossible to get weary of admiring.

Mr. Neal was a jovial Kentuckian, and he received us with the greatest hospitality, only asking in return all the news we could give him from the States. It is difficult to imagine, without having witnessed it, the feverish eagerness and curiosity with which all intelligence from their native country is sought after and listened to by these dwellers in the desert. Men, women, and children, crowded

round us: and though we had arrived in the afternoon, it was near sunrise before we could escape from the inquiries by which we were overwhelmed, and retire to the beds that had been prepared for us.

I had not slept very long when I was roused by our worthy host. He was going out to catch twenty or thirty oxen, which were wanted for the market at New Orleans. As the kind of chase which takes place after these animals is very interesting, and rarely dangerous, we willingly accepted the invitation to accompany him, and having dressed and breakfasted in all haste, got upon our mustangs and rode off into the prairie.

The party was half a dozen strong, consisting of Mr. Neal, my friend and myself, and three negroes. What we had to do was to drive the cattle, which were grazing on the prairie in herds of from thirty to fifty head, to the house, and then those which were selected for the market were to be taken with the lasso and sent off to Brazoria.

After riding four or five miles, we came in sight of a drove, splendid animals, standing very high, and of most symmetrical form. The horns of these cattle are of unusual length, and, in the distance, have more the appearance of stags' antlers than bulls' horns. We approached the herd first to within a quarter of a mile. They remained quite quiet. We rode round them, and in like manner got in rear of a second and third drove, and then began to spread out, so as to form a half circle, and drive the cattle towards the house.

Hitherto my mustang had behaved exceedingly well, cantering freely along, and not attempting to play any tricks. I had scarcely, however, left the remainder of the party a couple of hundred yards, when the devil by which he was possessed began to wake up. The mustangs belonging to the plantation were grazing some three quarters of a mile off; and no sooner did my beast catch sight of them, than he commenced practising every species of jump and leap that it is possible for a horse to execute, and many of a nature so extraordinary, that I should have thought no brute that ever went on four legs would have been able to accomplish them. He shied, reared, pranced, leaped forwards, backwards, and sideways; in short, played such infernal pranks, that, although a practised rider, I found it no easy matter to keep my seat. I began heartily to regret that I had brought no lasso with me, which would have tamed him at once, and that, contrary to Mr. Neal's advice, I had put on my American bit instead of a Mexican one. Without these auxiliaries all my horsemanship was useless. The brute galloped like a mad creature some five hundred yards, caring nothing for my efforts to

stop him ; and then finding himself close to the troop of mustangs, he stopped suddenly short, threw his head between his forelegs, and his hind feet into the air, with such vicious violence, that I was pitched clean out of the saddle. Before I well knew where I was, I had the satisfaction of seeing him put his fore feet on the bridle, pull bit and bridoon out of his mouth, and then, with a neigh of exultation, spring into the midst of the herd of mustangs.

I got up out of the long grass in a towering passion. One of the negroes who was nearest to me came galloping to my assistance, and begged me to let the beast run for a while, and when Anthony, the huntsman, came, he would soon catch him. I was too angry to listen to reason, and I ordered him to get off his horse, and let me mount. The black begged and prayed of me not to ride after the brute ; and Mr. Neal, who was some distance off, shouted to me, as loud as he could, for Heaven's sake, to stop—that I did not know what it was to chase a wild horse in a Texian prairie, and that I must not fancy myself in the meadows of Louisiana or Florida. I paid no attention to all this—I was in too great a rage at the trick the beast had played me, and, jumping on the negro's horse, I galloped away like mad.

My rebellious steed was grazing quietly with his companions, and he allowed me to come within a couple of hundred paces of him ; but just as I had prepared the lasso, which was fastened to the negro's saddle-bow, he gave a start, and galloped off some distance further, I after him. Again he made a pause, and munched a mouthful of grass—then off again for another half mile. This time I had great hopes of catching him, for he let me come within a hundred yards ; but just as I was creeping up to him, away he went with one of his shrill neighs. When I galloped fast he went faster, when I rode slowly he slackened his pace. At least ten times did he let me approach him within a couple of hundred yards, without for that being a bit nearer getting hold of him. It was certainly high time to desist from such a mad chase, but I never dreamed of doing so ; and indeed the longer it lasted, the more obstinate I got. I rode on after the beast, who kept letting me come nearer and nearer, and then darted off again with his loud laughing neigh. It was this infernal neigh that made me so savage—there was something so spiteful and triumphant in it, as though the animal knew he was making a fool of me, and exulted in so doing. At last, however, I got so sick of my horse-hunt that I determined to make a last trial, and, if that failed, to turn back. The runaway had stopped near one of the islands of trees, and

was grazing quite close to its edge. I thought that if I were to creep round to the other side of the island, and then steal across it, through the trees, I should be able to throw the lasso over his head, or, at any rate, to drive him back to the house. This plan I put in execution—rode round the island, then through it, lasso in hand, and as softly as if I had been riding over eggs. To my consternation, however, on arriving at the edge of the trees, and at the exact spot where, only a few minutes before, I had seen the mustang grazing, no signs of him were to be perceived. I made the circuit of the island, but in vain—the animal had disappeared. With a hearty curse, I put spurs to my horse, and started off to ride back to the plantation.

Neither the plantation, the cattle, nor my companions were visible, it is true ; but this gave me no uneasiness. I felt sure that I knew the direction in which I had come, and that the island I had just left was one which was visible from the house, while all around me were such numerous tracks of horses, that the possibility of my having lost my way never occurred to me, and I rode on quite unconcernedly.

After riding for about an hour, however, I began to find the time rather long. I looked at my watch. It was past one o'clock. We had started at nine, and allowing an hour and a half to have been spent in finding the cattle, I had passed nearly three hours in my wild and unsuccessful hunt. I began to think that I must have got further from the plantation than I had as yet supposed.

It was towards the end of March, the day clear and warm, just like a May-day in the Southern States. The sun was now shining brightly out, but the early part of the morning had been somewhat foggy ; and as I had only arrived at the plantation the day before, and had passed the whole afternoon and evening indoors, I had no opportunity of getting acquainted with the bearings of the house. This reflection began to make me rather uneasy, particularly when I remembered the entreaties of the negro, and the loud exhortations Mr. Neal addressed to me as I rode away. I said to myself, however, that I could not be more than ten or fifteen miles from the plantation, that I should soon come in sight of the herds of cattle, and that then there would be no difficulty in finding my way. But when I had ridden another hour without seeing the smallest sign either of man or beast, I got seriously uneasy. In my impatience, I abused poor Neal for not sending somebody to find me. His huntsman, I had heard, was gone to Anahuac, and would not be back for two or three days ; but he might have sent a couple of his lazy negroes. Or,

if he had only fired a shot or two as a signal. I stopped and listened, in hopes of hearing the crack of a rifle. But the deepest stillness reigned around; scarcely the chirp of a bird was heard—all nature seemed to be taking the siesta. As far as the eye could reach was a waving sea of grass, here and there an island of trees, but not a trace of a human being. At last I thought I had made a discovery. The nearest clump of trees was undoubtedly the same which I had admired and pointed out to my companions soon after we had left the house. It bore a fantastical resemblance to a snake, coiled up, and about to dart upon its prey. About six or seven miles from the plantation, we had passed it on our right hand, and if I now kept it upon my left, I could not fail to be going in a proper direction. So said, so done. I trotted on most perseveringly towards the point of the horizon where I felt certain the house must lie. One hour passed, then a second, then a third; every now and then I stopped and listened, but nothing was audible, not a shot nor a shout. But although I heard nothing, I saw something which gave me great pleasure. In the direction in which we had ridden out, the grass was very abundant, and the flowers scarce; whereas the part of the prairie in which I now found myself presented the appearance of a perfect flower-garden, with scarcely a square foot of green to be seen. The most variegated carpet of flowers I ever beheld, lay unrolled before me: red, yellow, violet, blue, every colour, every tint was there; millions of the most magnificent prairie roses, asters, dahlias, and fifty other kinds of flowers. The finest artificial garden in the world would sink into insignificance when compared with this parterre of nature's own planting. My horse could hardly make his way through the wilderness of flowers, and I for a time remained lost in admiration of this scene of extraordinary beauty. The prairie in the distance looked as if clothed with rainbows, that waved to and fro over its surface.

But the difficulties and anxieties of my situation soon banished all other thoughts, and I rode on with perfect indifference through a scene, that, under other circumstances, would have captivated my entire attention. All the stories that I had heard of mishaps in these endless prairies, recurred in vivid colouring to my memory, not mere backwoodsman's legends, but facts well authenticated by persons of undoubted veracity, who had warned me, before I came to Texas, against venturing, without guide or compass, into these dangerous wilds. Even men who had been long in the country, were often known to lose themselves, and to wander for days and weeks over these oceans of grass, where no hill or

variety of surface offers a landmark to the traveller. In summer and autumn, such a position would have one danger the less, that is, there would be no risk of dying of hunger; for at those seasons the most delicious fruits, grapes, plums, peaches, and others, are to be found in abundance. But we were now in early spring, and although I saw numbers of peach and plum-trees, they were only in blossom. Of game, also, there was plenty, both fur and feather, but I had no gun, and nothing appeared more probable than that I should die of hunger, although surrounded by food, and in one of the most fruitful countries in the world. This thought flashed suddenly across me, and for a moment my heart sunk within me, as I first perceived the real danger of my position.

After a time, however, other ideas came to console me. I had been already four weeks in the country, and had ridden over a large slice of it, in every direction, always through prairies, and I had never had any difficulty in finding my way. True, but then I had always had a compass, and been in company. It was this sort of over-confidence and feeling of security, that had made me adventure so rashly, and spite of all warning, in pursuit of the mustang. I had not waited to reflect, that a little more than four weeks' experience was necessary to make one acquainted with the bearings of a district three times as big as New York State. Still I thought it impossible that I should have got so far out of the right track, as not to be able to find the house before nightfall, which was now, however, rapidly approaching. Indeed, the first shades of evening, strange as it may seem, gave this persuasion increased strength. Home bred, and gently nurtured as I was, my life before coming to Texas had been by no means one of adventure, and I was so used to sleep with a roof over my head, that when I saw it getting dusk, I felt certain I could not be far from the house. The idea fixed itself so strongly in my mind, that I involuntarily spurred my mustang, and trotted on, peering out through the fast-gathering gloom, in expectation of seeing a light. Several times I fancied I heard the barking of the dogs, the cattle lowing, or the merry laugh of the children.

"Hurrah! there is the house at last—I see the lights in the parlour windows."

I urged my horse on, but when I came near the house, it proved to be an island of trees. What I had taken for candles, were fire-flies, that now issued in swarms from out of the darkness of the islands, and spread themselves over the prairie, darting about in every direction, their small blue flames literally lighting up the plain, and making it ap-

pear as if I were surrounded by a sea of Bengal fire. It is impossible to conceive anything more bewildering than such a ride as mine, on a warm March night, through the interminable, never-varying prairie. Overhead the deep blue firmament, with its host of bright stars; at my feet, and all around, an ocean of magical light, myriads of fire-flies floating upon the soft still air. To me it was like a scene of enchantment. I could distinguish every blade of grass, every flower, each leaf on the trees, but all in a strange, unnatural sort of light, and in altered colours. Tuberoses and asters, prairie roses and geraniums, dahlias and vine branches, began to wave and move, and to range themselves in ranks and rows. The whole vegetable world around me seemed to dance, as the swarms of living lights passed over it.

Suddenly out of the sea of fire sounded a loud and long-drawn note. I stopped, listened, and gazed around me. It was not repeated, and I rode on. Again the same sound, but this time the cadence was sad and plaintive. Again I made a halt, and listened. It was repeated a third time in a yet more melancholy tone, and I recognized it as the cry of a whip-poor-will. Presently it was answered from a neighbouring island by a katydid. My heart leaped for joy at hearing the note of this bird, the native minstrel of my own dear Maryland. In an instant the house where I was born stood before the eyesight of my imagination. There were the negro huts, the garden, the plantation, everything exactly as I had left it. So powerful was the illusion, that I gave my horse the spur, persuaded that my father's house lay before me. The island, too, I took for the grove that surrounded our house. On reaching its border, I literally dismounted, and shouted out for Charon Tommy. There was a stream running through our plantation, which, for nine months out of the twelve, was only passable by means of a ferry, and the old negro who officiated as ferryman, was indebted to me for the above classical cognomen. I believe I called twice, nay, three times, but no Charon Tommy answered; and I awoke as from a pleasant dream, somewhat ashamed of the length to which my excited imagination had hurried me.

I now felt so weary and exhausted, so hungry and thirsty, and, withal, my mind was so anxious and harassed by my dangerous position, and the uncertainty how I should get out of it, that I was really incapable of going any further. I felt quite bewildered, and stood for some time gazing before me, and scarcely even troubling myself to think. At length I mechanically drew my clasp-knife from my pocket, and set to work to dig a hole in the

rich black soil of the prairie. Into this hole I put the knotted end of my lasso, and then pushing it in the earth, and stamping it down with my foot, as I had seen others do since I had been in Texas, I passed the noose over my mustang's neck, and left him to graze, while I myself lay down outside the circle which the lasso would allow him to describe. An odd manner, it may seem, of tying up a horse; but the most convenient and natural one in a country where one may often find one's-self fifty miles from any house, and five-and-twenty from a tree or bush.

I found it no easy matter to sleep, for on all sides I heard the howling of wolves and jaguars, an unpleasant serenade at any time, but most of all so in the prairie, unarmed and defenceless as I was. My nerves, too, were all in commotion, and I felt so feverish, that I do not know what I should have done, had I not fortunately remembered that I had my cigar-case and a roll of tobacco, real Virginia *dulcissimus*, in my pocket—invaluable treasures in my present situation, and which on this, as on many other occasions, did not fail to soothe and calm my agitated thoughts.

Luckily, too, being a tolerably confirmed smoker, I carried a flint and steel with me; for otherwise, although surrounded by lights, I should have been sadly at a loss for fire. A couple of Havannahs did me an infinite deal of good, and after a while I sunk into the slumber of which I stood so much in need.

The day was hardly well broken when I awoke. The refreshing sleep I had enjoyed had given me new energy and courage. I felt hungry enough, to be sure, but light and cheerful, and I hastened to dig up the end of the lasso, and saddled my horse. I trusted that, though I had been condemned to wander over the prairie the whole of the preceding day, as a sort of punishment for my rashness, I should now have better luck, and having expiated my fault, be at length allowed to find my way. With this hope, I mounted my mustang, and resumed my ride.

I passed several beautiful islands of pecan, plum, and peach trees. It is peculiarly worthy of remark, that these islands are nearly always of one sort of tree. It is very rare to meet with one where there are two sorts. Like the beasts of the forest, that herd together according to their kind, so does this wild vegetation preserve itself distinct in its different species. One island will be entirely composed of live oaks, another of plum, and a third of pecan trees; the vine only is common to them all, and embraces them all alike with its slender but tenacious branches. I rode through several of these islands. They were perfectly free from bushes and brushwood, and carpeted with the most

beautiful verdure it is possible to behold. I gazed at them in astonishment. It seemed incredible that nature, abandoned to herself, should preserve herself so beautifully clean and pure, and I involuntarily looked around me for some trace of the hand of man. But none was there. I saw nothing but herds of deer, that gazed wonderingly at me with their large clear eyes, and when I approached too near, galloped off in alarm. What would I not have given for an ounce of lead, a charge of powder, and a Kentucky rifle? Nevertheless, the mere sight of the beasts gladdened me, and raised my spirits. They were a sort of society. Something of the same feeling seemed to be imparted to my horse, who bounded under me, and neighed merrily, as he cantered along in the fresh spring morning.

I was now skirting the side of an island of trees of greater extent than most of those I had hitherto seen. On reaching the end of it, I suddenly came in sight of an object presenting so extraordinary an appearance as far to surpass any of the natural wonders I had as yet beheld, either in Texas or the United States.

At the distance of about two miles rose a colossal mass, in shape somewhat like a monumental mound or tumulus, and apparently of the brightest silver. As I came in view of it, the sun was just covered by a passing cloud, from the lower edge of which the bright rays shot down obliquely upon this extraordinary phenomenon, lighting it up in the most brilliant manner. At one moment it looked like a huge silver cone; then took the appearance of an illuminated castle with pinnacles and towers, or the dome of some great cathedral; then of a gigantic elephant, covered with trappings, but always of solid silver, and indescribably magnificent. Had all the treasures of the earth been offered me to say what it was, I should have been unable to answer. Bewildered by my interminable wanderings in the prairie, and weakened by fatigue and hunger, a superstitious feeling for a moment came over me, and I half asked myself whether I had not reached some enchanted region, into which the evil spirit of the prairie was luring me to destruction by appearances of supernatural strangeness and beauty.

Banishing these wild imaginings, I rode on in the direction of this strange object; but it was only when I came within a very short distance that I was able to distinguish its nature. It was a live oak of most stupendous dimensions, the very patriarch of the prairie, grown grey in the lapse of ages. Its lower limbs had shot out in a horizontal, or rather a downward-slanting direction; and, reaching nearly to the ground, formed

a vast dome several hundred feet in diameter, and full a hundred and thirty feet high. It had no appearance of a tree, for neither trunk nor branches were visible. It seemed a mountain of whitish-green scales, fringed with long silvery moss, that hung like innumerable beards from every bough and twig. Nothing could better convey the idea of immense and incalculable age than the hoary beard and venerable appearance of this monarch of the woods. Spanish moss of a silvery grey covered the whole mass of wood and foliage, from the topmost bough down to the very ground; short near the top of the tree, but gradually increasing in length as it descended, until it hung like a deep fringe from the lower branches. I separated the vegetable curtain with my hands, and entered this august temple with feelings of involuntary awe. The change from the bright sunlight to the comparative darkness beneath the leafy vault, was so great, that I at first could scarcely distinguish anything. When my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, however, nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of the sun's rays, which, in forcing their way through the silvered leaves and mosses, took as many varieties of colour as if they had passed through a window of painted glass, and gave the rich, subdued, and solemn light of some old cathedral.

The trunk of the tree rose, free from all branches, full forty feet from the ground, rough and knotted, and of such enormous size that it might have been taken for a mass of rock, covered with moss and lichens, while many of its boughs were nearly as thick as the trunk of any tree I had ever previously seen.

I was so absorbed in the contemplation of the vegetable giant, that for a short space I almost forgot my troubles; but as I rode away from the tree they returned to me in full force, and my reflections were certainly of no very cheering or consolatory nature. I rode on, however, most perseveringly. The morning slipped away; it was noon, the sun stood high in the cloudless heavens. My hunger had now increased to an insupportable degree, and I felt as if something were gnawing within me, something like a crab tugging and riving at my stomach with his sharp claws. This feeling left me after a time, and was replaced by a sort of squeamishness, a faint sickly sensation. But if hunger was bad, thirst was worse. For some hours I suffered martyrdom. At length, like the hunger, it died away, and was succeeded by a feeling of sickness. The thirty hours' fatigue and fasting I had endured were beginning to tell upon my naturally strong nerves: I felt my reasoning powers growing weaker, and my presence

of mind leaving me. A feeling of despondency came over me—a thousand wild fancies passed through my bewildered brain; while at times my head grew dizzy, and I reeled in my saddle like a drunken man. These weak fits, as I may call them, did not last long; and each time that I recovered I spurred my mustang onwards, but it was all in vain—ride as far and as fast as I would, nothing was visible but a boundless sea of grass.

At length I gave up all hope, except in that God whose almighty hand was so manifest in the beauteous works around me. I let the bridle fall on my horse's neck, clasped my hands together, and prayed as I had never before prayed, so heartily and earnestly. When I had finished my prayer I felt greatly comforted. It seemed to me, that here in the wilderness, which man had not as yet polluted, I was nearer to God, and that my petition would assuredly be heard. I gazed cheerfully around, persuaded that I should yet escape from the peril in which I stood. As I did so, with what astonishment and inexpressible delight did I perceive, not ten paces off, the track of a horse!

The effect of this discovery was like an electric shock to me, and drew a cry of joy from my lips that made my mustang start and prick his ears. Tears of delight and gratitude to Heaven came into my eyes, and I could scarcely refrain from leaping off my horse and kissing the welcome signs that gave me assurance of succour. With renewed strength I galloped onwards; and had I been a lover flying to rescue his mistress from an Indian war party, I could not have displayed more eagerness than I did in following up the trail of an unknown traveller.

Never had I felt so thankful to Providence as at that moment. I uttered thanksgivings as I rode on, and contemplated the wonderful evidences of his skill and might that offered themselves to me on all sides. The aspect of everything seemed changed, and I gazed with renewed admiration at the scenes through which I passed, and which I had previously been too preoccupied by the danger of my position to notice. The beautiful appearance of the islands struck me particularly as they lay in the distance, seeming to swim in the bright golden beams of the noonday sun, like dark spots of foliage in the midst of the waving grasses and many-hued flowers of the prairie. Before me lay the eternal flower-carpet with its innumerable asters, tuberoses and mimosas, that delicate plant which, when you approach it, lifts its head, seems to look at you, and then droops and shrinks back in alarm. This I saw it do when I was two or three paces from it, and without my horse's foot having touched it. Its long roots stretch out horizon-

tally in the ground, and the approaching tread of a horse or a man is communicated through them to the plant, and produces this singular phenomenon. When the danger is gone by, and the earth ceases to vibrate, the mimosa may be seen to raise its head again, but quivering and trembling, as though not fully recovered from its fears.

I had ridden on for three or four hours, following the track I had so fortunately discovered, when I came upon the trace of a second horseman, who appeared to have here joined the first traveller. It ran in a parallel direction to the one I was following.

Had it been possible to increase my joy, this discovery would have done so. I could now entertain no doubt that I had hit upon the way out of this terrible prairie. It struck me as being rather singular that two travellers should have met in this immense plain, which so few persons traversed; but that they had done so was certain, for there was the track of the two horses as plain as possible. The trail was fresh, too, and it was evidently not long since the horsemen had passed. It might still be possible to overtake them, and in this hope I rode on faster than ever, as fast at least as my mustang could carry me through the thick grass and flowers, which in many places were four or five feet high.

During the next three hours I passed over some ten or twelve miles of ground; but although the trail still lay plainly and broadly marked before me, I saw nothing of those who had left it. Still I persevered. I must overtake them sooner or later, provided I did not lose the track; and that I was most careful not to do, keeping my eyes fixed upon the ground as I rode along, and never deviating from the line which the travellers had followed.

In this manner the day passed away, and evening approached. I still felt hope and courage; but my physical strength began to give way. The gnawing sensation of hunger increased. I was sick and faint; my limbs became heavy, my blood seemed chilled in my veins, and all my senses appeared to grow duller under the influence of exhaustion, thirst, and hunger. My eyesight became misty, my hearing less acute, the bridle felt cold and heavy in my fingers.

Still I rode on. Sooner or later I must find an outlet; the prairie must have an end somewhere. It is true the whole of Southern Texas is one vast prairie; but then there are rivers flowing through it, and if I could reach one of those, I should not be far from the abodes of men. By following the streams five or six miles up or down, I should be sure to find a plantation.

As I was thus reasoning with and encour-

aging myself, I suddenly perceived the traces of a third horse, running parallel to the two which I had been so long following. This was indeed encouragement. It was certain that three travellers, arriving from different points of the prairie, and all going in the same direction, must have some object, must be repairing to some village or clearing, and where or what this was had now become indifferent to me, so long as I once more found myself amongst my fellow-men. I spurred on my mustang, who was beginning to flag a little in his pace with the fatigue of our long ride.

The sun set behind the high trees of an island that bounded my view westward, and there being little or no twilight in those southerly latitudes, the broad day was almost instantaneously replaced by the darkness of night. I could proceed no further without losing the track of the three horsemen: and as I happened to be close to an island, I fastened my mustang to a branch with the lasso, and threw myself on the grass under the trees.

This night, however, I had no fancy for tobacco. Neither the cigars nor the *dulcissimus* tempted me. I tried to sleep, but in vain. Once or twice I began to doze, but was roused again by violent cramps and twitchings in all my limbs. There is nothing more horrible than a night passed in the way I passed that one, faint and weak, enduring torture from hunger and thirst, striving after sleep and never finding it. I can only compare the sensation of hunger I experienced to that of twenty pairs of pincers tearing at my stomach.

With the first grey light of morning I got up and prepared for departure. It was a long business; however, to get my horse ready. The saddle, which at other times I could throw upon his back with two fingers, now seemed made of lead, and it was as much as I could do to lift it. I had still more difficulty to draw the girth tight; but at last I accomplished this, and scrambling upon my beast, rode off. Luckily my mustang's spirit was pretty well taken out of him by the last two days' work; for if he had been fresh, the smallest spring on one side would have sufficed to throw me out of the saddle. As it was, I sat upon him like an automaton, hanging forward over his neck, sometimes grasping the mane, and almost unable to use either rein or spur.

I had ridden on for some hours in this helpless manner, when I came to a place where the three horsemen whose track I was following had apparently made a halt, perhaps passed the previous night. The grass was trampled and beaten down in a circumference of some fifty or sixty feet, and there was a confusion in the horse-tracks as if they had

ridden backwards and forwards. Fearful of losing the right trace, I was looking carefully about me to see in what direction they had recommenced their journey, when I noticed something white amongst the long grass. I got off my horse to pick it up. It was a piece of paper with my own name written upon it; and I recognized it as the back of a letter in which my tobacco had been wrapped, and which I had thrown away at my halting-place of the preceding night. I looked around, and recognized the island and the very tree under which I had slept or endeavoured to sleep. The horrible truth instantly flashed across me—the horse-tracks I had been following were my own: since the preceding morning I had been riding *in a circle!*

I stood for a few seconds thunderstruck by this discovery, and then sunk upon the ground in utter despair. At that moment I should have been thankful to any one who would have knocked me on the head as I lay. All I wished for was to die as speedily as possible.

I remained I know not how long lying in a desponding, half insensible, state upon the grass. Several hours must have elapsed; for when I got up the sun was low in the western heavens. My head was so weak and wandering, that I could not well explain to myself how it was that I had been thus riding after my own shadow.

Yet the thing was clear enough. Without landmarks, and in the monotonous scenery of the prairie, I might have gone on for ever following my horse's track, and going back when I thought I was going forwards, had it not been for the discovery of the tobacco paper. I was, as I subsequently learned, in the Jacinto prairie, one of the most beautiful in Texas, full sixty miles long and broad, but in which the most experienced hunters never risked themselves without a compass. It was little wonder, then, that I, a mere boy of two-and-twenty, just escaped from college, should have gone astray in it.

I now gave myself up for lost, and with the bridle twisted round my hand, and holding on as well as I could by the saddle and mane, I let my horse choose his own road. It would perhaps have been better if I had done this sooner. The beast's instinct would probably have led him to some plantation. When he found himself left to his own guidance he threw up his head, snuffed the air three or four times, and then turning round, set off in a contrary direction to that he was before going, and at such a brisk pace that it was as much as I could do to keep upon him. Every jolt caused me so much pain that I was more than once tempted to let myself fall off his back.

At last night came, and thanks to the lasso, which kept my horse in awe, I managed to dismount and secure him. The whole night through I suffered from racking pains in head, limbs, and body. I felt as if I had been broken on the wheel; not an inch of my whole person but ached and smarted. My hands were grown thin and transparent, my cheeks fallen in, my eyes deep sunk in their sockets. When I touched my face I could feel the change that had taken place, and as I did so I caught myself once or twice laughing like a child—I was becoming delirious.

In the morning I could scarcely rise from the ground, so utterly weakened and exhausted was I by my three days' fasting, anxiety, and fatigue. I have heard say that a man in good health can live nine days without food. It may be so in a room, or a prison; but assuredly not in a Texian prairie. I am quite certain that the fifth day would have seen the last of me.

I should never have been able to mount my mustang, but he had fortunately lain down, so I got into the saddle, and he rose up with me and started off of his own accord. As I rode along, the strangest visions seemed to pass before me. I saw the most beautiful cities, that a painter's fancy ever conceived, with towers, cupolas, and columns, of which the summits lost themselves in the clouds; marble basins and fountains of bright sparkling water, rivers flowing with liquid gold and silver, and gardens in which the trees were bowed down with the most magnificent fruit—fruit that I had not strength enough to raise my hand and pluck. My limbs were heavy as lead, my tongue, lips, and gums, dry and parched. I breathed with the greatest difficulty, and within me was a burning sensation as if I had swallowed hot coals; while my extremities, both hands and feet, did not appear to form a part of myself, but to be instruments of torture affixed to me, and causing me the most intense suffering.

I have a confused recollection of a sort of rushing noise, the nature of which I was unable to determine, so nearly had all consciousness left me; then of finding myself amongst trees, the leaves and boughs of which scratched and beat against my face as I passed through them; then of a sudden and rapid descent, with the broad bright surface of a river below me. I clutched at a branch, but my fingers had no strength to retain their grasp—there was a hissing, splashing noise, and the waters closed over my head.

I soon rose, and endeavoured to strike out with my arms and legs, but in vain; I was too weak to swim, and again I went down. A thousand lights seemed to dance before my eyes: there was a noise in my brain as if a

four-and twenty pounder had been fired close to my ear. Just then a hard hand was wrung into my neckcloth, and I felt myself dragged out of the water. The next instant, my senses left me.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. II.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

WHEN I recovered from my state of insensibility, and once more opened my eyes, I was lying on the bank of a small but deep river. My horse was grazing quietly a few yards off, and beside me stood a man with folded arms, holding a wicker-covered flask in his hand. This was all I was able to observe; for my state of weakness prevented me from getting up and looking around me.

"Where am I?" I gasped.

"Where are you, stranger? By the Jacinto; and that you are *by* it, and not *in* it, is no fault of your'n, I reckon."

There was something harsh and repulsive in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, and in the grating scornful laugh that accompanied them, that jarred upon my ears, and inspired me with a feeling of aversion towards the speaker. I knew that he was my deliverer; that he had saved my life, when my mustang, raging with thirst, had sprung head-foremost into the water; that, without him, I must inevitably have been drowned, even had the river been less deep than it was; and that it was by his care, and the whisky he had made me swallow, and of which I still felt the flavour on my tongue, that I had been recovered from the death-like swoon into which I had fallen. But had he done ten times as much for me, I could not have repulsed the feeling of repugnance, the inexplicable dislike, with which the mere tones of his voice filled me. I turned my head away in order not to see him. There was a silence of some moments' duration.

"Don't seem as if my company was over and above agreeable," said the man at last.

"Your company not agreeable? This is the fourth day since I saw the face of a human being. During that time not a bit nor a drop has passed my tongue."

"Hallo! That's a lie," shouted the man with another strange wild laugh. "You've taken a mouthful out of my flask: not *taken* it certainly, but it went over your tongue all the same. Where do you come from? The beast ain't your'n."

"Mr. Neal's," answered I.

"See it is by the brand. But what brings

you here from Mr. Neal's? It a good seventy mile to his plantation, right across the prairie. Ain't stole the horse, have you?"

"Lost my way—four days—eaten nothing."

These words were all I could articulate. I was too weak to talk.

"Four days without eatin'," cried the man, with a laugh like the sharpening of a saw, "and that in a Texas prairie, and with islands on all sides of you! Ha! I see how it is. You're a gentleman—that's plain enough. I was a sort of one myself once. You thought our Texas prairies was like the prairies in the States. Ha, ha! And so you didn't know how to help yourself. Did you see no bees in the air, no strawberries on the earth?"

"Bees? Strawberries?" repeated I.

"Yes, bees, which live in the hollow trees. Out of twenty trees there's sure to be one full of honey. So you saw no bees, eh? Perhaps you don't know the creturs when you see 'em? Ain't altogether so big as wild-geese or turkeys. But you must know what strawberries are, and that *they* don't grow upon the trees."

All this was spoken in the same sneering savage manner as before, with the speaker's head half turned over his shoulder, while his features were distorted into a contemptuous grin.

"And if I had seen the bees, how was I to get at the honey without an axe?"

"How did you lose yourself?"

"My mustang—ran away"—

"I see. And you after him. You'd have done better to let him run. But what d'ye mean to do now?"

"I am weak—sick to death. I wish to get to the nearest house—an inn—anywhere where men are."

"Where men are," repeated the stranger, "Where men are," he muttered again, taking a few steps on one side.

I was hardly able to turn my head, but there was something strange in the man's movement that alarmed me; and, making a violent effort, I changed my position sufficiently to get him in sight again. He had drawn a long knife from his girdle, which he clutched in one hand, while he ran the forefinger of the other along its edge. I now for the first time got a full view of his face, and the impression it made upon me was anything but favourable. His countenance was the wildest I had ever seen; his bloodshot eyes rolled like balls of fire in their sockets; while his movements and manner were indicative of a violent inward struggle. He did not stand still for three seconds together, but paced backwards and forwards with hurried irregular steps, casting wild glances over his

shoulder, his fingers playing all the while with the knife, with the rapid and objectless movement of a maniac.

I felt convinced that I was the cause of the struggle visibly going on within him; that my life or death was what he was deciding upon. But in the state I then was, death had no terror for me. The image of my mother, sisters, and father, passed before my eyes. I gave one thought to my peaceful happy home, and then looked upward and prayed.

The man had walked off to some distance. I turned myself a little more round, and, as I did so, I caught sight of the same magnificent phenomenon which I had met with on the second day of my wanderings. The colossal live oak rose in all its silvery splendour, at the distance of a couple of miles. Whilst I was gazing at it, and reflecting on the strange ill luck that had made me pass within so short a distance of the river without finding it, I saw my new acquaintance approach a neighbouring cluster of trees, amongst which he disappeared.

After a short time I again perceived him coming towards me with a slow and staggering step. As he drew near, I had an opportunity of examining his whole appearance. He was very tall and lean, but large-boned, and apparently of great strength. His face, which had not been shaved for several weeks, was so tanned by sun and weather, that he might have been taken for an Indian, had not the beard proved his claim to white blood. But his eyes were what most struck me. There was something so frightfully wild in their expression, a look of terror and desperation, like that of a man whom all the furies of hell were hunting and persecuting. His hair hung in long ragged locks over his forehead, cheeks, and neck, and round his head was bound a handkerchief, on which were several stains of a brownish black colour. Spots of the same kind were visible upon his leathern jacket, breeches, and moccasins; they were evidently blood stains. His hunting knife, which was nearly two feet long, with a rude wooden handle, was now replaced in his girdle, but in its stead he held a Kentucky rifle in his hand.

Although I did my utmost to assume an indifferent countenance, my features doubtless expressed something of the repugnance and horror with which the man inspired me. He looked loweringly at me for a moment from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"You don't seem to like the company you've got into," said he. "Do I look so very desperate, then? Is it written so plainly on my face?"

"What should there be written upon your face?"

"What? What? Fools and children ask them questions."

"I will ask you none; but as a Christian, as my countryman, I beseech you"—

"Christian!" interrupted he, with a hollow laugh. "Countryman!" He struck the butt of his rifle hard upon the ground. "That is my countryman—my only friend!" he continued, as he examined the flint and lock of his weapon. "That releases from all troubles; that's a true friend. Pooh! perhaps it'll release you too—put you to rest."

These last words were uttered aside, and musingly.

"Put him to rest, as well as——Pooh! One more or less—Perhaps it would drive away that cursed spectre."

All this seemed to be spoken to his rifle.

"Will you swear not to betray me?" cried he to me. "Else, one touch"——

As he spoke, he brought the gun to his shoulder, the muzzle pointed full at my breast.

I felt no fear. I am sure my pulse did not give a throb the more for this menace. So deadly weak and helpless as I lay, it was unnecessary to shoot me. The slightest blow from the butt of the rifle would have driven the last faint spark of life out of my exhausted body. I looked calmly, indifferently even, into the muzzle of the piece.

"If you can answer it to your God, to your and my judge and creator, do your will."

My words, which from faintness I could scarcely render audible, had, nevertheless, a sudden and startling effect upon the man. He trembled from head to foot, let the butt of his gun fall heavily to the ground, and gazed at me with open mouth and staring eyes.

"This one, too, comes with his God!" muttered he, "God! and your and my creator—and—judge."

He seemed hardly able to articulate these words, which were uttered by gasps and efforts, as though something had been choking him.

"His and my—judge"—groaned he again. "Can there be a God, a creator and judge?"

As he stood thus muttering to himself, his eyes suddenly beamed fixed, and his features horribly distorted.

"Do it not!" cried he, in a shrill tone of horror, that rang through my head. "It will bring no blessing with it. I am a dead man! God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!"

The rifle fell from his hands, and he smote his breast and forehead in a paroxysm of the wildest fury. It was frightful to behold the conscience-stricken wretch, stamping madly about, and casting glances of terror behind him, as though demons had been hunting him

down. The foam flew from his mouth, and I expected each moment to see him fall to the ground in a fit of epilepsy. Gradually, however, he became more tranquil.

"Do you see nothin' in my face?" said he in a hoarse whisper, suddenly pausing close to where I lay.

"What should I see?"

He came yet nearer.

"Look well at me—*through* me, if you can. D'ye see nothin' now?"

"I see nothing," replied I.

"Ah! I understand, you can see nothin'. Ain't in a spyin' humour, I calkilate. No, no, that you ain't. After four days and nights fastin', one loses the fancy for many things. I've tried it for two days myself. So you are weak and faint, eh? But I needn't ask that, I reckon. You look bad enough. Take another drop of whisky; it'll strengthen you. But wait till I mix it."

As he spoke, he stepped down to the edge of the river, and scooping up the water in the hollow of his hand, filled his flask with it. Then returning to me, he poured a little into my mouth.

Even the bloodthirsty Indian appears less of a savage when engaged in a compassionate act, and the wild desperado I had fallen in with, seemed softened and humanized by the service he was rendering me. His voice sounded less harsh; his manner was calmer and milder.

"You wish to go to an inn?"

"For Heaven's sake, yes. These four days I have tasted nothing but a bit of tobacco."

"Can you spare a bit of that?"

"All I have."

I handed him my cigar case, and the roll of *dulcissimus*. He snatched the latter from me, and bit into it with the furious eagerness of a wolf.

"Ah, the right sort this!" muttered he to himself. "Ah, young man, or old man—you're an old man, ain't you? How old are you?"

"Two-and-twenty."

He shook his head doubtingly.

"Can hardly believe that. But four days in the prairie, and nothin' to eat. Well, it may be so. But, stranger, if I had had this bit of tobacco only ten days ago—a bit of tobacco is worth a deal sometimes—it might have saved a man's life!"

Again he groaned, and his accents became wild and unnatural.

"I say, stranger!" cried he in a threatening tone. "I say! D'ye see yonder live oak? D'ye see it? It's the Patriarch, and a finer and mightier one you won't find in the prairies, I reckon. D'ye see it?"

"I do see it."

"Ah! you see it," cried he fiercely. "And what is it to you? What have you to do with the Patriarch, or with what lies under it? I reckon you had better not be too curious that way. If you dare take a step under that tree."—He swore an oath too horrible to be repeated.

"There's a spectre there," cried he; "a spectre that would fright you to death. Better keep away."

"I will keep away," replied I. "I never thought of going near it. All I want is to get to the nearest plantation or inn."

"Ah! true, man—the next inn. I'll show you the way to it. I will."

"You will save my life by so doing," said I, "and I shall be ever grateful to you as my deliverer."

"Deliverer!" repeated he, with a wild laugh. "Pooh! if you knew what sort of a deliverer—Pooh! What's the use of savin' a life, when—yet I will—I will save yours; perhaps the cursed spectre will leave me then. Will you not? Will you not?" cried he, suddenly changing his scornful mocking tones to those of entreaty and supplication, and turning his face in the direction of the live oak. Again his wildness of manner returned, and his eyes became fixed, as he gazed for some moments at the gigantic tree. Then darting away, he disappeared among the trees, whence he had fetched his rifle, and presently emerged again, leading a ready saddled horse with him. He called to me to mount mine, but seeing that I was unable even to rise from the ground, he stepped up to me, and with the greatest ease lifted me into the saddle with one hand, so light had I become during my long fast. Then taking the end of my lasso, he got upon his own horse and set off, leading my mustang after him.

We rode on for some time without exchanging a word. My guide kept up a sort of muttered soliloquy; but as I was full ten paces in his rear, I could distinguish nothing of what he said. At times he would raise his rifle to his shoulder, then lower it again, and speak to it, sometimes caressingly, sometimes in anger. More than once he turned his head, and cast keen searching glances at me, as though to see whether I were watching him or not.

We had ridden more than an hour, and the strength which the whisky had given me was fast failing, so that I expected each moment to fall from my horse, when suddenly I caught sight of a kind of rude hedge, and almost immediately afterwards the wall of a small blockhouse became visible. A faint cry of joy escaped me, and I endeavoured,

but in vain, to give my horse the spur. My guide turned round, fixed his wild eyes upon me, and spoke in a threatening tone.

"You are impatient, man! impatient, I see. You think now, perhaps"—

"I am dying," was all I could utter. In fact, my senses were leaving me from exhaustion, and I really thought my last hour was come.

"Pooh! dyin'! One don't die so easy. And yet—d——n!—it might be true."

He sprang off his horse, and was just in time to catch me in his arms as I fell from the saddle. A few drops of whisky, however, restored me to consciousness. My guide replaced me upon my mustang, and after passing through a potato ground, a field of Indian corn, and a small grove of peach-trees, we found ourselves at the door of the blockhouse.

I was so utterly helpless, that my strange companion was obliged to lift me off my horse, and carry me into the dwelling. He set me down upon a bench, passive and powerless as an infant. Strange to say, however, I was never better able to observe all that passed around me, than during the few hours of bodily debility that succeeded my immersion in the Jacinto. A blow with a reed would have knocked me off my seat, but my mental faculties, instead of participating in this weakness, seemed sharpened to an unusual degree of acuteness.

The blockhouse in which we now were, was of the poorest possible description; a mere log hut, consisting of one room, that served as kitchen, sitting-room, and bed-chamber. The door of rough planks swung heavily upon two hooks that fitted into iron rings, and formed a clumsy substitute for hinges; a wooden latch and heavy bar served to secure it; windows, properly speaking, there were none, but in their stead a few holes covered with dirty oiled paper; the floor was of clay, stamped hard and dry in the middle of the hut, but out of which, at the sides of the room, a crop of rank grass was growing, a foot or more high. In one corner stood a clumsy bedstead, in another a sort of table or counter, on which were half a dozen drinking glasses of various sizes and patterns. The table consisted of four thick posts, firmly planted in the ground, and on which were nailed three boards that had apparently belonged to some chest or case, for they were partly painted, and there was a date, and the three first letters of a word upon one of them. A shelf fixed against the side of the hut supported an earthen pot or two, and three or four bottles, uncorked, and apparently empty; and from some wooden pegs wedged in between the logs, hung suspended a few ar-

ticles of wearing apparel of no very cleanly aspect.

Pacing up and down the hut with a kind of stealthy cat-like pace, was an individual, whose unprepossessing exterior was in good keeping with the wretched appearance of this Texian shebeen house. He was an undersized, stooping figure, red-haired, large mouthed, and possessed of small, reddish, pig's eyes, which he seemed totally unable to raise from the ground, and the lowering, hang-dog expression of which, corresponded fully with the treacherous, panther-like stealthiness of his step and movements. Without greeting us either by word or look, this personage dived into a dark corner of his tenement, brought out a full bottle, and placing it on the table beside the glasses, resumed the monotonous sort of exercise in which he had been indulging on our entrance.

My guide and deliverer said nothing while the tavern-keeper was getting out the bottle, although he seemed to watch all his movements with a keen and suspicious eye. He now filled a large glass of spirits, and tossed it off at a single draught. When he had done this, he spoke for the first time.

"Johnny!"

Johnny made no answer.

"This gentleman has eaten nothing for four days."

"Indeed," replied Johnny, without looking up, or intermitting his sneaking restless walk from one corner of the room to the other.

"I said four days, d'ye hear? Four days. Bring him tea immediately, strong tea, and then make some good beef soup. The tea must be ready directly, the soup in an hour at farthest, d'ye understand? And then I want some whisky for myself, and a beef-steak and potatoes. Now, tell all that to your Sambo."

Johnny did not seem to hear, but continued his walk, creeping along with noiseless step, and each time that he turned, giving a sort of spring like a cat or a panther.

"I've money, Johnny," said my guide. "Money, man, d'ye hear?" And so saying, he produced a tolerably full purse.

For the first time Johnny raised his head, gave an indefinable sort of glance at the purse, and then springing forward, fixed his small, cunning eyes upon those of my guide, while a smile of strange meaning spread over his repulsive features.

The two men stood for the space of a minute, staring at each other, without uttering a word. An infernal grin distended Johnny's coarse mouth from ear to ear. My guide seemed to gasp for breath.

"I've money," cried he at last, striking the butt of his rifle violently on the ground. "D'ye

understand, Johnny? Money; and a rifle too, if needs be."

He stepped to the table and filled another glass of raw spirits, which disappeared like the preceding one. While he drank, Johnny stole out of the room so softly that my companion was only made aware of his departure by the noise of the wooden latch. He then came up to me, took me in his arms without saying a word, and, carrying me to the bed, laid me gently down upon it.

"You make yourself at home," snarled Johnny, who just then came in again.

"Always do that, I reckon, when I'm in a tavern," answered my guide, quietly pouring out and swallowing another glassful. "The gentleman shall have your bed to-day. You and Sambo may sleep in the pigsty. You have none though, I believe?"

"Bob!" screamed Johnny furiously.

"That's my name—Bob Rock."

"For the present," hissed Johnny with a sneer.

"The same as yours is Johnny Down," replied Bob in the same tone. "Pooh! Johnny, guess we know one another?"

"Rayther calkilate we do," replied Johnny through his teeth.

"And have done many a day," laughed Bob.

"You're the famous Bob from Sodoma in Georgia?"

"Sodoma in Alabama, Johnny. Sodoma lies in Alabama," said Bob, filling another glass. "Don't you know that yet, you who were above a year in Columbus, doin' all sorts of dirty work?"

"Better hold your tongue, Bob," said Johnny, with a dangerous look at me.

"Pooh! Don't mind him; he won't talk, I'll answer for it. He's lost the taste for chatterin' in the Jacinto prairie. But Sodoma," continued Bob, "is in Alabama, man! Columbus in Georgia. They are parted by the Chatahoochie. Ah! that was a jolly life we led on the Chatahoochie. But nothin' lasts in this world, as my old schoolmaster used to say. Pooh! They've druv the Injuns a step further over the Mississippi now. But it was a glorious life—warn't it?"

Again he filled his glass and drank.

The information I gathered from this conversation as to the previous life and habits of these two men, had nothing in it very satisfactory or reassuring to me. In the whole of the south-western states there was no place that could boast of being the resort of so many outlaws and bad characters as the town of Sodoma. It is situated, or was situated, at least, a few years previously to the time I speak of, in Alabama, on Indian ground, and was the harbour of refuge for all the murderers and out-

casts from the western and south-western parts of the Union. Here, under Indian government, they found shelter and security; and frightful were the crimes and cruelties perpetrated at this place. Scarcely a day passed without an assassination, not secretly committed, but in broad sunlight. Bands of these wretches, armed with knives and rifles, used to cross the Chatahoochie, and make inroads into Columbus; break into houses, rob, murder, ill-treat women, and then return in triumph to their dens, laden with booty, and laughing at the laws. It was useless to think of pursuing them, or of obtaining justice, for they were on Indian territory; and many of the chiefs were in league with them. At length General Jackson and the government took it up. The Indians were driven over the Mississippi, the outlaws and murderers fled, Sodoma itself disappeared; and, released from its troublesome neighbours, Columbus is now in as flourishing a state as any city in the west.

The recollections of their former life and exploits seemed highly interesting to the comrades; and their communications became more and more confidential. Johnny filled himself a glass, and the conversation soon increased in animation. I could understand little of what they said, for they spoke a sort of thieves' jargon. After a time, their voices sounded as a confused hum in my ears, the objects in the room became gradually less distinct, and I fell asleep.

I was roused, not very gently, by a mulatto woman, who poured a spoonful of tea into my mouth before I had well opened my eyes. She at first did not appear to be attending to me with any great degree of good-will; but by the time she had given me half a dozen spoonfuls her womanly sympathies began to be awakened and her manner became kinder. The tea did me an infinite deal of good, and seemed to infuse new life into my veins. I finished the cup, and the mulatto laid me down again on my pillow with far more gentleness than she had lifted me up.

"Gor! Gor!" cried she, "what poor young man! Berry weak. Him soon better. One hour, massa, good soup."

"Soup! what do you want with soup?" grumbled Johnny.

"Him take soup. I cook it," screamed the woman.

"Worse for you if she don't, Johnny," said Bob.

Johnny muttered something in reply, but I did not distinguish what it was, for my eyes closed, and I again fell asleep.

It seemed to me as if I had not been five minutes slumbering when the mulatto returned with the soup. The tea had revived me,

but this gave me strength; and when I had taken it I was able to sit up in my bed.

While the woman was feeding me, Bob was eating his breakfast. It was a piece of meat that might have sufficed for six persons, but the man seemed as hungry as if he had eaten nothing for three days. He cut off wedges half as big as his fist, swallowed them with ravenous eagerness, and, instead of bread, bit into some unpeeled potatoes. All this was washed down with glass after glass of raw spirits, which had the effect of wakening him up, and infusing a certain degree of cheerfulness into his strange humour. He still spoke more to himself than to Johnny, but his recollections seemed agreeable; he nodded self-approvingly, and sometimes laughed aloud. At last he began to abuse Johnny for being, as he said, such a sneaking, cowardly fellow—such a treacherous, false-hearted gallows-bird.

"It's true," said he, "I am gallows-bird enough myself, but then I'm open, and no man can say I'm a-fear'd; but, Johnny, Johnny, who"——

I do not know what he was about to say, for Johnny sprang towards him, and placed both hands over his mouth, receiving in return a blow that knocked him as far as the door, through which he retreated, cursing and grumbling.

I soon fell asleep again, and whilst in that state I had a confused sort of consciousness of various noises in the room, loud words, blows, and shouting. Wearied as I was, however, I believe no noise would have fully roused me, although hunger at last did.

When I opened my eyes I saw the mulatto woman sitting by my bed, and keeping off the mosquitoes. She brought me the remainder of the soup, and promised, if I would sleep a couple of hours more, to bring me a beefsteak. Before the two hours had elapsed I awoke, hungrier than ever. After I had eaten all the beefsteak the woman would allow me, which was a very moderate quantity, she brought me a beer-glass full of the most delicious punch I ever tasted. I asked her where she had got the rum and lemons, and she told me that it was she who had bought them, as well as a stock of coffee and tea; that Johnny was her partner, but that he had done nothing but build the house, and badly built it was. She then began to abuse Johnny, and said he was a gambler; and, worse still, that he had had plenty of money once, but had lost it all; that she had first known him in Lower Natchez, but he had been obliged to run away from there in the night to save his neck. Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary—and here she

made the gesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked Johnny down, and broken everything. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch plainly written on his haggard countenance. His blood-shot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; his mouth was open, and the jaws stiff and fixed; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

"In God's name, man, what do you want?"

He made no answer.

"You are in a fever. You've the ague!"

"Ay, a fever," groaned he, shivering as he spoke; "a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having."

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

"Curious that," continued he; "I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once, I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him."

His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and, striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

"Stranger, you must do me a service," said he abruptly.

"Ten rather than one," replied I; "anything that is in my power. Do I not owe you my life?"

"You're a gentleman, I see, and a Christian. You must come with me to the squire—the Alcalde."

"To the Alcalde, man! What must I go there for?"

"You'll see and hear when you get there; I've something to tell him—something for his own ear."

He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for a short time, gazing anxiously on all sides of him.

"Something," whispered he, "that nobody else must hear."

"But there's Johnny there. Why not take him?"

"Johnny!" cried he, with a scornful laugh; "Johnny! who's ten times worse than I am, bad as I be; and bad I am to be sure, but yet open and above board, always, till this time; but Johnny! he'd sell his own mother. He's a cowardly, sneakin', treacherous hound, is Johnny."

It was unnecessary to tell me this, for Johnny's character was written plainly enough upon his countenance.

"But why do you want me to go to the Alcalde?"

"Why does one want people before the judge? He's a judge, man; a Mexican one, certainly, but chosen by us Americans; and an American himself, as you and I are."

"And how soon must I go?"

"Directly. I can't bear it any longer. It leaves me no peace. Not an hour's rest have I had for the last eight days. When I go out into the prairie, the spectre stands before me and beckons me on; and if I try to go another way, he comes behind me and drives me before him under the Patriarch. I see him just as plainly as when he was alive, only paler and sadder. It seems as if I could touch him with my hand. Even the bottle is no use now; neither rum, nor whisky, nor brandy, rid me of him; it don't, by the 'tarnel.—Curious that! I got drunk yesterday—thought to get rid of him; but he came in the night and drove me out. I was obliged to go. Wouldn't let me sleep; was forced to go under the Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch? the live oak?" cried I, in astonishment.—"Were you there in the night?"

"Ay, that was I," replied he, in the same horribly confidential tone; "and the spirit threatened me, and said I will leave you no peace, Bob, till you go to the Alcalde and tell him"——

"Then I will go with you to the Alcalde, and that immediately," said I, raising myself up in bed. I could not help pitying the poor fellow from my very soul.

"Where are you going?" croaked Johnny, who at that moment glided into the room.

"Not a step shall you stir till you've paid."

"Johnny," said Bob, seizing his less powerful companion by the shoulders, lifting him up like a child, and then setting him down again with such force, that his knees cracked and bent under him;—"Johnny, this gentleman is my guest, d'ye understand? And here is the reckonin', and mind yourself, Johnny—mind yourself, that's all."

Johnny crept into a corner like a flogged

hound; the mulatto woman, however, did not seem disposed to be so easily intimidated. Sticking her arms in her sides, she waddled boldly forward.

"You not take him 'way, Massa Bob?" screamed she. "Him stop here. Him berry weak—not able for ride—not able for stand on him foot."

This was true enough. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could hardly stand upright when I got out of it.

For a moment Bob seemed undecided, but only for one moment; then, stepping up to the mulatto, he lifted her, fat and heavy as she was, in the same manner as he had done her partner, at least a foot from the ground, and carried her screaming and struggling to the door, which he kicked open. Then setting her down outside, "Silence!" roared he, "and some good strong tea instead of your cursed chatter, and a fresh beefsteak instead of your stinking carcass. That will strengthen the gentleman; so be quick about it, you old brown-skinned beast, you!"

I had slept in my clothes, and my toilet was consequently soon made, by the help of a bowl of water and towel, which Bob made Johnny bring, and then ordered him to go and get our horses ready.

A hearty breakfast of tea, butter, Indian corn bread, and steaks, increased my strength so much, that I was able to mount my mustang. I had still pains in all my limbs, but we rode slowly, the morning was bright, the air fresh and elastic, and I felt myself getting gradually better. Our path led through the prairie; the river fringed with wood, on the one hand; the vast ocean of grass, sprinkled with innumerable islands of trees, on the other. We saw abundance of game, which sprang up under the very feet of our horses; but although Bob had his rifle, he made no use of it. He muttered continually to himself, and seemed to be arranging what he should say to the judge; for I heard him talking of things which I would just as soon not have listened to, if I could have helped it. I was heartily glad when we at length reached the plantation of the Alcalde.

It seemed a very considerable one, and the size and appearance of the framework house bespoke comfort and every luxury. The building was surrounded by a group of China trees, which I should have thought about ten years of age, but which I afterwards learned had not been planted half that time, although they were already large enough to afford a very agreeable shade. Right in front of the house rose a live oak, inferior in size to the one in the prairie, but still of immense age and great beauty. To the left were some two hundred acres of cotton fields, extending to

the bank of the Jacinto, which at this spot made a sharp turn, and winding round the plantation, enclosed it on three sides. Before the house lay the prairie, with its archipelago of islands, and herds of grazing cattle and mustangs; to the right more cotton fields; and in rear of the dwelling, the negro cottages and out-buildings. There was a Sabbath-like stillness pervading the whole scene, which seemed to strike even Bob. He paused as though in deep thought, and allowed his hand to rest for a moment on the handle of the lattice door. Then with a sudden and resolute jerk, bespeaking an equally sudden resolution, he pushed open the gate, and we entered a garden planted with orange, banana, and citron trees, the path through which was enclosed between palisades, and led to a sort of front court, with another lattice-work door, beside which hung a bell. Upon ringing this, a negro appeared.

The black seemed to know Bob very well, for he nodded to him as to an old acquaintance, and said the squire wanted him, and had asked after him several times. He then led the way to a large parlour, very handsomely furnished for Texas, and in which we found the squire, or more properly speaking, the Alcalde, sitting smoking his cigar. He had just breakfasted, and the plates and dishes were still upon the table. He did not appear to be much given to compliments or ceremony, or to partake at all of the Yankee failing of curiosity, for he answered our salutation with a laconic "good-morning," and scarcely even looked at us. At the very first glance, it was easy to see that he came from Tennessee or Virginia, the only provinces in which one finds men of his gigantic mould. Even sitting, his head rose above those of the negro servants in waiting. Nor was his height alone remarkable; he had the true West-Virginian build, the enormous chest and shoulders and herculean limbs, the massive features and sharp grey eyes; altogether an exterior well calculated to impose on the rough backwoodsmen with whom he had to deal.

I was tired with my ride, and took a chair. The squire apparently did not deem me worthy of notice, or else he reserved me for a later scrutiny; but he fixed a long, searching look upon Bob, who remained standing, with his head sunk on his breast.

The judge at last broke silence.

"So here you are again, Bob. It's long since we've seen you, and I thought you had clean forgotten us. Well, Bob, we shouldn't have broke our hearts, I reckon; for I hate gamblers—ay, that I do—worse than skunks. It's a vile thing is play, and has ruined many a man in this world, and the next. It's ruined you too, Bob."

Bob said nothing.

"You'd have been mighty useful here last week; there was plenty for you to do. My step-daughter arrived; but as you weren't to be found, we had to send Joel to shoot us a buck and a couple of dozen snipes. Ah, Bob! one might still make a good citizen of you, if you'd only leave off that cursed play!"

Bob still remained silent.

"Now go into the kitchen and get some breakfast."

Bob neither answered nor moved.

"D'ye hear? Go into the kitchen and get something to eat. And Ptoly," added he to the negro, "tell Veny to give him a pint of rum."

"Don't want yer rum—ain't thirsty"—growled Bob.

"Very like, very like," said the judge, sharply. "Reckon you've taken too much already. Look as if you could swallow a wild-cat, claws and all. And you," he added, turning to me—"What the devil are you at, Ptoly? Don't you see the man wants his breakfast? Where's the coffee? Or would you rather have tea?"

"Thank you, Alcalde, I have breakfasted already."

"Don't look as if. Ain't sick, are you? Where do you come from? What's happened to you? What are you doing with Bob?"

He looked keenly and searchingly at me, and then again at Bob. My appearance was certainly not very prepossessing, unshaven as I was, and with my clothes and linen soiled and torn. He was evidently considering what could be the motive of our visit, and what had brought me into Bob's society. The result of his physiognomical observations did not appear very favourable either to me or my companion. I hastened to explain.

"You shall hear how it was, judge. I am indebted to Bob for my life."

"Your life! Indebted to Bob for your life!" repeated the judge, shaking his head incredulously.

I related how I had lost my way in the prairie; been carried into the Jacinto by my horse; and how I should inevitably have been drowned but for Bob's aid.

"Indeed!" said the judge, when I had done speaking. "So, Bob saved your life! Well, I am glad of it, Bob, very glad of it. Ah! if you could only keep away from that Johnny. I tell you, Bob, Johnny will be the ruin of you. Better keep out of his way."

"It's too late," answered Bob.

"Don't know why it should be. Never too late to leave a debauched, sinful life; never, man!"

"Calkilate it is, though," replied Bob, sullenly.

"You calculate it is?" said the judge, fixing his eyes on him. "And why do you calculate that? Take a glass—Ptoly, a glass—and tell me, man, why should it be too late?"

"I ain't thirsty, squire," said Bob.

"Don't talk to me of your thirst; rum's not for thirst, but to strengthen the heart and nerves, to drive away the blue devils. And a good thing it is taken in moderation."

As he spoke he filled himself a glass, and drank half of it off. Bob shook his head.

"No rum for me, squire. I take no pleasure in it. I've something on my mind too heavy for rum to wash away."

"And what is that, Bob? Come, let's hear what you've got to say. Or, perhaps, you'd rather speak to me alone. It's Sunday to-day, and no business ought to be done; but for once, and for you, we'll make an exception."

"I brought the gentleman with me on purpose to witness what I had to say," answered Bob, taking a cigar out of a box that stood on the table, and lighting it. He smoked a whiff or two, looked thoughtfully at the judge, and then threw the cigar through the open window.

"It don't relish, squire; nothin' does now."

"Ah, Bob! if you'd leave off play and drink! They're your ruin; worse than ague or fever."

"It's no use," continued Bob, as if he did not hear the judge's remark; "it must out. I fo't agin it, and thought to drive it away, but it can't be done. I've put a bit of lead into several before now, but this one"——

"What's that?" cried the Judge, chucking his cigar away, and looking sternly at Bob. "What's up now? What are you saying about a bit of lead? None of your Sodoma and Lower Natchez tricks, I hope? They won't do here. Don't understand such jokes."

"Pooh; they don't understand them a bit more in Natchez. If they did, I shouldn't be in Texas."

"The less said of that the better, Bob. You promised to lead a new life here; so we won't rake up old stories."

"I did, I did!" groaned Bob; "but it's all no use. I shall never be better till I'm hung."

I stared at the man in astonishment. The judge, however, took another cigar, lighted it, and, after puffing out a cloud of smoke, said, very unconcernedly—

"Not better till you're hung! What do you want to be hung for? To be sure, you should have been long ago, if the Georgia and Alabama papers don't lie. But we are not in the States here, but in Texas, under Mexican laws. It's nothing to us what you've done

yonder. Where there is no accuser there can be no judge."

"Send away the nigger, squire," said Bob. "What a free white man has to say, shouldn't be heard by black ears."

"Go away, Proly," said the judge. "Now, then," added he, turning to Bob, "say what you have to say; but mind, nobody forces you to do it, and it's only out of good will that I listen to you, for to-day's Sunday."

"I know that," muttered Bob; "I know that, squire; but it leaves me no peace, and it must out. I've been to San Felipe de Austin, to Anahuac, everywhere, but it's all no use. Wherever I go, the spectre follows me, and drives me back under the cursed Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch!" exclaimed the judge.

"Ay, under the Patriarch!" groaned Bob. "Don't you know the Patriarch, the old live oak near the ford, on the Jacinto?"

"I know, I know!" answered the judge. "And what drives you under the Patriarch?"

"What drives me? What drives a man who—who?"

"A man who"—repeated the judge, gently.

"A man," continued Bob, in the same low tone, "who has sent a rifle bullet into another's heart. He lies there, under the Patriarch, whom I"—

"Whom you?" asked the judge.

"*Whom I killed!*" said Bob, in a hollow whisper.

"Killed!" exclaimed the judge. "You killed him? Whom?"

"Ah! whom? Why don't you let me speak? You always interrupt me with your palaver," growled Bob.

"You are getting saucy, Bob," said the judge, impatiently. "Go on, however. I reckon it's only one of your usual tantrums."

Bob shook his head. The judge looked keenly at him for a moment, and then resumed in a sort of confidential, encouraging tone.

"Under the Patriarch; and how did he come under the Patriarch?"

"I dragged him there, and buried him there," replied Bob.

"Dragged him there! Why did you drag him there?"

"Because he couldn't go himself, with more than half an ounce of lead in his body."

"And *you* put the half ounce of lead into him, Bob? Well, if it was Johnny, you've done the country a service, and saved it a rope."

Bob shook his head negatively.

"It wasn't Johnny, although——But you shall hear all about it. It's just ten days since you paid me twenty dollars fifty."

"I did so, Bob; twenty dollars fifty cents; and I advised you at the same time to let the money lie till you had a couple of hundred dollars, or enough to buy a quarter or an eighth of Sitio land; but advice is thrown away upon you."

"When I got the money, I thought I'd go down to San Felipe, to the Mexicans, and try my luck; and, at the same time, see the doctor about my fever. As I was goin' there, I passed near Johnny's house, and fancied a glass, but determined not to get off my horse. I rode up to the window, and looked in. There was a man sittin' at the table, havin' a hearty good dinner of steaks and potatoes, and washin' it down with a stiff glass of grog. I began to feel hungry myself, and while I was considerin' whether I should 'light or not, Johnny came sneakin' out, and whispered to me to come in, that there was a man inside with whom somethin' might be done if we went the right way to work; a man who had a leather belt round his waist cram-full of hard Jackson; and that, if we got out the cards and pretended to play a little together, he would soon take the bait and join us.

"I wasn't much inclined to do it," continued Bob; "but Johnny bothered me so to go in, that I got off my horse. As I did so the dollars chinked in my pocket, and the sound gave me a wish to play.

"I went in; and Johnny fetched the whisky bottle. One glass followed another. There were beefsteaks and potatoes too, but I only eat a couple of mouthfuls. When I had drank two, three, ay, four glasses, Johnny brought the cards and dice. 'Hallo, Johnny!' says I; 'cards and dice, Johnny! I've twenty dollars fifty in my pocket. Let's have a game! But no more drink for me; for I know you, Johnny, I know you'——

"Johnny larfed slyly, and rattled the dice, and we sat down to play. I hadn't meant to drink any more, but play makes one thirsty; and with every glass I got more eager, and my dollars got fewer. I reckoned, however, that the stranger would join us, and that I should be able to win back from him; but not a bit of it: he sat quite quiet, and eat and drank as if he didn't see we were there. I went on playin' madder than ever, and before half an hour was over, I was cleaned out; my twenty dollars fifty gone to the devil, or what's the same thing, into Johnny's pocket.

"When I found myself without a cent, I *was* mad, I reckon. It warn't the first time, nor the hundredth, that I had lost money. Many bigger sums than that—ay, hundreds and thousands of dollars had I played away—but they had none of them cost me the hundredth or thousandth part of the trouble to get that these twenty dollars fifty had; two full

months had I been slavin' away in the woods and prairies to airn them, and I caught the fever there. The fever I had still, but no money to cure it with. Johnny only larfed in my face, and rattled my dollars. I made a hit at him, which, if he hadn't jumped on one side, would have cured him of larfin' for a week or two.

"Presently, however, he came sneakin' up to me, and winkin' and whisperin'; and, 'Bob!' says he, 'is it come to that with you? are you grown so chicken-hearted that you don't see the beltful of money round his body?' said he, lookin' at it. 'No end of hard coin, I guess; and all to be had for little more than half an ounce of lead.'"

"Did he say that?" asked the judge.

"Ay, that did he, but I wouldn't listen to him. I was mad with him for winning my twenty dollars; and I told him that, if he wanted the stranger's purse, he might take it himself, and be d——d; that I wasn't goin' to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire for him. And I got on my horse, and rode away like mad.

"My head spun round like a mill. I couldn't get over my loss. I took the twenty dollars fifty more to heart than any money I had ever gambled. I didn't know where to go. I didn't dare go back to you, for I knew you'd scold me."

"I shouldn't have scolded you, Bob; or, if I had, it would only have been for your good. I should have summoned Johnny before me, called together a jury of twelve of the neighbours, got you back your twenty dollars fifty, and sent Johnny out of the country; or, better still, out of the world."

These words were spoken with much phlegm, but yet with a degree of feeling and sympathy, which greatly improved my opinion of the worthy judge. Bob also seemed touched. He drew a deep sigh, and gazed at the Alcalde with a melancholy look.

"It's too late," muttered he; "too late, squire."

"Perhaps not," replied the judge; "but let's hear the rest."

"Well," continued Bob, "I kept riding on at random, and when evenin' came I found myself near the palmetta field on the bank of the Jacinto. As I was ridin' past it, I heard all at once the tramp of a horse. At that moment the queerest feelin' I ever had came over me; a sort of cold shiverin' feel. I forgot where I was; sight and hearin' left me; I could only see two things, my twenty dollars fifty, and the well-filled belt of the stranger I had left at Johnny's. Just then a voice called to me.

"'Whence come, countryman, and whither going?' it said.

"'Whence and whither,' answered I, as surly as could be; 'to the devil at a gallop, and you'd better ride on and tell him I'm comin'.'"

"'You can do the errand yourself,' answered the stranger larfin'; 'my road don't lie that way.'"

"As he spoke, I looked round, and saw, what I was pretty sure of before, that it was the man with the belt full of money.

"'Ain't you the stranger I see'd in the inn yonder?' asked he.

"'And if I am,' says I; 'what's that to you?'"

"'Nothin',' said he; 'nothin', certainly.'"

"'Better ride on,' says I; 'and leave me quiet.'"

"'Will so, stranger; but you needn't take it so mighty onkind. A word ain't a tomahawk, I reckon,' said he. 'But I rayther expect your losin's at play ain't put you in a very church-goin' humour; and, if I was you, I'd keep my dollars in my pocket, and not set them on cards and dice.'"

"This put me in a rile to hear him cast my losin's in my teeth that way.

"'You're a nice feller,' said I, 'to throw a man's losses in his face. A pitiful chap you are,' says I.

"I thought to provoke him, and that he'd tackle me. But he seemed to have no fancy for a fight, for he said, quite humble-like—

"'I throw nothin' in your face; God forbid that I should reproach you with your losses! I'm sorry for you, on the contrary. Don't look like a man who can afford to lose his dollars. Seem to me one who airns his money by hard work.'"

"We were just then halted at the further end of the cane brake, close to the trees that border the Jacinto. I had turned my horse, and was frontin' the stranger. And all the time the devil was busy whisperin' to me, and pointin' to the belt round the man's waist. I could see where it was, plain enough, though he had buttoned his coat over it.

"'Hard work, indeed,' says I; 'and now I've lost everything; not a cent left for a quid of baccy.'"

"'If that's all,' says he; 'there's help for that. I don't chew myself, and I ain't a rich man; I've wife and children, and want every cent I've got, but it's one's duty to help a countryman. You shall have money for tobacco and a dram.'"

"And so sayin', he took a purse out of his pocket, in which he carried his change. It was pretty full; there may have been some twenty dollars in it; and as he drew the string, it was as if the devil laughed and nodded to me out of the openin' of the purse.

"'Halves!' cried I.

"'No, not that,' says he; 'I've wife and child, and what I have belongs to them; but half a dollar'——

"'Halves!' cried I again; 'or else'——

"'Or else?' repeated he; and, as he spoke, he put the purse back into his pocket, and laid hold of the rifle which was slung on his shoulder.

"'Don't force one to do you a mischief,' said he. 'Don't,' says he; 'we might both be sorry for it! What you're thinkin' of brings no blessin'.'

"'I was past seein' or hearin'. A thousand devils from hell were possessin' me.

"'Halves!' I yelled out; and, as I said the word, he sprang out of the saddle, and fell back over his horse's crupper to the ground.

"'I'm a dead man!' cried he; as well as the rattle in his throat would let him. 'God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!'"

Bob paused; he gasped for breath, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead. He gazed wildly round the room. The judge himself looked very pale. I tried to rise, but sank back in my chair. Without the table I believe I should have fallen to the ground.

There was a gloomy pause of some moments' duration. At last the judge broke silence.

"A hard, hard case!" said he. "Father, mother, children, all at one blow. Bob, you are a bad fellow; a very bad fellow; a great villain!"

"A great villain," groaned Bob. "The ball was gone right through his breast."

"Perhaps your gun went off by accident," said the judge, anxiously. "Perhaps it was his own ball."

Bob shook his head.

"I see him now, judge, as plain as can be, when he said, 'Don't force me to do you a mischief. We might both be sorry for it.' But I pulled the trigger. His bullet is still in his rifle.

"When I saw him lie dead before me, I can't tell you what I felt. It warn't the first I had sent to his account; but yet I would have given all the purses and money in the world to have had him alive agin. I must have dragged him under the Patriarch, and dug a grave with my huntin' knife; for I found him there afterwards."

"You found him there?" repeated the judge.

"Yes. I don't know how he came there. I must have brought him, but I recollect nothin' about it."

The judge had risen from his chair, and was walking up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly he stopped short.

"What have you done with his money?"

"I took his purse, but buried his belt with him, as well as a flask of rum, and some bread and beef he had brought away from Johnny's. I set out for San Felipe, and rode the whole day. In the evenin' when I looked about me, expectin' to see the town, where do you think I was?"

The judge and I stared at him.

"Under the Patriarch. The ghost of the murdered man had driven me there. I had no peace till I'd dug him up and buried him again. Next day I set off in another direction. I was out of tobacco, and I started across the prairie to Anahuac. Lord, what a day I passed! Wherever I went, *he* stood before me. If I turned, *he* turned too. Sometimes he came behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I spurred my mustang till the blood came, hopin' to get away from him, but it was all no use. I thought when I got to Anahuac I should be quit of him, and I galloped on as if for life or death. But in the evenin' instead of bein' close to the salt-works as I expected, there I was agin, under the Patriarch. I dug him up a second time, and sat and stared at him, and then buried him agin."

"Queer that," observed the judge.

"Ay, very queer!" said Bob, mournfully. "But it's all no use. Nothin' does me any good. I sha'n't be better—I shall never have peace till I'm hung."

Bob evidently felt relieved now; he had in a manner passed sentence on himself. Strange as it may appear, I had a similar feeling, and could not help nodding my head approvingly. The judge alone preserved an unmoved countenance.

"Indeed!" said he "indeed! You think you'll be no better till you're hung."

"Yes," answered Bob, with eager haste. "Hung on the same tree under which *he* lies buried."

"Well, if you will have it so, we'll see what can be done for you. We'll call a jury of the neighbours together to-morrow."

"Thank ye, squire," murmured Bob, visibly comforted by this promise.

"We'll summon a jury," repeated the Alcalde, "and see what can be done for you. You'll perhaps have changed your mind by that time."

I stared at him like one fallen from the clouds, but he did not seem to notice my surprise.

"There is, perhaps, another way to get rid of your life, if you are tired of it," he continued. "We might, perhaps, hit upon one that would satisfy your conscience."

Bob shook his head. I involuntarily made the same movement.

"At any rate, we'll hear what the neighbours say," added the judge.

Bob stepped up to the judge, and held out his hand to bid him farewell. The other did not take it, and turning to me, said—"You had better stop here, I think."

Bob turned round impetuously.

"The gentleman must come with me."

"Why must he?" said the judge.

"Ask himself."

I again explained the obligations I was under to Bob; how we had fallen in with one another; and what care and attention he had shown me at Johnny's.

The judge nodded approvingly. "Nevertheless," said he, "you will remain here, and Bob will go alone. You are in a state of mind, Bob, in which a man is better alone, d'ye see; and so leave the young man here. Another misfortune might happen; and, at any rate, he's better here than at Johnny's. Come back to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done for you."

These words were spoken in a decided manner, which seemed to have its effect upon Bob. He nodded assentingly, and left the room. I remained staring at the judge, and lost in wonder at these strange proceedings.

When Bob was gone, the Alcalde gave a blast on a shell, which supplied the place of a bell. Then seizing the cigar box, he tried one cigar after another, broke them peevishly up, and threw the pieces out of the window. The negro whom the shell had summoned, stood for some time waiting, while his master broke up the cigars, and threw them away. At last the judge's patience seemed quite to leave him.

"Hark ye, Ptoly!" growled he to the frightened black, "the next time you bring me cigars that neither draw nor smoke, I'll make your back smoke for it. Mind that, now;—there's not a single one of them worth a rotten maize stalk. Tell that old coffee-coloured hag of Johnny's, that I'll have no more of her cigars. Ride over to Mr. Ducie's and fetch a box. And, d'ye hear? Tell him I want to speak a word with him and the neighbours. Ask him to bring the neighbours with him to-morrow morning. And mind you're home again by two o'clock. Take the mustang we caught last week. I want to see how he goes."

The negro listened to these various commands with open mouth and staring eyes, then giving a perplexed look at his master, shot out of the room.

"Where away, Ptoly?" shouted the Alcalde after him.

"To Massa Ducie."

"Without a pass, Ptoly? And what are you going to say to Mr. Ducie?"

"Him nebber send bad cigar again, him coffee-cullud hag. Massa speak to Johnny and neighbours. Johnny bring neighbours here."

"I thought as much," said the judge, with perfect equanimity. "Wait a minute; I'll write the pass, and a couple of lines for Mr. Ducie."

This was soon done, and the negro dispatched on his errand. The judge waited till he heard the sound of his horse's feet galloping away, and then, laying hold of the box of despised cigars, lit the first which came to hand. It smoked capitally, as did also one that I took. They were Principes, and as good as I ever tasted.

I passed the whole of that day *tête-à-tête* with the judge, who, I soon found, knew various friends of mine in the States. I told him the circumstances under which I had come to Texas, and the intention I had of settling there, should I find the country to my liking. During our long conversation, I was able to form a very different, and much more favourable estimate of his character, than I had done from his interview with Bob. He was the very man to be useful to a new country; of great energy, sound judgment, enlarged and liberal views. He gave me some curious information as to the state of things in Texas; and did not think it necessary to conceal from me, as an American, and one who intended settling in the country, that there was a plan in agitation for throwing off the Mexican yoke, and declaring Texas an independent republic. The high-spirited, and, for the most part, intelligent emigrants from the United States, who formed a very large majority of the population of Texas, saw themselves, with no very patient feeling, under the rule of a people both morally and physically inferior to themselves. They looked with contempt, and justly so, on the bigoted, idle, and ignorant Mexicans, while the difference of religion, and the interference of the priests, served to increase the dislike between the Spanish and Anglo-American races.

Although the project was as yet not quite ripe for execution, it was discussed freely and openly by the American settlers. "It is the interest of every man to keep it secret," said the judge; "and there can be nothing to induce even the worst among us to betray a cause, by the success of which he is sure to profit. We have many bad—characters in Texas, the offscourings of the United States, men like Bob, or far worse than him; but debauched, gambling, drunken villains though they be, they are the men we want when it

comes to a struggle; and when that time arrives, they will all be found ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, use knife and rifle, and shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their fellow-citizens, and of the new and independent republic of Texas. At this moment, we must wink at many things which would be severely punished in an older and more settled country; each man's arm is of immense value to the State; for, on the day of battle, we shall have, not two to one, but twenty to one opposed to us."

I was awakened the following morning by the sound of a horse's feet; and, looking out of the window, saw Bob dismounting from his mustang. The last twenty-four hours had told fearfully upon him. His limbs seemed powerless, and he reeled and staggered in such a manner, that I at first thought him intoxicated. But such was not the case. His was the deadly weariness caused by mental anguish. He looked like one just taken off the rack.

Hastily putting on my clothes, I hurried down stairs, and opened the house door. Bob stood with his head resting on his horse's neck, and his hands crossed, shivering and groaning. When I spoke to him, he looked up, but did not seem to know me. I tied his horse to a post, and taking his hand, led him into the house. He followed like a child, apparently without the will or the power to resist; and when I placed him a chair, he fell into it with a weight that made it crack under him, and shook the house. I could not get him to speak, and was about to return to my room to complete my toilet, when I again heard the tramp of mustangs. This was a party of half a dozen horsemen, all dressed in hunting shirts over buckskin breeches and jackets, and armed with rifles and bowie-knives; stout, daring-looking fellows, evidently from the south-western States, with the true Kentucky half horse half alligator profile, and the usual allowance of thunder, lightning, and earthquake. It struck me, when I saw them, that two or three thousand such men would have small difficulty in dealing with a whole army of Mexicans, if the latter were all of the pigmy, spindle-shanked breed I had seen on first landing. These giants could easily have walked away with a Mexican in each hand.

They jumped off their horses, and threw the bridles to the negroes in the usual Kentuckian devil-may-care style, and then walked into the house with the air of people who make themselves at home everywhere, and who knew themselves to be more masters in Texas than the Mexicans themselves. On entering the parlour, they nodded a "good morning" to me, rather coldly to be sure, for

they had seen me talking with Bob, which probably did not much recommend me. Presently, four more horsemen rode up, and then a third party, so that there were now fourteen of them assembled, all decided-looking men, in the prime of life and strength. The judge, who slept in an adjoining room, had been awakened by the noise. I heard him jump out of bed, and not three minutes elapsed before he entered the parlour.

After he had shaken hands with all his visitors, he presented me to them, and I found that I was in the presence of no less important persons than the Ayuntamiento of San Felipe de Austin; and that two of my worthy countrymen were corregidores, one a procurador, and the others *buenos hombres*, or freeholders. They did not seem, however, to prize their titles much, for they addressed one another by their surnames only.

The negro brought a light, opened the cigar box, and arranged the chairs; the judge pointed to the sideboard, and to the cigars, and then sat down. Some took a dram, others lit a cigar.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the men sat in perfect silence, as if they were collecting their thoughts, or, as though it were undignified to show any haste or impatience to speak. This grave sort of deliberation which is met with among certain classes, and in certain provinces of the Union, has often struck me as a curious feature of our national character. It partakes of the stoical dignity of the Indian at his council fire, and of the stern, religious gravity of the early puritan settlers in America.

During this pause, Bob was writhing on his chair like a worm, his face concealed by his hands, his elbows on his knees. At last, when all had drank and smoked, the judge laid down his cigar.

"Men!" said he.

"Squire!" answered they.

"We've a business before us, which I calculate will be best explained by him whom it concerns."

The men looked at the squire, then at Bob, then at me.

"Bob Rock! or whatever your name may be, if you have aught to say, say it!" continued the judge.

"Said it all yesterday," muttered Bob, his face still covered by his hands.

"Yes, but you must say it again to-day. Yesterday was Sunday, and Sunday is a day of rest, and not of business. I will neither judge you, nor allow you to be judged, by what you said yesterday. Besides, it was all between ourselves, for I don't reckon on Mr. Rivers as anything; I count him still as a stranger."

"What's the use of so much palaver, when the thing's plain enough?" said Bob peevishly, raising his head as he spoke.

The men stared at him in grave astonishment. He was really frightful to behold; his face of a sort of blue tint; his cheeks hollow; his beard wild and ragged; his blood-shot eyes rolling, and deep sunk in their sockets. His appearance was scarcely human.

"I tell you again," said the judge, "I will condemn no man upon his own word alone; much less you, who have been in my service, and eaten of my bread. You accused yourself yesterday, but you were delirious at the time—you had the fever upon you."

"It's no use, squire," said Bob, apparently touched by the kindness of the judge. "You mean well, I see; but though you might deliver me out of men's hands, you couldn't rescue me from myself. It's no use—I must be hung—hung on the same tree under which the man I killed lies buried."

The men, or the jurors, as I may call them, looked at one another, but said nothing.

"It's no use," again cried Bob, in a shrill, agonized tone. "If he had attacked me, or only threatened me; but no, he didn't do it. I hear his words still, when he said, 'Do it not, man! I've wife and child. What you intend, brings no blessin' on the doer.' But I heard nothin' then except the voice of the devil; I brought the rifle down—levelled—fired."

The man's agony was so intense, that even the iron-featured jury seemed moved by it. They cast sharp, but stolen glances at Bob. There was a short silence.

"So you have killed a man?" said a deep bass voice at last.

"Ay, that have I!" gasped Bob.

"And how came that?" continued his questioner.

"How it came? You must ask the devil, or Johnny. No, not Johnny, he can tell you nothing; he was not there. No one can tell you but me; and I hardly know how it was. The man was at Johnny's, and Johnny showed me his belt full of money."

"Johnny!" exclaimed several of the jury.

"Ay, Johnny! He reckoned on winning it from him, but the man was too cautious for that; and when Johnny had plucked all my feathers, won my twenty dollars fifty"—

"Twenty dollars fifty cents," interposed the judge, "which I paid him for catching mustangs and shooting game."

The men nodded.

"And then because he wouldn't play, you shot him?" asked the same deep-toned voice as before.

"No—some hours after—by the Jacinto,

near the Patriarch—met him down there, and killed him."

"Thought there was something out o' the common thereaway," said one of the jury; "for as we rode by the tree a whole nation of kites and turkey buzzards flew out. Didn't they, Mr. Heart?"

Mr. Heart nodded.

"Met him by the river, and cried, halves of his money," continued Bob mechanically. "He said he'd give me something to buy a quid, and more than enough for that, but not halves. 'I've a wife and child,' said he"—

"And you?" asked the juror with the deep voice, which this time, however, had a hollow sound in it.

"Shot him down," said Bob, with a wild hoarse laugh.

For some time no word was spoken.

"And who was the man?" said a juror at last.

"Didn't ask him; and it warn't written on his face. He was from the States; but whether a hoosier, or a buckeye, or a mudhead, is more than I can say."

"The thing must be investigated, Alcalde," said another of the jury after a second pause.

"It must so," answered the Alcalde.

"What's the good of so much investigation?" grumbled Bob.

"What good?" repeated the Alcalde. "Because we owe it to ourselves, to the dead man, and to you, not to sentence you without having held an inquest on the body. There's another thing which I must call your attention to," continued he, turning to the jury; "the man is half out of his mind—not *compos mentis*, as they say. He's got the fever, and had it when he did the deed; he was urged on by Johnny, and maddened by his losses at play. In spite of his wild excitement, however, he saved that gentleman's life yonder, Mr. Edward Nathaniel Rivers."

"Did he so?" said one of the jury.

"That did he," replied I, "not only by saving me from drowning when my horse dragged me, half dead and helpless, into the river, but also by the care and attention he forced Johnny and his mulatto to bestow upon me. Without him I should not be alive at this moment."

Bob gave me a look which went to my heart. The tears were standing in his eyes. The jury heard me in deep silence.

"It seems that Johnny led you on and excited you to this?" said one of the jurors.

"I didn't say that. I only said that he pointed to the man's money bag, and said—But what is it to you what Johnny said? I'm the man who did it. I speak for myself, and I'll be hanged for myself."

"All very good, Bob," interposed the *Alcalde*; "but we can't hang you without being sure you deserve it. What do you say to it, Mr. Whyte? You're the procurador—and you, Mr. Heart and Mr. Stone? Help yourselves to rum or brandy; and Mr. Bright and Irwin, take another cigar. They're considerable tolerable the cigars—ain't they? That's brandy, Mr. Whyte, in the diamond bottle."

Mr. Whyte had got up to give his opinion, as I thought; but I was mistaken. He stepped to the sideboard, took up a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, every movement being performed with the greatest deliberation.

"Well, squire," said he, "or rather *Alcalde*"

After the word *Alcalde*, he filled the glass half full of rum.

"If it's as we've heard," added he, pouring about a spoonful of water on the rum, "and Bob has killed the man"—he continued, throwing in some lumps of sugar—"murdered him"—he went on, crushing the sugar with a wooden stamp—"I rather calkilate"—here he raised the glass—"Bob ought to be hung," he concluded, putting the tumbler to his mouth and emptying it.

The jurors nodded in silence. Bob drew a deep breath, as if a load were taken off his breast.

"Well," said the judge, who did not look over well pleased; "if you all think so, and Bob is agreed, I calculate we must do as he wishes. I tell you, though, I don't do it willingly. At any rate we must find the dead man first, and examine Johnny. We owe that to ourselves and to Bob."

"Certainly," said the jury with one voice.

"You are a dreadful murderer, Bob, a very considerable one," continued the judge; "but I tell you to your face, and not to flatter you, there is more good in your little finger than in Johnny's whole hide. And I'm sorry for you, because, at the bottom, you are not a bad man, though you've been led away by bad company and example. I calculate you might still be reformed, and made very useful—more so, perhaps, than you think. Your rifle's a capital good one."

At these last words the men all looked up, and threw a keen inquiring glance at Bob.

"You might be of great service," continued the judge encouragingly, "to the country and to your fellow-citizens. You're worth a dozen Mexicans any day."

While the judge was speaking, Bob let his head fall on his breast, and seemed reflecting. He now looked up.

"I understand, squire; I see what you're drivin' at. But I can't do it—I can't wait so long. My life's a burthen and a sufferin' to me. Wherever I go, by day or by night, he's

always there, standin' before me, and drivin' me under the Patriarch."

There was a pause of some duration. The judge resumed.

"So be it, then," said he with a sort of suppressed sigh. "We'll see the body to-day, Bob, and you may come to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Couldn't it be sooner?" asked Bob impatiently.

"Why sooner? Are you in such a hurry?" asked Mr. Heart.

"What's the use of palaverin'?" said Bob sulkily. "I told you already I'm sick of my life. If you don't come till ten o'clock, by the time you've had your talk out and ridden to the Patriarch, the fever'll be upon me."

"But we can't be flying about like a parcel of wild geese, because of your fever," said the procurador.

"Certainly not," said Bob humbly.

"It's an ugly customer the fever, though, Mr. Whyte," observed Mr. Trace; "and I calculate we ought to do him that pleasure. What do you think, squire?"

"I reckon he's rather indiscreet in his askin's," said the judge, in a tone of vexation. "However, if he wishes it, and if it is agreeable to you," added he, turning to the *Ayuntamiento*; "and as it's you, Bob, I calculate we must do what you ask."

"Thankee," said Bob.

"Nothing to thank for," growled the judge. "And now go into the kitchen and get a good meal of roast beef, d'ye hear?" He knocked upon the table. "Some good roast beef for Bob," said he to a negress who entered; "and see that he eats it. And get yourself dressed more decently, Bob—like a white man and a Christian, not like a wild redskin."

The negress and Bob left the room. The conversation now turned upon Johnny, who appeared, from all accounts, to be a very bad and dangerous fellow; and after a short discussion, they agreed to lynch him, in backwoodsman's phrase, just as coolly as if they had been talking of catching a mustang. When the men had come to this satisfactory conclusion, they got up, drank the judge's health and mine, shook us by the hand, and left the room and the house.

The day passed more heavily than the preceding one. I was too much engrossed with the strange scene I had witnessed to talk much. The judge, too, was in a very bad humour. He was vexed that a man should be hung who might render the country much and good service if he remained alive. That Johnny, the miserable, cowardly, treacherous Johnny, should be sent out of the world as quickly as possible, was perfectly correct, but with Bob it was very different. In vain did

I remind him of the crime of which Bob had been guilty—of the outraged laws of God and man—and of the atonement due. It was no use. If Bob had sinned against society, he could repair his fault much better by remaining alive than by being hung; and, for anything else, God would avenge it in his own good time. We parted for the night, neither of us convinced by the other's arguments.

We were sitting at breakfast the next morning, when a man, dressed in black, rode up to the door. It was Bob, but so metamorphosed that I scarcely knew him. Instead of the torn and bloodstained handkerchief round his head, he wore a hat; instead of the leathern jacket, a decent cloth coat. He had shaved off his beard too, and looked quite another man. His manner had altered with his dress; he seemed tranquil and resigned. With a mild and submissive look, he held out his hand to the judge, who took and shook it heartily.

"Ah, Bob!" said he, "if you had only listened to what I so often told you! I had those clothes brought on purpose from New Orleans, in order that, on Sundays at least, you might look like a decent and respectable man. How often have I asked you to put them on, and come with us to meeting, to hear Mr. Bliss preach? There is some truth in the saying, that the coat makes the man. With his Sunday coat, a man often puts on other and better thoughts. If that had been your case only fifty-two times in the year, you'd have learned to avoid Johnny before now."

Bob said nothing.

"Well, well! I've done all I could to make a better man of you. All that was in my power."

"That you have," answered Bob, much moved. "God reward you for it!"

I could not help holding out my hand to the worthy judge; and as I did so I thought I saw a moistness in his eye, which he suppressed, however, and, turning to the breakfast table, bade us sit down. Bob thanked him humbly, but declined, saying that he wished to appear fasting before his offended Creator. The judge insisted, and reasoned with him, and at last he took a chair.

Before we had done breakfast our friends of the preceding day began to drop in, and some of them joined us at the meal. When they had all taken what they chose, the judge ordered the negroes to clear away, and leave the room. This done, he seated himself at the upper end of the table, with the Ayuntamientos on either side, and Bob facing him.

"Mr. Whyte," said the Alcalde, "have you, as procurador, anything to state?"

"Yes, Alcalde," replied the procurador.

"In virtue of my office, I made a search in the place mentioned by Bob Rock, and there found the body of a man who had met his death by a gunshot wound. I also found a belt full of money, and several letters of recommendation to different planters, from which it appears that the man was on his way from Illinois to San Felipe, in order to buy land of Colonel Austin, and to settle in Texas."

The procurador then produced a pair of saddle-bags, out of which he took a leathern belt stuffed with money, which he laid on the table, together with the letters. The judge opened the belt, and counted the money. It amounted to upwards of five hundred dollars, in gold and silver. The procurador then read the letters.

One of the corregidores now announced that Johnny and his mulatto had left their house and fled. He, the corregidor, had sent people in pursuit of them; but as yet there were no tidings of their capture. This piece of intelligence seemed to vex the judge greatly, but he made no remark on it at the time.

"Bob Rock!" cried he.

Bob stepped forward.

"Bob Rock, or by whatever other name you may be known, are you guilty or not guilty of this man's death?"

"Guilty!" replied Bob, in a low tone.

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you be pleased to give your verdict?"

The jury left the room. In ten minutes they returned.

"Guilty!" said the foreman.

"Bob Rock," said the judge solemnly, "your fellow-citizens have found you guilty; and I pronounce the sentence—that you be hung by the neck until you are dead. The Lord be merciful to your soul!"

"Amen!" said all present.

"Thank ye," murmured Bob.

"We will seal up the property of the deceased," said the judge, "and then proceed to our painful duty."

He called for a light, and he and the procurador and corregidores sealed up the papers and money.

"Has any one aught to allege why the sentence should not be put in execution?" said the Alcalde, with a glance at me.

"He saved my life, judge and fellow-citizens," cried I, deeply moved.

Bob shook his head mournfully.

"Let us go, then, in God's name," said the judge.

Without another word being spoken, we left the house and mounted our horses. The judge had brought a Bible with him; and he rode on, a little in front, with Bob, doing his best to prepare him for the eternity.

to which he was hastening. Bob listened attentively for some time; but at last he seemed to get impatient, and pushed his mustang into so fast a trot, that for a moment we suspected him of wishing to escape the doom he had so eagerly sought. But it was only that he feared the fever might return before the expiration of the short time he yet had to live.

After an hour's ride, we came to the enormous live oak distinguished as *the Patriarch*. Two or three of the men dismounted, and held aside the heavy moss-covered branches which swept the ground, and formed a complete curtain round the tree. The party rode through the opening thus made, and drew up in a circle beneath the huge leafy dome. In the centre of this ring stood Bob, trembling like an aspen-leaf, and with his eyes fixed on a small mound of fresh earth, partly concealed by the branches, and which had escaped my notice on my former visit to the tree. It was the grave of the murdered man.

A magnificent burial-place was that; no poet could have dreamt or desired a better. Above, the huge vault, with its natural frettings and arches; below, the greenest, freshest grass; around, an eternal half light, streaked and varied, and radiant as a rainbow. It was imposingly beautiful.

Bob, the judge, and the corregidors, remained sitting on their horses, but several of the other men dismounted. One of the latter cut the lasso from Bob's saddle, and threw an end of it over one of the lowermost branches; then uniting the two ends, formed them into a strong noose, which he left dangling from the bough. This simple preparation completed, the Alcalde took off his hat and folded his hands. The others followed his example.

"Bob!" said the judge to the unfortunate criminal, whose head was bowed on his horse's mane; "Bob! we will pray for your poor soul, which is about to part from your sinful body."

Bob raised his head. "I had something to say," exclaimed he, in a wondering and husky tone. "Something I wanted to say?"

"What have you to say?"

Bob stared around him; his lips moved, but no words escaped him. His spirit was evidently no longer with things of this earth.

"Bob!" said the judge again, "we will pray for your soul."

"Pray! pray!" groaned he. "I shall need it."

In slow and solemn accents, and with great feeling, the judge uttered the Lord's Prayer. Bob repeated every word after him. When it was ended—

"God be merciful to your soul!" exclaimed the judge.

"Amen!" said all present.

One of the corregidors now passed the noose of the lasso round Bob's neck, another

bound his eyes, a third person drew his feet out of the stirrups, while a fourth stepped behind his horse with a heavy riding-whip. All was done in the deepest silence; not a word was breathed; not a footfall heard on the soft yielding turf. There was something awful and oppressive in the profound stillness that reigned in the vast enclosure.

The whip fell. The horse gave a spring forwards. At the same moment Bob made a desperate clutch at the bridle, and a loud "Hold!" burst in shrilling tones from the lips of the judge.

It was too late; Bob was already hanging. The judge pushed forward, nearly riding down the man who held the whip, and seizing Bob in his arms, raised him on his own horse, supporting him with one hand, while with the other he strove to unfasten the noose. His whole gigantic frame trembled with eagerness and exertion. The procurador, corregidors, all, in short, stood in open-mouthed wonder at this strange proceeding.

"Whisky! whisky! Has nobody any whisky?" shouted the judge.

One of the men sprang forward with a whisky-flask, another supported the body, and a third the feet, of the half-hanged man, while the judge poured a few drops of spirits into his mouth. The cravat, which had not been taken off, had hindered the breaking of the neck. Bob at last opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around him.

"Bob," said the judge, "you had something to say, hadn't you, about Johnny?"

"Johnny," gasped Bob, "Johnny."

"What's become of him?"

"He's gone to San Antonio, Johnny."

"To San Antonio!" repeated the judge, with an expression of great alarm overspreading his features.

"To San Antonio—to Padre José," continued Bob; "a Catholic. Beware!"

"A traitor, then!" muttered several.

"Catholic!" exclaimed the judge. The words he had heard seemed to deprive him of all strength. His arms fell slowly and gradually by his side, and Bob was again hanging from the lasso.

"A Catholic! a traitor!" repeated several of the men; "a citizen and a traitor!"

"So it is, men!" exclaimed the judge. "We've no time to lose," continued he, in a harsh, hurried voice; "no time to lose; we must catch him."

"That must we," said several voices, "or our plans are betrayed to the Mexicans."

"After him immediately to San Antonio!" cried the judge, with the same desperately hurried manner.

"To San Antonio!" repeated the men, pushing their way through the curtain of

moss and branches. As soon as they were outside, those who were dismounted sprang into the saddle, and, without another word, the whole party galloped away in the direction of San Antonio.

The judge alone remained, seemingly lost in thought; his countenance pale and anxious, and his eyes following the riders. His revery, however, had lasted but a very few seconds, when he seized my arm.

"Hasten to my house," cried he; "lose no time, don't spare horse-flesh. Take Ptoley and a fresh beast; hurry over to San Felipe, and tell Stephen Austin what has happened, and what you have seen and heard."

"But, judge"——

"Off with you at once, if you would do Texas a service. Bring my wife and daughter back."

And so saying, he literally drove me from under the tree, pushing me out with hands and feet. I was so startled at the expression of violent impatience and anxiety which his features assumed, that, without venturing to make further objection, I struck the spurs into my mustang and galloped off.

Before I had got fifty yards from the tree, I looked round. The judge had disappeared.

I rode full speed to the judge's house, and thence on a fresh horse to San Felipe, where I found Colonel Austin, who seemed much alarmed by the news I brought him, had horses saddled, and sent round to all the neighbours. Before the wife and step-daughter of the judge had made their preparations to accompany me home, he started with fifty armed men in the direction of San Antonio.

I escorted the ladies to their house, but scarcely had we arrived there, when I was seized with a fever, the result of my recent fatigues and sufferings. For some days my life was in danger, but at last a good constitution, and the kindest and most watchful nursing, triumphed over the disease. As soon as I was able to mount a horse, I set out for Mr. Neal's plantation, in company with his huntsman Anthony, who, after spending many days, and riding over hundreds of miles of ground in quest of me, had at last found me out.

Our way led us past the Patriarch, and, as we approached it, we saw innumerable birds of prey, and carrion crows circling round it, croaking and screaming. I turned my eyes in another direction; but, nevertheless, I felt a strange sort of longing to revisit the tree. Anthony had ridden on, and was already hidden from view behind its branches. Presently I heard him give a loud shout of exultation. I jumped off my horse, and led it through a small opening in the leafage.

Some forty paces from me the body of a man was hanging by a lasso from the very same branch on which Bob had been hung. It was not Bob, however, for the corpse was much too short and small for him.

I drew nearer. "Johnny!" I exclaimed. "That's Johnny!"

"It was," answered Anthony. "Thank Heaven, there's an end of him!"

I shuddered. "But where is Bob?"

"Bob?" cried Anthony. "Bob?"

He glanced towards the grave. The mound of earth seemed to me larger and higher than when I had last seen it. Doubtless the murderer lay beside his victim.

"Shall we not render the last service to this wretch, Anthony?" asked I.

"The scoundrel!" answered the huntsman. "I won't dirty my hands with him. Let him poison the kites and the crows!"

We rode on.

A FOREST HOME.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THEY call our dwelling lonely, but they err;

We have companions in the very winds

That wake the oak's rich murmurs, and that stir

The pine-tree's solemn branches; on our minds
Fall images of beauty day by day;

And sounds of wildest, natural music mould
Our inmost thoughts to peace, and steal away

All fancies that might make the heart grow cold.

The glory the autumnal sunset brings,

The shadows of the changeful clouds that sweep
Above the trees, as o'er the lyre's sweet strings

Runneth a master-hand, arousing deep,
Undreamed-of harmony; the varied woods,

That like a wreath of triumph crown yon hill;—
All these have power to cheer our sadder moods,
And make our hours of joy more joyful still.

Alas! these words are all too cold and weak,

They tell but of our joy the lesser part;

Would that a voice were given us to speak

The hidden music breathing at the heart,

The thousand lovely thoughts that leap to life,

And, like sweet spirits, haunt this solitude,—

The freedom, the forgetfulness of strife,—

Pain soothed, grief hushed, and care almost
subdued.

Deem not it is in vain that daily thus

The soul holds commune with the beautiful;

Not only all the past had left with us

Of sorrow or of care, grows calm and dull,

Not this alone; for, half unconsciously,

We gather up a blessed treasure-store

Of sights and sounds, whose beauty shall not die,

But haunt the secret heart for ever more!

Our forest *lonely*? There are kingly oaks
 Lifting their rugged branches as of old,
 When in their shadow rang the battle-strokes
 Of warrior-men, long ages dead and cold;
 The birch-tree waves its tresses in the breeze,
 Th' unchanging pine defies the tempest's power,
 The stately beech, a queen among the trees,
 Flings from her moss-grown stems a golden
 shower.

There are shy deer that glide across our sight,
 Or pause with lifted neck and glowing eye;
 There are wild owls, that oftentimes at night,
 From tree to tree give out their cheerful cry.
 Yea, many a happy creature round us dwells,
 And we have caught an echo in their bliss,
 And learned to love their haunts, their woods, their
 dells,
 And e'en a home they deem so lone as this!

At even-tide, whene'er the driving rain
 Hides from our view the fair autumnal scene,
 Rushing like white-robed ghosts in rapid train,
 Then turn we from what *is*, to what *has been*.
 Some gorgeous history of olden time
 Unfolds its pageants to our gladdened sight,
 Or poet's lay, with sweet returning chime,
 Fills the hushed soul with beauty and delight.

Nor deem a home is lonely where a child—
 A gay and happy child—in joy doth move;
 Earth has no other sound so glad and wild
 As in an infant's laughter; mirth and love
 Beam from a young child's presence; and 't is well
 (E'en by the pow'r Love gives to sympathise),
 Our worldly wisdom for a while to quell,
 And look around us through a child's pure eyes.

And still, as Time glides on, we ever feel
 'Twas wisely done to make our dwelling here,
 And take to heart such joys as cannot steal
 Like shadows from our grasp; more and more
 dear,

And far more beautiful, doth Nature seem
 To them who daily meet her face to face,
 And learn from her the bliss, that, like a dream,
 Robes common things with beauty and with grace.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

Friendship's Offering for 1844. It is not
 always of late years that an "annual" could
 be called, in literary language, an offering of
 friendship; but if to many the phrase may be
 thought less applicable than it formerly was,
 the very reverse is the case with "*Friend-
 ship's Offering*" itself. It comes out like a
 small giant refreshed, swollen indeed to a full
 size, and clad in beauty. Its contempora-
 ries, comic and sentimental, are still nume-
 rous, but not materially changed; but here
 we have one of the oldest transformed into
 the newest, and its novelty claims notice. Of
 the plates, the frontispiece, from a picture by
 Mr. Stone, deservedly takes the lead; and of
 the first item of the literary contents, a still
 more expressive opinion can be given by
 transferring it to this page. Too seldom

does the pen that furnished it afford the op-
 portunity.

"TO OUR NEIGHBOUR'S HEALTH.—BY BARRY CORN-
 WALL.

"Send the red wine round to-night;
 For the blast is bitter cold.

Let us sing a song that's light:
 Merry rhymes are good as gold.

"Here's unto our neighbour's health!
 Oh, he plays the better part;
 Doing good, but not by stealth:—
 Is he not a noble heart?

"Should you bid me tell his name,—
 Show wherein his virtues dwell;
 Faith, (I speak it to my shame,)
 I should scarce know what to tell

"'Is he—?'—'Sir, he is a thing
 Cast in common human clay;
 'Tween a beggar and a king;
 Fit to order or obey.'

"'He is, the, a soldier brave?'—
 'No: he doth not kill his kin,
 Pampering the luxurious grave
 With the blood and bones of sin.'

"'Or a judge?'—'He doth not sit,
 Making hucksters' bargains plain;
 Piercing cobwebs with his wit;
 Cutting tangled knots in twain.'

"'He is an abbot, then, at least?'
 'No, he's neither proud nor blithe;
 Nor a stall-fed burly beast,
 Gluttoning on the paupers' tithe.

"'He is brave, but he is meek,
 Not as judge or soldier seems;
 Not like abbot, proud and sleek,
 Yet his dreams are starry dreams,—

"'Such as lit the world of old,
 Through the darkness of her way;
 Such as might, if clearly told,
 Guide blind Future into day,

"'Never hath he sought to rise
 On a friend's or neighbour's fall;
 Never slurr'd a foe with lies;
 Never shrank from Hunger's call.

"'But from morning until eve,
 And through Autumn unto Spring,
 He hath kept his course, (believe,)
 Courting neither slave nor king.

"'He,—whatever be his name,
 For I know it not aright—
 He deserves a wider fame:—
 Come! here's to his health to-night.'"

There is some prose almost as good in this
 varied volume; and nothing better of its class
 is likely to appear before or after Christmas,
 than "*The Secret*" (inauspiciously named)
 of Miss Camilla Toulmin. Serious and
 sparkling by turns, it is animated and grace-
 ful everywhere. Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Irish
 Sketch* has the stamp of true character upon
 it; and excellent, as varieties, are the contri-
 butions of Leitch Ritchie; his "*Immoral Es-
 says*" are right mirthful moralities.

ON THE BEST MEANS OF ESTABLISHING A COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

To shorten the navigation between the eastern and western divisions of our globe, either by discovering a north-west passage into the Pacific, or opening a route across the American continent, with European philosophers and statesmen has for centuries been a favourite project, and yet in only one way has it been attempted. Large sums of money were successively voted and expended, in endeavouring to penetrate through the Arctic sea; and such is the persevering enterprise of our mariners, that in all likelihood this gigantic task eventually will be accomplished; but, even if it should, it is questionable whether a navigable opening in that direction would prove beneficial to commerce. The floating ice with which those high latitudes are encumbered; the intricacy of the navigation; the cold and tempestuous weather generally prevailing there, and the difficulty of obtaining aid, in cases of shipwreck, must continue to deter the ordinary navigator from following that track.

Inquiry, therefore, naturally turns to the several points on the middle part of the American continent, where, with the aid of art, it is supposed that a communication across may be effected. These are five in number, and the facilities for the undertaking which each affords, have been discussed by a few modern travellers, commencing with Humboldt. On a close investigation into the subject, it will, however, appear evident, that although the cutting of a canal on some point or other, may be within the compass of human exertion, still the undertaking would require an enormous outlay of capital, besides many years to accomplish it; and even if it should be completed, the result could never answer the expectations formed upon this subject in Europe. On all the points proposed, and more especially in reference to the long lines, the difficulty of rendering rivers navigable, which in the winter are swelled into tempestuous torrents; the want of population along the greater part of the distances to be cut; the differences of elevation; and, above all, the shallowness of the water on all the extremities of the cuts projected, thus only affording admission to small vessels, are among the impediments which, for the time being at least, appear almost insuperable.

Without entering further into the obstacles which present themselves to the formation of a canal along any one of the lines alluded to, I shall at once come to the conclusion, that

for all the practical purposes of commercial intercourse which the physical circumstances of the country allow, a railroad is preferable, and may be constructed at infinitely less expense. This position once established, the question next to be asked is, which is the most eligible spot for the work proposed? On a careful examination of the relative merits of the several lines pointed out, that of the isthmus of Panama unquestionably appears to be the most eligible. From its central position, and the short distance intervening between the two oceans, it seems, indeed, to be providentially destined to become the connecting link between the eastern and western worlds; and hence its being made a thoroughfare for all nations, must be a subject of the utmost importance to those engaged in commerce.

Some of our most eminent public writers of the day, anticipating the advantages likely to result from the emancipation of Spanish America, considered the opening of a passage across that isthmus as one of the mightiest events which could present itself to the enterprise of man; and it is well known, that during Mr. Pitt's administration, projects on this subject were submitted to him—some of them even attempting to show the feasibility of cutting a canal across, sufficiently deep and wide to admit vessels of the largest class. Report says, that the minister frequently spoke in rapturous terms on the supposed facilities of this grand project; and it is believed, that the sanguine hopes of its realization had great weight with him when forming his plans for the independence of the southern division of the New World. The same idea prevailed in Europe for the greater part of the last century; but yet no survey was instituted—no steps taken to obtain correct data on the subject. Humboldt revived it; and yet this great and beneficial scheme again remained neglected, and, to all appearance, forgotten. At length the possession of the Marquesas islands by the French, brought the topic into public notice, when, towards the close of last April, and while submitting the project of a law to the Chamber of Deputies for a grant of money to cover the expenses of a government establishment in the new settlements, Admiral Roussin expressed himself thus:—"The advantages of our new establishments, incontestable as they are even at present, will assume a far greater importance hereafter. They will become of great value, should a plan which, at the present moment, fixes the attention of all maritime nations, be realized, namely, to open, through the isthmus of Panama, a passage between Europe and the Pacific, instead of going round by Cape Horn. When this great event, alike interest-

ing to all naval powers, shall have been effected, the Society and Marquesas islands, by being brought so much nearer to France, will take a prominent place among the most important stations of the world. The facility of this communication will necessarily give a new activity to the navigation of the Pacific ocean; since this way will be, if not the shortest to the Indian and Chinese seas, certainly the safest, and, in a commercial point of view, unquestionably the most important."

In his speech in support of the grant, M. Guizot in the sitting of the 10th inst., asserted that the project of piercing the isthmus of Panama was not a chimerical one; and proceeded to read a letter from Professor Humboldt, dated August, 1842, in which that learned gentleman observed, that "it was twenty-five years since a project for a communication between the two oceans, either by the isthmus of Panama, the lake of Nicaragua, or by the isthmus of Capica, had been proposed and topographically discussed; and yet nothing had been yet commenced." The French minister also read extracts from a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences, by an American gentleman named Warren, advocating the practicability of a canal, by means of the rivers Vinotinto, Beverardino, and Farren; after which he enthusiastically exclaimed, that should this great work ever be accomplished—and in his own mind he had no doubt that some day or other it would—then the value of Oceana would be greatly increased, and France would have many reasons to congratulate herself on the possession of them. This has thus become one of the most popular topics in France, where the views of the minister are no longer concealed, and in England are we slumbering upon it? Certainly we have as great an interest in the accomplishment of the grand design as the French, and possibly possess more correct information on the subject than they do. Why, then, is it withheld from the public? What are our government doing?

To supply this deficiency, as far as his means allow, is the object of the writer of these pages; and in order to show the degree of credit to which his remarks may be entitled, and his reasons for differing from the French as regards the means by which the great desideratum is to be achieved, he will briefly state, that in early life he left Europe under the prevailing impression that the opening of a canal across the isthmus of Panama was practicable; but while in the West Indies, some doubts on the subject having arisen in his mind, he determined to visit the spot, which he did at his own expense,

and at some personal risk—the Spaniards being still in possession of the country. With this view he ascended the river Chagre to Cruces, and thence proceeded by land to Panama, where he stopped a fortnight. In that time he made several excursions into the interior, and had a fair opportunity of hearing the sentiments of intelligent natives; but, although he then came to the conclusion that a canal of large dimensions was impracticable, he saw the possibility of opening a railroad, with which, in his opinion, European nations ought to be satisfied, at least for the present. Why he assumed this position, a description of the locality will best explain.

The river Chagre, which falls into the Atlantic, is the nearest transitable point to Panama, but unfortunately the harbour does not admit vessels drawing more than twelve feet water.* There the traveller embarks in a *bonjo* (a flat-bottomed boat), or in a canoe, made of the trunk of a cedar-tree, grown on the banks to an enormous size. The velocity of the downward current is equal to three miles an hour, and greater towards the source. The ascent is consequently tedious; often the rowers are compelled to pole the boat along, a task, under a burning sun, which could only be performed by negroes. In the upper part of the stream the navigation is obstructed by shallows, so much so as to render the operation of unloading unavoidable. Large trunks of trees, washed down by the rains, and sometimes imbedded in the sands, also occasionally choke up the channel, impediments which preclude the possibility of a steam power being used beyond a certain distance up. No boat can ascend higher than Cruces, a village in a direct line not more than twenty-two miles from Chagre harbour; but owing to the sinuosities of the river, the distance to be performed along it is nearly double. To stem the current requires from three to eight days, according to the season, whereas the descent does not take more than from eight to twelve hours.

From Cruces to Panama the distance is five leagues, over a broken and hilly coun-

* This is the first impediment to an oceanic canal, and one equally felt on the other proposed lines. Captain Sir Edward Belcher, when recently surveying the western coasts of America, availed himself of the opportunity to explore the Estero Real, a river on the Pacific side, which he did by ascending it to the distance of thirty miles from its mouth, but he found that it only admits a vessel drawing ten feet water. That intelligent officer considered this an advantageous line for a canal, which, by lake navigation, he concluded might be connected with San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and extended to the Atlantic; but the distance is immense, the country thinly inhabited, and besides unhealthy, and, after all, it could only serve for boats.

try. The town is situated at the head of the gulf on a neck of land washed by the waters of the Pacific; but the port is only accessible to flat-bottomed boats, owing to which it is called *Las Piraguas*. The harbour, or rather the roadstead, is formed by a cluster of small islands lying about six miles from the shore, under the shelter of which vessels find safe anchorage. The tides rise high, and, falling in the same proportion, the sloping coast is left dry to a considerable distance out—a circumstance which precludes the possibility of forming an outlet in front of Panama. The obstacles above enumerated at once convinced the writer that a ship canal in this direction was impracticable. The Spanish plan was to make the Chagre navigable a considerable distance up, by removing the shallows and deepening the channel; but owing to the great inclination in the descent, and the immense volumes of water rushing down in winter, the task would be a most herculean one; and, even if accomplished, this part of the route could only serve for small craft. A canal over five leagues of hilly ground would still remain to be cut.

Although the plan, so long and so fondly cherished in Europe, and now revived in France, must, for the reasons here assigned, be abandoned, on this account we ought not to be deterred from availing ourselves of such facilities as the locality affords. The geographical position of the isthmus of Panama is too interesting to be any longer disregarded. "When the Spanish discoverers first overcame the range of mountains which divide the western from the Atlantic shores of South America," said a distinguished statesman,* "they stood fixed in silent admiration, gazing on the vast expanse of the Southern ocean, which lay stretched before them in boundless prospect. They adored—even those hardened and sanguinary adventurers adored—the gracious providence of Heaven, which, after a lapse of so many centuries, had opened to mankind so wonderful a field of untried and unimagined enterprise." The very same point of land where, in 1515, the Spaniards first beheld the Pacific, is the spot formed by nature for the realization of those advantages which their cautious policy caused them to overlook. The Creator seems to have intended it for general use—as the highway of nations; and yet, after a period of more than three centuries, scarcely has the solitude which envelopes this interesting strip of land been broken. Is Europe or America to blame for this?

In the present state of our trade, and the increasing competition which we are likely to experience, unquestionably it would be advisable for British subjects to exert themselves in securing a free passage across the isthmus above-named. It is not, however, to be imagined that this is a new project in our history. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, one was formed in Scotland for the establishment of a national company to trade with the Indies through the Pacific, which became so popular that most of the royal burghs subscribed to it. The scheme originated with William Patterson, a Scotchman, of a bold and enterprising character, who, in early life, is supposed to have been a *Bucanier*, and to have traversed several sections of South America. At all events, he seems to have been acquainted with the views of Captain, afterwards Sir Henry Morgan, who, in 1670, took and burned Panama.

In England, the "Scots Company" was strenuously opposed by the incorporated traders to the East Indies, as well as by the West India merchants. Parliament equally took the alarm, and prayed the king not to sanction the scheme. So powerful did this opposition at length become, that the sums subscribed were withdrawn. Nothing daunted by this failure, Patterson resolved to engraft upon his original plan one for the establishment of an emporium on the Isthmus of Darien, whither he anticipated that European goods would be sent, and thence conveyed to the western shores of America, the Pacific islands, and Asia; and, in order to attract notice and gain support, he proposed that the new settlement should be made a free port, and all distinctions of religion, party, and nation banished. The project was much liked in the north of Europe, but again scouted at the English court; when the Scotch, indignant at the opposition which their commercial prospects experienced from King William's ministers, which they attributed to a contrariety of interests on the part of the English, subscribed among themselves £400,000 for the object in view, and £300,000 more were, in the same manner, raised at Hamburgh; but, in consequence of a remonstrance presented to the senate of that city by the English resident, the latter sum was called in.

Eventually, in 1699, Patterson sailed with five large vessels, having on board 1200 followers, all Scotch, and many of them belonging to the best families, furnished with provisions and merchandise; and, on arriving on the coast of Darien, took possession of a small peninsula lying between Porto Bello and Carthagena, where he built the Fort of St. Andrew. The settlement was called New Caledonia; and the directors having

* Lord Grenville in his speech on Indian affairs, April 9, 1813.

taken every precaution for its security, entered into negotiations with the independent Indians in the neighbourhood, by whom it is believed that the tenure of the "Scots Company" was sanctioned. The Spaniards took offence at this alleged aggression, and angry complaints were forwarded to the court of St. James. To these King William listened with something like complacency, his policy at the time being to temporize with Spain, in order to prevent the aggrandizement of the French Bourbons. The new settlement was accordingly denounced, in proclamations issued by the authorities of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the American plantations, and soon afterwards attacked by a Spanish force. Pressed on all sides, the adventurers, for a period of eight months; bore up against accumulated misfortunes; when at length, receiving no succours from their copartners at home, convinced that they had to contend against the hostility of the English government, and their provisions being exhausted, the survivors were compelled to abandon their enterprise and return to Scotland. To add to their chagrin, a few days after their departure two vessels arrived with supplies and a small reinforcement of men.

Incensed at the second failure of their favourite scheme, the Scotch endeavoured to obtain from King William an acknowledgment of the national right to the territory of New Caledonia, and some reparation for the loss sustained by the disappointed settlers. Unsuccessful in their application, they next presented an address to the ruling power, praying that their parliament might be assembled, in order to take the matter into consideration; when, at the first meeting, angry and spirited resolutions were passed upon the subject. No redress was, however, obtained; and thus terminated the Darien scheme of the seventeenth century, founded, no one will venture to deny, on an enlarged view of our commercial interests, and a just conception of the means by which they might have been promoted. In the state of our existing treaties with Spain, the seizure of territory possibly was unjust, the moment unseasonable, and the plan, in one respect, obviously defective, inasmuch as the projectors had not taken into account the hostility of the Spaniards, and could not, consequently, rely on an outlet for their merchandise in the Pacific. Had the scheme been delayed, or had the settlement survived some months longer, the War of Succession would, however, have given to the adventurers a right of tenure stronger than any they could have obtained from the English court; for it is to be borne in mind that, on the 3d of November, 1700, Charles II. of Spain died, leaving his

crown to a French branch of the House of Bourbon—an event which threw Europe into a blaze, and, in the ensuing year, led to the formation of the Grand Alliance.

This short digression may serve to show the spirit of the age towards the close of the seventeenth century, and more particularly the light in which the Scotch viewed an attempt, made nearly a century and a half ago, to establish a commercial intercourse with the Pacific; and, had they then succeeded, other objects of still mightier import than those at first contemplated—other benefits of a more extended operation, would have been included in the results. The opportunity was lost, evidently through the want of support from the ruling power; but it must have been curious to see the English government, at the close of the war, endeavouring to have conceded to them by the Spanish court, and in virtue of the memorable Aziento contract of 1713, those very same advantages which the "Scots Company" sought to secure by their own private efforts, and almost in defiance of a most powerful interest. And when our prospects in the same quarter have been enlarged, to an extent far beyond the most sanguine expectations of our forefathers—when, through the independence of South America, we have had the fairest opportunities of entering into combinations with the natives for the accomplishment of the grand design—is it yet to be said that spirited and enlightened Englishmen are not to be found, ready and willing enough to support a scheme advantageous to the whole commercial community of Europe? It is confidently understood, that the best information on the subject has been submitted to her Majesty's government, even recently. If so, is it, then, a fact that no one member of the Cabinet has shown a disposition to lend a helping hand.

But what have the South Americans done in furtherance of the scheme in question? Among the projects contemplated by Bolivar, the Liberator, for the improvement of his native land, as soon as its independence should have been consolidated, was one to form a junction between the neighbouring oceans, so far as nature and the circumstances of the country would allow. In November, 1827, he accordingly commissioned Mr. John Augustus Lloyd, an Englishman, to make a survey of the isthmus of Panama, "in order to ascertain," as that gentleman himself tells us, "the best and most eligible line of communication, whether by road or canal, between the two seas." In March, 1828, the commissioner arrived at Panama, where he was joined by a Swedish officer of engineers in the Colombian service, and provided with suita-

ble instruments, they proceeded to perform the task assigned to them.* Their first care was to determine the relative height of the two oceans, when, from their observations, it appeared that the tides are regular on both sides of the isthmus, and the time of high water nearly the same at Panama and Chagre. The rise in the Pacific is, however, the greatest, the mean height at Panama being rather more than three feet above that of the Atlantic at Chagre; but, as in every twelve hours the Pacific falls six feet more than the Atlantic, it is in that same proportion lower; yet, as soon as the tide has flowed fully in, the level assumes its usual elevation. Although the measurements of Bolivar's commissioners were not, perhaps, performed with all the exactitude that could have been wished, sufficient was then and since ascertained to establish the fact, that the difference between the levels of the two oceans is not so great as to cause any derangement, in case the intervening ground could be pierced.

In the pursuit of his object, Mr. Lloyd seems altogether to set aside the idea of a canal, and leaving his readers to judge which is the best expedient to answer the end proposed, he thus describes the topography and capabilities of the country:—"It is generally supposed in Europe that the great chain of mountains, which, in South America, forms the Andes, continues nearly unbroken through the isthmus. This, however, is not the case, The northern Cordillera breaks into detached mountains on the eastern side of the province of Vevagna, which are of considerable height, extremely abrupt and rugged, and frequently exhibit an almost perpendicular face of bare rock. To these succeed numerous conical mountains, rising out of savannahs or plains, and seldom exceeding from 300 to 500 feet in height. Finally, between Chagre on the Atlantic side, and Chorrera on the Pacific side, the conical mountains are not so numerous, having plains of great extent, interspersed with occasional insulated ranges of hills, of inconsiderable height and extent. From this description, it will be seen," continues Mr. Lloyd, "that the spot where the continent of America is reduced to nearly its narrowest limits is also distinguished by a break for a few miles of the great chain of mountains, which otherwise extend, with but few exceptions, to its extreme northern and southern limits. This combination of circumstances points out the peculiar fitness of the isthmus of Panama for the establishment of a communication across.

* The result of their labours was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1830, accompanied by drawings.

Here, then, we have an avowal, from the best authority before the public, and founded on a survey of the ground, that the intervening country is sufficiently open, even for a canal, if skilfully undertaken, and with adequate funds—consequently it cannot present any physical obstacles in the way of a railroad which cannot readily be overcome. The same opinion was formed by the writer of these pages, when, at a much earlier period, he viewed the plains from the heights at the back of Panama; and that opinion was borne out by natives who had traversed the ground as far as the forests and brushwood allowed. In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, held in Paris on the 26th of last December, Baron Humboldt reported, that the preparatory labours for cutting a canal across the isthmus of Panama were rapidly advancing; to which he added that the commission appointed by the government of New Granada had terminated their survey of the localities, after arriving at a result as fortunate as it was unexpected. "The chain of the Cordilleras," he observed, "does not extend, as it was formerly supposed, across, since a valley favourable to the operation had been discovered, and the natural position of the waters might also be rendered useful. Three rivers," the Baron proceeded to say, "had been explored, over which an easy control might be established; and these rivers, there was every reason to think, might be made partially navigable, and afterwards connected with the proposed canal, the excavations for which would not extend beyond $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. It was further expected that the fall might be regulated by four double locks, 138 feet in length; by which means the total extent of the canal would not be more than 49 miles, with a width of 136 feet at the surface, 56 at the base, and 20 in depth, sufficiently capacious for the admission of a vessel measuring 1000 to 1400 tons. It was estimated by M. Morel, a French engineer, that the cost of these several works would not be more than fourteen millions of francs."

This is a confirmation of the fact, that on the isthmus facilities exist for either cutting a canal, or constructing a railroad; but while the French seem inclined to revive the primitive project, it is to be feared that they overlook the paramount difficulty, which, as already noticed, occurs on both sides, through the want of water. Unless admission and an outlet can be obtained for men-of-war, and the usual class of vessels trading to India, it would scarcely be worth while to attempt a canal, and it has not been ascertained that both those essential requisites can be found. The other plan must therefore be held to be the surest and most economical. This also seems to

have been the conclusion at which Mr. Lloyd arrived. Having made up his mind that a railroad is best adapted to the locality, he proceeds to trace two lines, starting from the same terminus, near the Atlantic, and terminating at different points on the Pacific, respecting which he expresses himself thus:—"Two lines are marked on the map, commencing at a point near the junction of the rivers Chagre and Trinidad, and crossing the plains, the one to Chorrera, and the other to Panama. These lines indicate the directions which I consider the best for a railroad communication. The principal difficulty in the establishment of such a communication, would arise from the number of rivulets to be crossed, which, though dry in summer, become considerable streams in the rainy season. The line which crosses to Chorrera is much the shortest, but the other has the advantage of terminating in the city and harbour of Panama. The country intersected by these lines is by no means so abundant in woods as in other parts, but has fine savannahs, and throughout the whole distance, as well as on each bank of the Trinidad, presents flat, and sometimes swampy country, with occasional detached sugar-loaf mountains, interspersed with streams that mostly empty themselves into the Chagre."

Would it not, then, be more advisable to act on this suggestion, than run the risk and incur the expenses of a canal? On all hands it is agreed, that as far as the mouth of the Trinidad the Chagre is navigable for vessels drawing twelve feet water, by which means twelve or fourteen miles of road, and a long bridge besides, would be saved. Under this supposition, the proposed line from the junction of the two rivers to Panama would be about thirty miles, and to Chorrera twenty-four; while on neither of them does any other difficulty present itself than the one mentioned by Mr. Lloyd. "Should the time arrive," says that gentleman, "when a project of a water communication across the isthmus may be entertained, the river Trinidad will probably appear the most favourable route. That river is for some distance both broad and deep, and its banks are also well suited for wharfs, especially in the neighbourhood of the spot whence the lines marked for a railroad communication commence."

It therefore only remains to be determined which of the two lines is the preferable one; and this depends more on the facilities afforded by the bay of Chorrera for the admission of vessels, than the difference in the distances. However desirable it might be to have Panama as the Pacific station, it will already have been noticed, that the great distance from the shore at which vessels are obliged to anchor, is a

serious impediment to loading and unloading—operations which are rendered more tedious by the heavy swell at certain seasons setting into the gulf. The distance from Chorrera to Panama, over a level part of the coast, is only ten miles. Should it therefore be deemed expedient, these two places may afterwards be connected by means of a branch line. As regards the difficulty mentioned by Mr. Lloyd, arising out of "the number of rivulets to be crossed," it may be observed that this section of the country remains in nearly the same state as that in which it was left by nature. No artificial means have been adopted for drainage; but the assurances of intelligent natives warrant the belief, that by cross-cuts the smaller rivulets may be made to run into the larger ones, whereby the number to be crossed would be materially diminished. The contiguous lands abound in superior stone, easily dug, and well suited for the construction of causeways as well as arches; while the magnificent forests, which rear their lofty heads to the north of the projected line, would for sleepers furnish any quantity of an almost incorruptible and even incombustible wood, resembling teak.*

The Honourable P. Campbell Scarlett, one of the last travellers of note who crossed the isthmus, and favoured the public with the result of his observations, says, "that for a ship canal the locality would not answer, but presents the greatest facilities for the transfer of merchandise by river and canal, sufficiently deep for steam-boats, at a comparatively trifling expense."† He then proceeds to remark, "that Mr. Lloyd seemingly turned his attention more to the practicability of a railroad along the level country between the mouth of the Trinidad and the town or river of Chorrera, and no doubt a railroad would be very beneficial;" adding, "that an explicit understanding would be necessary to prevent interruption, (meaning with the local government and ruling power): and the subject assuredly is of sufficient magnitude and importance to justify, if not call on the British government, or any other power, to encourage and sanction the enterprise by a solemn treaty.

In proportion to its size, no town built by the Spaniards in the western world contains so many good edifices as Panama, although many of them are now falling to decay. It

* Ulloa (book iii. chap. 11) remarks, that although the greater part of the houses in Panama were formerly built of wood, fires very rarely occurred; the nature of the timber being such, that if lighted embers are laid upon the floor, or wall made of it, the only consequence is, that it makes a hole without producing a flame.

† *America and the Pacific*, 1838.

was rebuilt subsequent to the fire in 1737, and from the ornamental parts of some structures, it is evident that superior workmen were employed in their erection;* and should notice at any time be given that public works were about to commence there, accompanied by an assurance that artisans would meet with due encouragement, thither able-bodied men would flock, even from the West Indies and the United States. Hardy Mulattoes, Mezti-zoes, free Negroes, and Indians, may be assembled upon the spot, among whom are good masons, and experienced hewers of wood; and, being intelligent and tractable, European skill and example alone would be requisite to direct them. The existence of coal along the shores of Chili and Peru, is also another encouraging feature in the scheme;† and as the ground for a railroad would cost a mere trifle, if anything, the whole might be completed at a comparatively small expense.

The profits derivable from the undertaking, when accomplished, are too obvious to require enumeration. The rates levied on letters, passengers, and merchandise, after leaving a proportionate revenue to the local government, must produce a large sum, which would progressively increase as the route became more frequented. Mines exist in the neighbourhood, at present neglected, owing to the difficulty of the smelting process. It may hereafter be worth while for return

vessels to bring the rough mineral obtained from them to Europe, as is now done with copper ore from Cuba, Colombia, and Chili. Ship timber, of the largest dimensions and best qualities, may also be had. The charges on the transit of merchandise would never be so heavy as even the rates of insurance round Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. The first of these great headlands, mariners know full well, is a fearful barrier, advancing into the cheerless deep amidst storms, rocks, islands, and currents, to avoid which the navigator is often compelled to go several degrees more to the south than his track requires; whereby the voyage is not only lengthened, but his water and provisions so far exhausted, that frequently he is under the necessity of making the first port he can in Chili, or seeking safety on the African coast.

To escape from the perils and delays of this circuitous route has long been the anxious wish of all commercial nations, and to a certain extent this may be accomplished in the manner here pointed out. In the course of time, and in case prospects are sufficiently encouraging—or, in other words, should the surveys required for a ship canal correspond with the hopes entertained on this subject by the French—the great desideratum might then be attempted. The work done would not interfere with any other afterwards undertaken on an increased scale. On the contrary, a railroad would continue its usual traffic, and afford great assistance. Fortunately the obstruction to the admission of vessels into Chagre harbour, on the Atlantic side, may be obviated, as will appear from the following passage in Mr. Lloyd's report—a point of extreme importance in the prosecution of any ulterior design; but even then the great difficulty remains to be overcome on the Pacific shore:—

“The river Chagre,” says the Colombian commissioner, “its channel, and the banks which in the dry season embarrass its navigation, are laid down in my manuscript plan with great care and minuteness. It is subject to one great inconvenience; viz. that vessels drawing more than twelve feet water cannot enter the river, even in perfectly calm weather, on account of a stratum of slaty limestone which runs, at a depth at high water of fifteen feet, from a point on the mainland to some rocks in the middle of the entrance into the harbour, and which are just even with the water's edge. This, together with the lee current that sets on the southern shore particularly in the rainy season, renders the entrance extremely difficult and dangerous. The value of the Chagre, considered as the port of entrance for all communication, whether by the river Chagre, Trinidad,

* Ulloa affirms, that the greater part of the houses in Panama are now built of stone; all sorts of materials for edifices of this kind being found there in the greatest abundance. Mr. Scarlett also acknowledges that he there saw more specimens of architectural beauty than in any other town of South America, which he had occasion to visit.

† In 1814 the writer had coal in his possession, in London, brought from the vicinity of Lima, which he had coked and tried in a variety of ways. It was gaseous, and resembled that dug in the United States. Since that period coal has been found near Talcahuano and at Valdivia, on the coast of Chili; on the island of Chiloe, and on that of San Lorenzo, opposite to Lima; in the valley of Tambo, near Islay; at Guacho, and even further down on the coast of Guayaquil. Mr. Scarlett quotes a letter from the Earl of Dundonald (Lord Cochrane), in which his lordship affirms, “that there is plenty of coal at Talcahuano, in the province of Concepcion.” It was used on board of her Majesty's ship Blossom; and Mr. Mason, of her Majesty's ship Seringapatam, pronounced it good when not taken too near the surface. Mr. Wheelwright, the American gentleman who formed the Steam Navigation Company along the western coast, coked the coal found there; and in the general plan for the formation of his company, assured the public that “coal exists on various parts of the Chili coast in great abundance, and will afford an ample supply for steam operations on the Pacific at a very moderate expense.” The fact is confirmed by various other testimonies, and there is every reason to believe that coal will be hereafter found at no great distance from Panama.

or by railroad, across the plains, is greatly limited, owing to the above-mentioned cause. It would, in all cases, prove a serious disqualification, were it not one which admits of a simple and effectual remedy, arising from the proximity of the bay of Limon, otherwise called Navy Bay, with which the river might be easily connected. The coves of this bay afford excellent and secure anchorage in its present state, and the whole harbour is capable of being rendered, by obvious and not very expensive means, one of the most commodious and safe in the world."

After expressing his gratitude for the good offices of her Majesty's consul at Panama, and the services rendered to him by the officers of her Majesty's ship *Victor*, with the aid of whose boats, and the assistance of the master, he made his survey of the bay of Limon, obtained soundings, and constructed his plan, (the shores of which bay, he says, are therein laid down trigonometrically from a base of 5220 yards)—Mr. Lloyd remarks thus: "It will be seen by this plan that the distance from one of the best coves, in respect to anchorage, across the separating country from the Chagre, and in the most convenient track, is something less than three miles to a point in the river about three miles from its mouth. I have traversed the intervening land, which is perfectly level, and in all respects suitable for a canal, which, being required for so short a distance, might well be made of a sufficient depth to admit vessels of any reasonable draught of water, and would obviate the inconvenience of the shallows at the entrance of the Chagre."

Granting, however, that the admission from the Atlantic into the Chagre of a larger class of vessels than those drawing twelve feet might be thus facilitated, according to Mr. Lloyd's own avowal, a breakwater would still be necessary at the entrance of Limon Bay, which is situated round Point Brujas, about eight geographical miles higher up towards Porto Bello than the mouth of that river, as the heavy sea setting into the bay would render the anchorage of vessels insecure. An immense deal of work would consequently still remain to be performed before a corresponding outlet into the Pacific could be obtained; and whether this can be accomplished is yet problematical. In the interval, a railroad, on the plan above suggested, would answer many, although not all the purposes desired by the commercial community, and serve as a preparatory step for a canal, should it be deemed feasible. After the country has been cleared of wood, and properly explored—after the population has been more concentrated, and the opinions of experienced men obtained—a project of oceanic naviga-

tion may succeed; but, for the present, we ought to be content with the best and cheapest expedient that can be devised; and the distance is so short, and the facilities for the enterprise so palpable, that a few previous combinations, and a small capital only, are required to carry it into effect. By using the waters of the Chagre and Trinidad, a material part of the distance across is saved;* and as, as before explained, the ground will cost nothing, and excellent and cheap materials exist, the work might be performed at a comparatively trifling expense. When completed, the trip from sea to sea would not take more than from six to eight hours.

Avowedly, no ocean is so well adapted for steam navigation, as the Pacific. Except near Cape Horn, and in the higher latitudes to the north-west, on its glassy surface storms are seldom encountered. With their heavy ships, the Spaniards often made voyages from Manilla to Acapulco in sixty-five days, without having once had occasion to take in their light sails. The ulterior consequences, therefore, of a more general introduction of steam power into that new region, connected with a highway across the isthmus of Panama, no one can calculate. The experiment along the shores of Chili and Peru has already commenced; and the cheap rate at which fossil fuel can be had, has proved a great facility. Under circumstances so peculiarly propitious, to what an extent, than, may not steam navigation be carried on the smooth expanse of the Southern ocean? If there are two sections of the globe more pre-eminently suited for commercial intercourse than others, they are the western shores of America and Southern Asia. To these two markets, consequently, will the attention of manufac-

* Mr. Scarlett says, that the depth of water at Chagre is sufficient for steamers and large schooners, which can be navigated without obstruction as far up as the mouth of the Trinidad. By descending that river, he himself crossed the isthmus in seventeen hours—viz. from Panama to Cruces, eight; and thence to Chagre, nine. Mr. Wheelwright, the American gentleman above quoted, says that the transit of the isthmus during the dry season (from November to June—and wet from June to November), is neither inconvenient nor unpleasant. The canoes are covered, provisions and fruits cheap along the banks of the Chagre, and there is always personal security. The temperature, although warm, is healthy. At the same time it must be confessed, that in the rainy season a traveller is subject to great exposure and consequent illness; but if the railroad was roofed, this objection might be removed. It is on all hands agreed, that the climate of the isthmus would be greatly improved by drainage, and clearing the country of the immense quantities of vegetable matter left rotting on the ground. The beds of seaweed, in a constant state of decomposition on the Pacific shore, create miasmata unquestionably injurious to health.

turing nations be turned; and, should the project here proposed be carried into effect, depôts of merchandise will be formed on and near the isthmus, when the riches of Europe and America will move more easily towards Asia; while, in return, the productions of Asia will be wafted towards America and Europe. If we entertain the expectation, that at no distant period of time our West India possessions will become advanced posts, and aid in the development of the resources abounding in that extended and varied region at the entrance of which they are stationed—if the several islands there which hoist the British flag are destined to be resting-places for that trade between Great Britain and the Southern sea, now opening to European industry—these two great interests cannot be so effectually advanced as by the means above suggested.

It has generally been thought that the long-neglected isthmus of Suez is the shortest road to India; but besides being precarious, and suited only for the conveyance of light weights, that line only embraces one object; whereas the establishment of a communication across that of Panama, would be like the creation of a new geographical and commercial world—it would bring two extremities of the earth closer together, and besides, connect many intermediate points. It would open to European nations the portals to a new field of enterprise, and complete the series of combinations forming to develop the riches with which the Pacific abounds, by presenting to European industry a new group of producers and consumers. The remotest regions of the East would thus come more under the influence of European civilization; while, by a quicker and safer intercourse, our Indian possessions would be rendered more secure, and our new connection with China strengthened. Besides the wealth arriving from Asia and the islands in the wide Pacific, the produce of Acapulco, San Blas, California, Nootka Sound, and the Columbia river, on the one side, and of Guayaquil, Peru, and Chili, on the other, would come to the Atlantic by a shorter route, at the same time that we might receive advices from New Holland and New Zealand with only half the delay we now do.

The mere recurrence to a map will at once show that the isthmus of Panama is destined to become a great commercial thoroughfare, and, at a moderate expense, might be made the seat of an extensive trade. By the facilities of communication across, new wants would be created; and, as fresh markets open to European enterprise, a proportionate share of the supplies would fall to our lot. In the present depressed state of our commercial

relations, some effort must be made to apply the industry of the country to a larger range of objects. A century of experiments and labour has changed the face of nature in our own country, quadrupled the produce of our lands, and extended a green mantle over districts which once wore the appearance of barren wastes; but the consumption of our manufactures abroad has not risen in the same proportion. It behooves us, then, to explore and secure new markets, which can best be done by connecting ourselves with those regions to which the isthmus of Panama is the readiest avenue. In a mercantile point of view, the importance of the western coasts of America is only partially known to us. With the exception of Valparaiso and Lima, our merchants seldom visit the various ports along that extended line, to which the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia river gives a new feature. Although abounding in the elements of wealth, in many of these secluded regions the spark of commercial life has scarcely been awakened by foreign intercourse. Our whale fisheries in the Pacific may also require more protection than they have hitherto done; and if we ever hope to have it in our power to obtain live alpacas from Peru, as a new stock in this country, and at a rate cheap enough for the farmer to purchase and naturalize them, it must be by the way of Panama, by which route guano manure may also be brought over to us at one half of the present charges. We are now sending bone-dust and other artificial composts to Jamaica and our other islands in the West Indies, in order to restore the soil, impoverished by successive sugar-cane crops, while the most valuable fertilizer, providentially provided on the other side of the isthmus, remains entirely neglected.

The establishment of a more direct intercourse with the Pacific, it will therefore readily be acknowledged, is an undertaking worthy of a great nation, and conformable to the spirit of the age in which we are living—an undertaking which would do more honour to Great Britain, and ultimately prove more beneficial to our merchants, than any other that possibly could be devised. Nor is it to be imagined that other nations are insensible to the advantages which they would derive from an opening of this kind. The feelings and sentiments of the French upon this subject have already been briefly noticed. The King of Holland has expressed himself favourable to the undertaking, nor are the Belgians behindhand in their good wishes for its accomplishment. If possible, the North Americans have a larger and more immediate interest in its success than the commercial na-

tions of Europe. Ever since their acquisition of Louisiana, a general spirit of enterprise has directed a large portion of their population towards the head waters of the Mississippi and Missouri—a spirit which impels a daring and thrifty race of men gradually to advance towards the north-west. Captain Clark's excursion in 1805, had for its object the discovery of a route to the Pacific by connecting the Missouri and Columbia rivers, a subject on which, even at that early period, he expressed himself thus:—"I consider this track across the continent of immense advantage to the fur trade, as all the furs collected in nine-tenths of the most valuable fur country in America, may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia river, and thence shipped to the East Indies by the 15th of August in each year, and will, of course, reach Canton earlier than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in Great Britain."

This extract will suffice to show the spirit of emulation by which the citizens of the Union were, even at so remote a period, actuated in reference to the north-west coast of America—a spirit which has since manifested itself in a variety of ways, and in much stronger terms. The distance overland is, however, too great, and the population too scanty, for this route to be rendered available for the general purposes of traffic, at least for many years to come. The North Americans have, therefore, turned their attention to other points offering facilities of communication with the Pacific; and the line to which they have usually given the preference is the Mexican, or more northern one, across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, situated partly in the province of Oaxaca and partly in that of Vera Cruz. The facilities afforded by this locality have been described by several tourists; but supposing that the river Guassacualco, on the Atlantic, is, or can be made navigable for large vessels as high up as the isthmus of Tehuantepec (as to deep water at the entrance, there is no doubt), still a carriage road for at least sixteen leagues would be necessary. The intervening land, although it may contain some favourable breaks, is nevertheless avowedly so high that from some of the mountain summits the two oceans may be easily seen. The obstacles to a road, and much more so to a canal, are therefore very considerable; and a suitable and corresponding outlet into the Pacific, besides, has not yet been discovered.

This, then, is by no means so eligible a spot as the isthmus of Panama. From its situation, the Tehuantepec route would, nevertheless, be extremely valuable to the

North Americans; and it must not be forgotten that, in this stirring age, there is scarcely an undertaking that baffles the ingenuity of man. Owing to their position, the North Americans would gain more by shortening the passage to the Pacific than ourselves; and Tehuantepec being the nearest point to them suited for that object, and also the one which they could most effectually control, it is more than probable that, at some future period, they will use every effort to have it opened. The country through which the line would pass is confessedly richer, healthier, and more populous, than that contiguous to the Lake of Nicaragua, or across the isthmus of Panama; but should the work projected ever be carried into execution, eventually this route must become an American monopoly.

The citizens of the United States, it will therefore readily be believed, are keenly alive to the subject, and calculate thus:—A steamer leaving the Mississippi can reach Guassacualco in six days; in seven, her cargo might be transferred across the isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Pacific, and in fifty more reach China—total, sixty-three days. As an elucidation, let us suppose that the usual route to the same destination, round Cape Horn, from a more central part of the Union—Philadelphia, for example—is 16,150 miles; in that case the distance saved, independent of less sea risk, would be as follows:—From the Delaware to Guassacualco, 2100 miles; across Tehuantepec to the Pacific, 120; to the Sandwich Islands, 3835; to the Ladrone do., 3900; and to Canton, 2080—total, 12,035 miles; whereby the saving would be 4115, besides affording greater facilities for the application of steam. Their estimate of the saving to the Columbia river is still more encouraging. From one of their central ports the distance round Cape Horn is estimated at 18,261 miles; whereas by the Mexican route it would be, to Guassacualco and overland to the Pacific, 2220 miles, and thence to the Columbia river, 2760—total, 4980; thus leaving the enormous difference of 13,281 miles—two-thirds of the distance, besides the advantage of a safer navigation. By the new route, and the aid of steam, a voyage to the destination above named may be performed in thirty instead of a hundred and forty days; and as the population extends towards the north-west the Columbia river must become a place of importance. Hitherto the Pacific ports of Mexico and California have chiefly been supplied with goods carried overland from Vera Cruz, surcharged with heavy duties and expenses. More need not be said to show that the United States are on the alert; nor can it be imagined that they

will allow any favourable opportunity of securing to themselves an easier access to the Pacific to escape them. On finding another road open, they would, however, be inclined to desist from seeking a line of communication for themselves. There is, indeed, every reason to expect that they would cheerfully concur in a work, the completion of which would so materially redound to their advantage.

Nothing, indeed, can be more evident than the fact, that not only Great Britain and the United States, but also all the commercial nations of Europe, are deeply interested in securing for themselves a shorter and safer passage into the great Pacific, on terms the most prompt and economical that circumstances will allow; and the success which has attended civilisation within the present century demands that this effort should be made, in which, from her position, Great Britain is peculiarly called upon to take the initiative. For the last twenty years the Panamense have been buoyed up with the hope, that an attempt, of some kind or other, would be made to open a communication across their isthmus, calculated to compensate them for all their losses; and hence they have always been disposed to second the exertions of any respectable party prepared to undertake a work which they cannot themselves accomplish. They have heard of the time of the *Galeones*, when the fleet annually arriving from Peru, landed its treasures in their port, which were exultingly carried overland to Porto Bello, where the fair was held. "On that occasion," says Ulloa, "the road was covered with droves of mules, each consisting of above a hundred, laden with boxes of gold and silver," &c. Panama then rose into consequence, attaining a state of wealth and prosperity which ceased when the trade from the western shores took another direction. The natives and local authorities would consequently rejoice at an event so favourable to them, and vie with each other in affording to the projectors every aid and protection. Provisions and rents are cheap, and under all circumstances, the work might be completed at half the expense it would cost in Europe.

At various periods foreign individuals have obtained grants to carry the project into execution; but time proved that they were mere speculators, unprovided with capital, and unfortunately death prevented Bolivar from realizing his favourite scheme. For the same object, attempts have also been made to form companies; but, owing to the hitherto unsettled state of the government in whose territory the isthmus is situated, the unpopularity of South American enterprises, and the

fact that no grant made to private individuals could afford sufficient security for the outlay of capital, these schemes fell to the ground. The non-performance of the promises made by the grantees, at length induced the Congress of New Granada to annul all privileges conferred on individuals for the purpose of opening a canal, or constructing a railroad across the isthmus, and notifying that the project should be left open for general competition. This determination, and the ulterior views of the French in that quarter, have again brought the subject under discussion; and it is thought that a fresh attempt will, ere long, be made to organize a company. It must, however, be evident to every reflecting mind, that although the scheme has a claim on the best energies of our countrymen, and is entitled to the efficient patronage of government, yet even if the funds were for this purpose raised through private agency, the works never could be carried into execution in a manner consistent with the magnitude of the object in view, or the concern administered on a plan calculated to produce the results anticipated. No body of individuals ought, indeed, to receive and hold such a grant as would secure to them the tenure of the lands required for the undertaking. If such a privilege could be rendered valid, it would place in their hands a monopoly liable to abuses.

The best expedient would be for the several maritime and commercial nations interested in the success of the enterprise, to unite and enter into combinations, so as to secure for themselves a safe and permanent transit for the benefit of all; and then let the work be undertaken with no selfish or ambitious views, but in a spirit of mutual fellowship; and, when completed, let this be a highway for each party contributing to the expense, enjoyed and protected by all. At first sight this idea may appear romantic—the combinations required may be thought difficult; but everywhere the extension of commerce is now the order of the day, and the good understanding which prevails among the parties who might be invited to concur in the work, warrants the belief that at a moment so peculiarly auspicious, little diplomatic ingenuity would be required to procure their assent and co-operation. By means of negotiations undertaken by Great Britain, and conducted in a right spirit, trading nations would be induced to agree and contribute to the expenses of the enterprise in proportion to the advantages which they may hope to derive from its completion. If, for example, the estimate of the cost amounted to half a million sterling, Great Britain, France, and the United States might contribute £100,000 each,

and the remainder be divided among the minor European states—each having a common right to the property thereby created, and each a commissioner on the spot, to watch over their respective interests.

This would be the most honourable and effectual mode of improving facilities to which the commerce and civilisation of Europe have a claim. It is the settled conviction of the most intelligent persons who have traversed the isthmus, that these facilities exist to the extent herein described; and unity of purpose is therefore all that is wanting for the attainment of the end proposed. Jealousies would thus be obviated; and to such a concession as the one suggested, the local government could have no objection, as its own people would participate in the benefits flowing from it. This is indeed a tribute due from the New to the Old World; nor could the other South American states hesitate to sanction a grant made for a commercial purpose, and for the general advantage of mankind. The isthmus of Panama, that interesting portion of their continent, has remained neglected for ages; and so it must continue, at least as regards any great and useful purpose, unless called into notice by extraordinary combinations. With so many prospective advantages before us, it is therefore to be hoped that the time has arrived when Great Britain will take the initiative, and promote the combinations necessary to establish a commercial intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, an event that would widen the scope for maritime enterprises more than any that has happened within the memory of the present generation, and connect us more closely with those countries which have lately been the theatre of our triumphs. The East India and Hudson's Bay Companies, the traders to China and the Indian archipelago, the Australian and the New Zealand colonists, together with their connections at home—in a word, all those who are desirous of shortening the tedious and perilous navigation round Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope—would be benefited by the construction of a railroad; which, by making Panama an entrepot of supplies for the western shores of America and the islands of the Pacific, either in direct communication with Great Britain or the West India colonies, our manufacturers would participate in the profits of an increased demand for European commodities, which necessarily must

follow the accomplishment of so grand a design.

JOBS FOR MEDICAL GENTLEMEN.

We have lately observed a number of persons in the streets wearing green shades or black patches over one of their eyes.

For a long time, we were puzzled to account for this circumstance. Had the taste for pugilism revived? But many of the fair, no less than of the fistic sex, were thus disfigured; and among them there were several very nice-looking young ladies.

Was there a sort of influenza flying about, and was the public afflicted with a cold in the eye? If so, why was the disorder invariably confined to one eye—since any noxious principle in the atmosphere would probably have affected both? It was clear that there was something else than an epidemic in the wind.

We were about to form a fresh conjecture, when we received a letter which at once opened our eyes. It came from a gentleman who had been injured in one of his own. He wrote to complain of the injury; which had been inflicted accidentally by a walking-stick.

When a walking-stick is examined, it is found, for the most part, to be armed at the farther end with a ferule, more or less pointed; and the like discovery will be made on inspecting an umbrella. The tip of the umbrella and walking-stick is thus defended to secure it against friction; both the one and the other being supposed to be carried perpendicularly, their extremities coming in contact with the pavement.

The fact, however, is, that it is very customary to carry them horizontally under the arm, their tips coming into contact with people's eyes.

Now, the point of the umbrella and the walking-stick is so fashioned, that when it does come into contact with an eye, it is very likely to put it out. The consequences, therefore, likely to follow from walking about the streets with such things under the arm, are obvious.

We congratulate the oculists on the prevalence of this practice. It must furnish them with numbers of patients. It is, however, a pity, that eyes should be absolutely destroyed, inasmuch as their serious injury merely would suffice for professional purposes, and its cure would redound to the credit of the practitioner.

We cannot quit this subject, without, in addition, congratulating the surgical profession generally on the state of the metropolitan thoroughfares. The obstructions occasioned by the improvements which are everywhere going on, must, on dark nights, and during fogs, give rise to an immense number of fractures and dislocations. A friend of our own tumbled, not long ago, one evening, over a heap of stones in Bedford Square. He bruised his knee and cut his hand severely; but being himself a surgeon, he let the injuries alone and did perfectly well.—*Punch.*

“OLD SONGS.”

BY ELIZA COOK.

From the Journal of Belles Letters.

“Old songs! old songs!—how well I sung
Your varied airs with childish tongue,
When breath and spirit, free and light,
Caroll’d away from morn till night;
When this beginning and that end
Were mystically made to blend,
And the ‘Sweet lass of Richmond Hill’
Gave place to her of ‘Patie’s Mill!’

Old songs! old songs!—how thick ye come,
Telling of childhood and of home,
When home forged links in Memory’s chain
Too strong for time to break in twain,
When home was all that home should be,
And held the vast rich world for me!

Old songs! old songs!—what heaps I knew,
From ‘Chevy Chase’ to ‘Black-Eyed Sue’;
From ‘Flow, thou regal purple stream,’
To ‘Rousseau’s’ melancholy ‘Dream!’
I loved the pensive ‘Cabin-Boy’
With earnest truth and real joy;
My warmest feelings wander back
To greet ‘Tom Bowling’ and ‘Poor Jack’;
And oh, ‘Will Watch,’ the smuggler bold,
My plighted troth thou’lt ever hold!

I doted on the ‘auld Scots sonnet’
As though I’d worn the plaid and bonnet;
I went abroad with ‘Sandy’s Ghost,’
I stood with Bannockburn’s brave host,
And proudly toss’d my curly head
With ‘Scots! wha hae wi’ Wallace bled!’
I shouted ‘Comin’ through the rye,’
With restless step and sparkling eye,
And chased away the passing frown,
With ‘Bonnie ran the burnie down.’

The tiny ‘Warbler’ from the stall,
The fluttering ballad on the wall,
The gipsy’s glee, the beggar’s catch,
The old wife’s lay, the idiot’s snatch,
The schoolboy’s chorus, rude and witty,
The harvest strain, the carol ditty—
I tax’d ye all, I stole from each,
I spurn’d no tutor that could teach;
Though long my list, though great my store,
I’d ever seek to add one more.

Old songs! old songs!—ye fed, no doubt,
The flame that since has broken out.
For I would wander far and lone,
And sit upon the moss-wrapp’d stone,
Conning ‘old songs’ till some strange power
Breath’d a wild magic o’er the hour,
Sweeping the pulse-chords of my soul,
As winds o’er sleeping waters roll.
’Twas done—the volume was unseal’d,
The hallow’d mission was reveal’d,
The die was thrown, the spell was cast,
I burst my earthly bonds at last!
‘Old songs’ call’d up a kindred tone—
An echo started!—’twas my own.
Joy, pride, and riches, swell’d my breast—
The lyre was mine, and I was blest.

Old songs! old songs!—my brain has lost
Much that it gain’d with pain and cost:
I have forgotten all the rules
Of ‘Murray’s’ books and ‘Trimmer’s’ schools:

Detested figures—how I hate
The mere remembrance of a slate!
How have I cast from woman’s thought
Much goodly lore the girl was taught!
But not a word has pass’d away
Of ‘Rest thee, Babe,’ or ‘Robin Gray!’

Sweet ‘Rest thee, Babe’—oh peaceful theme,
That floated o’er my infant dream!
My brow was cool, my pillow smooth,
When thou wert sung to lull and soothe,
By lips that only ceased the strain
To kiss my cheek, then sung again.
I loved the tune; and many a time
I humm’d the air and lisp’d the rhyme,
Till, winking ‘neath its potent charms,
The kitten slumber’d in my arms.

Old songs! old songs!—how ye bring back
The fairest paths in mortal track!
I see the merry circle spread,
Till watchman’s notice warn’d to bed:
When one rude boy would loiter near,
And whisper in a well-pleased ear,
‘Come, mother, sit, before we go,
And sing ‘John Anderson, my Jo.’’

The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song
Sleepeth as soundly and as long.

Old songs! old songs!—I should not sigh—
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darkened cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell.

Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs,
Is closely mingled with ‘old songs.’
Ah, who shall say the ballad line
That stirs the heart is not divine!
And where the heart that would not dare
To place such ‘song’ beside the ‘prayer!’ ”

RUSLAND CHAPEL, VALE OF RUSLAND.

From Ainsworth’s Magazine.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THERE is a little chapel on a hill,
The mountain breezes sing around the shrine,
The wild wind sweeps the narrow aisle at will,
Through latticed panes at will the sunbeams shine.
No shrouding curtain sheds a solemn gloom—
No glowing pane is rich with varied dyes;
O’er noble rest is rear’d no marble tomb,
Where dust with kindred dust in slumber lies.
Oh, little wayside chapel! rude and lone
Thou art; yet made most glorious by the might
Of faith! whose power can raise the meanest stone
Into an altar of celestial light,
Making this humble chapel on the hill
A temple God himself will not disdain to fill.

THE LAND-BIRD AT SEA.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THOU gentle bird, from far thy lone course wending,
 Thy music with old Ocean's murmur blending,
 Oh! stay thy weary pinion,
 Till gloomy Night's dominion
 Upon the bosom of the stormy deep is ending!
 Rest awhile, wanderer! Fold here thy tired wings!
 Fond hearts and true shall give welcome to thee:
 Linger then, weary one! linger till morning flings
 Light, hope, and gladness, again o'er the sea!

Sweet woodland bird! what wild and tameless
 yearning
 Hath led thee thus, all former pleasure spurning,
 To seek an untried gladness,
 And dare the tempest's madness?
 What new and eager hope within thy heart was
 burning?
 Wanderer, say, shall the hoary deep ever give
 Joy like the joys of the flowery shore?
 Turn, oh! thou weary one, back to thy home
 and live,
 Brave thou the dangers of ocean no more!

It was not well from home and kin to tear thee,
 And bid thy wing to unknown regions bear thee,—
 To leave thy wood-clad mountains,
 And silv'ry inlaid fountains,
 For roaring waves and storms, whose rage shall
 hardly spare thee.
 Vain thine ambition, thou weary and lonely one!
 Back to thy kindred—return to thy home!
 Better thy calm course of peace be content to run,
 Tempting no more the wild breeze and the foam!

LAMENT ON THE RESIGNATION OF MR. HOBLER.

(A POLICE MAGISTRATE.)

OH no, we never see him now,
 His course official's run,
 Our ears are now forbid to hear
 Each old familiar pun.

From joke to joke they hurry now
 The Aldermen—dull set!
 And when they win a smile, they think
 That Hobler we forget.

They bid us seek in Magnay now,
 The wit that none can see
 But e'en with Laurie on the Bench,
 Dull work it now must be.

'Tis true that we can hear no more
 The joke that always set
 The court and public in a roar;
 But how can we forget?

They tell us he's retirèd now
 And placed upon full pay;
 They hint that he is serious,
 But heed not what they say.

Like Moon, perhaps, he struggles hard
 For dignity—but yet,
 One who has joked as he has joked,
 The habit can't forget. *Punch.*

NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

SIR E. L. BULWER, in his play of *The Lady of Lyons*, speaks of certain "Noblemen of Nature" whose mention is invariably hailed with "bravos" from the gallery, the occupants of which are no doubt something in the nature of the noblemen alluded to. A peerage of these "Noblemen of Nature" is a desideratum in the genealogical literature of the country, and *Punch* therefore begs leave to propose filling up the gap in a manner of which the following may be considered a fair specimen.

Soames, Bill.—Barren of Honesty in St. James's, and Prince of Good Fellows in St. Giles's. Born in the year 1820; and was called to the Upper House—the House of Correction, on Mount Pleasant, in the year 1829.

Sykes, Ned or Edward—was elevated to the Early doom, or Earldom of Brixton, in the year 1840, and subsequently to the County (prison). The Sykes arms have always been a bludgeon dexter, and a skeleton key sinister. Supporters, a policeman guardant, and a buck collared and chained. Motto, *Semper paratus*.

Tomkins, Peter—was born in 1825, and is the seventeenth of the house—a lodging house—to which he belongs. He carried the birch broom at the coronation of William the Fourth, and again at that of her present Majesty. Arms: a hand rampant at a carriage-window, argent. Motto: *Secate viam, Cut a way.—Punch.*

SCARLET TURNED UP WITH BLUE.

ALWAYS ready to hail and welcome any project for intellectual improvement, we have heard with delight of a plan for the establishment of domestic libraries at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle for the use of the royal servants, whose mental faculties have too long lain "dormouse," as old Weller says, in easy places and hall chairs. The scheme, it is understood, enjoys the highest patronage, as well as the approbation of the household, who have commenced a subscription amongst themselves, and by way of a beginning have ordered "Punch," "Cakes and Ale," "Hours of Idleness," "The Castle of Indolence," and "The Palace of Pleasure." To these books numerous and appropriate volumes of reference, including "Dean Swift's Advice to Servants," have been added by well-wishers to the scheme; and the following list, it is said, has already received the sanction of the Board of Works:—

Cook's Voyages; Kitchiner's Oracle;
 Butter's Gradations; Accum's Culinary Poisons;
 Butler's Exercises; Butler's Remains;
 The Heavenly Footman; The Queen's Page;
 Susan Hopley, or the Adventures of a Maid
 Servant; The Maid's Tragedy;
 Woman and her Master; Broom's Selections;
 Porter's Pleasures of Home; Baker's Chronicles;
 Butcher's Chronology; Chandler's Travels;
 Macculloch on Labour and Wages;
 High Life Below Stairs;
 The School for Scandal; The Story Teller;
 The Busy-Body; Table Talk;
 Tales of the Castle; Tales of the Hall;
 Illustrations of Lying;
 And all the fashionable novels.—*Punch.*

SOMETHING ABOUT MUSIC.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GENTLE Christians, pity us! We are just returned from a musical entertainment, and, with aching head and stunned ears, sit down to try to recover our equanimity, sorely disturbed by the infliction which, we regret to say, we have survived. Had we known how to faint, we had done so on the spot, that ours might have been the bliss of being carried out over the heads and shoulders of the audience ere the performance had well begun—a movement that would have insured us the unfeigned thanks of all whom we had rescued from their distressing situation under pretence of bearing us off, splashing us with cold water, causing doors to bang impressively during our exit, and the various other *petits soins* requisite to the conducting a “faint” with dignity.

But it could not be accomplished. We made several awkward attempts, so little like, that their only result was our being threatened with a policeman if we made any more disturbance; so, after a hasty glance round had assured us of the impracticability of making our escape in any more everyday style, we sat down with a stern resolution of endurance—lips firmly compressed, eyes fixed in a stony gaze on the orchestra, whence issued by turns groans, shrieks, and screams, from sundry foully-abused instruments of music; accompanied by equally appalling sounds from flat, shrill signorinas, quavering to distraction, backed by gigantic “basses,” (double ones surely), who, with voices like the “seven devils” of the old Grecian, bellowed out divers sentimentalisms about dying for love, when assuredly their most proximate danger was of apoplexy.

Well, the affair came to an end, as, it is to be hoped, will every other evil in this wicked world; in a spasm of thankfulness we extricated ourselves from the crush, and reached our home, where, under the genial influence of quiet and a cup of coffee, we can afford to laugh at the past (our own vehement indignation included), and ruminate calmly on the “how” and the “why” of the nuisance, which appears to us as well worthy of being put down by act of parliament, as the ringing of muffin bells and crying “sweep!”

It is a perfect puzzle to us by what process the standard of music has become so lowered, as to make what is ordinarily served up under that name to be received as the legitimate descendant of the harmony divine which erst broke on the ear of the listening world, when “the morning stars sang together;” and, in the first freshness of its creation—teeming with melody—angels deigned to visit this terrestrial paradise, nor turned an exile’s gaze to that heaven whose strains were chanted in

glad accordance with the murmuring stream, and music of the waving forest—which, in its greenness and beauty, seemed but “a little lower” than its celestial archetype, for

“Earth hath *this* variety from heaven.”

(Blessings on the poet for that line! We have a most firm belief in Milton, and receive his representations of heaven as we would those of a Daguerreotype.)

But it is even so. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this entrancing art, it seems, has taken it; sorely dislocating its graceful limbs, and injuring its goodly proportions in the unseemly escapade. There—we have played over a simple air, one that thrills through our heart of hearts; and as the notes die on our ears, soothing though the strain be, we feel our indignation increase, and glow still more fiercely against this—music, as it is by courtesy called, for Heaven knows it has no legitimate claim to the name!—till it reaches the crusading point, and we rush headlong to a war of extermination against bars, rests, crotchets, quavers—undaunted even by “staves,” and formidable inflated semibreves.

We hate your crashing, clumsy chords, and utterly spit at and defy chromatic passages from one end of the instrument to the other, and back again; flats, sharps, and most appropriate “naturals,” spattered all over the page. The essential spirit of discord seems let loose on our modern music, tainted, as it were, with the moral infection that has seized the land; it is music for a democracy, not the stately, solemn measure of imperial majesty. Music to soothe! the idea is obsolete, buried with the ruffs and farthingales of our great-grandmothers; or, to speak more soberly, with the powdered wigs and hoops of their daughters. There is music to excite, much to irritate one, and much more to drive a really musical soul stark mad; but none to soothe, save that which is drawn from the hiding-places of the past.

We should like to catch one of the old masters—Handel, for instance—and place him within the range of one of our modern executioners, to whose taste (!) *carte-blanche* had been given. We think we see him under the infliction. Neither the hurling of wig, nor yet of kettle-drum, at the head of the performer, would relieve his outraged spirit: he would strangle the offender on the spot, and hang himself afterwards; and the jury would, in the first case, return a verdict of justifiable homicide, and, in the second, of justifiable suicide, with a deodand of no ordinary magnitude on the musical instrument that had led to the catastrophe.

There is no repose, no refreshment to the

mind, in our popular compositions: they are like Turner's skies—they harass and fatigue; leaving you certainly wondering at their difficulty, but, as certainly, wishing they had been "impossible." There is to us more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm-tunes, feelingly played, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the "fountains of the great deep are broken up,"—the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as the unwonted, yet unchecked, tear starts to the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the moil of earthly care; rising, purified and spiritualized, into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind,

"Like the far-off dreams of Paradise,"

mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of a still subdued, though more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sorrowful ones sighed out their complaints in those plaintive notes, that steal sadly, yet sweetly, on the ear—hearts that, now cold in death, are laid to rest around that sacred fane, within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion! Tell us not of neatly trimmed "cemeteries," redolent of staring sunflowers, priggish shrubs, and all the modern coxcombry of the tomb; with nicely swept gravel walks, lest the mourner should get "wet on's feet," and vaults numbered like warehouses, where "parties may bring their own minister," and be buried with any form, or no form, if they like it better. No, give us the village churchyard, with its sombre yew-trees, among which

"The dial, hid by weeds and flowers,
Hath told, by none beheld, the solitary hours;"

its grassy hillocks, and mouldering grave-stones, where haply all record is obliterated, and naught but a solitary "resurgam" meets the inquiring eye; its white-robed priest reverently committing "earth to earth," in sure and certain hope "of a joyful resurrection" to the slumbering clay, that was wont to worship within the grey and time-stained walls, whence the mournful train have now borne him to his last rest; while on the ivy-clad tower fall the slanting golden beams of an autumnal sun, that, in its declining glory, seems to whisper of hope and consolation to the sorrowful ones, reminding them that the night of the tomb shall not endure for ever, but that, so surely as the great orb of day shall return on the wings of the morning, to chase

away the tears of the lamenting earth, so surely shall the dust, strewed around that temple, scattered though it may be to the winds of heaven, "rise again" in the morning of the Resurrection, when death "shall be swallowed up in victory."

"'Tis fit his trophies should be rife
Around the place where he's subdued;
The gate of death leads forth to life."

But we are wandering sadly from our subject; it is perhaps quite as well that we have done so, for we should have become dangerous, had we dwelt much longer on it. We were on the point of wishing (Nero-like) that our popular professors of the tuneful art had but one neck, that we might exterminate them at a blow, or hang them with one gigantic fiddle-string; but now, thanks to our episode, our exacerbated feelings are so far mollified, that we will be content with wishing them sentenced to grind knives on oil-less stones with creaking axles, till the sufferings of their own shall have taught them consideration for the ears of other people.

But music, real music—not in the harsh, exaggerated style now in the ascendant, but simple, pure, melodious, such as might have entranced the soul of a Handel, when in some vision of night, sounds swept from angelic harps have floated around him, the gifted one, in whose liquid strains and stately harmonies fall on our ravished ears the echoes of that immortal joy—such we confess to be one of our idols, before whose shrine we pay a willing, gladsome homage; though now, alas! it must be in dens and caves of the earth, since *modern* heresy has banished it from the temple of Apollo.

See how Toryism peeps out even in the fine arts! *Even* did we say? They are its legitimate province; "The old is better," is inscribed in glowing characters on the portals of the past. Old Painting! See the throbbing form start from the pregnant canvass—the "Mother of God" folding her Divine Son to her all but celestial arms—the Son of God fainting beneath a load of wo, not his own. Old Poetry! Glorious old Homer, with his magic song; and sturdy, oak-like in his strength, as in his verdure, old Chaucer. Old Music! Hail, ye inspired sons of the lyre! A noble host are ye, enshrined in the hearts of all loyal worshippers of the tuneful god. And yet (we grieve to confess it) we, even we, spite of all our enthusiasm, have been seen laughing at "old music," the aspiring psalmody of a country church singing-pew.

Oh, to see the row of performers, the consequential choir, transcending in importance (in their own eyes) the clerk, the curate, the rector, and even the squire from the great

hall, majestic and stern though he be, with his awful wig and gold-headed cane! There are the fussy boys—copied apparently from cherubim—who, with glowing, distended cheeks, are simpering on the ceiling, *doing* the tenor, with wide open mouths that would shame e'er a barn-door in the village; their red, stumpy fingers sprawling over the music which they are (not) reading. The pale, lantern-jawed youths, in yellow waistcoats and tall shirt-collars, who look as if they were about to whistle a match, are holloing out what is professionally, and in this instance with most distressing truth, termed counter. "Counter" it is with a vengeance; and not only so, but it is a neck-and-neck race between them and the urchins aforesaid, which shall have done first. The shock-headed man, with chin dropped into his neckerchief, and mouth twisted into every unimaginable contortion, as though grinning through a horse-collar, has the bass confided to his faithful keeping; and emits a variety of growls and groans truly appalling, though evidently to his own great comfort and satisfaction. The bassoon, the clarinet, the flute—but how shall we describe them! Suffice it to say, that they appeared to be suffering inexpressible torments at the hands of their apoplectic-looking performers; who were all at the last gasp, and all determined to die bravely at their posts. And then the entranced audience, with half-shut eyes and quivering palms! Oh, it was too much; we lost our character irretrievably that day; half-suppressed titters from the squire's pew were not to be borne. In that unhappy moment we sinned away some quarter of a century's unrivalled reputation for good manners and musical taste. Old Fiddlestrings never forgave us, never did he vouchsafe us another anthem, spite of our entreaties and protestations, and the thousand and one apologies for our ill-timed merriment, which our fruitful brain invented on the spot. To his dying day he preserved the utmost contempt for our judgment, not only in this department of the fine arts, but also on every other subject. Not to admire his music, was condemnation in everything—an unpardonable offence. We, who had been his great friend, patron (or rather he was ours), to whom he had so often condescended on the Saturday evening to hum, whistle, and too-too over the tune—of his own composing—that was to be the admiration of the whole parish on the succeeding day—we were henceforth to be as the uninitiated, and left to find out, and follow, as we best might, the very eccentric windings of his Sunday's asthmatic performance; which always went at the rate of three crotchets and a cough, to the end of the psalm, which he took care should be an especial long one.

Poor old man! we see him now, with his unruly troop of Sunday scholars (in training for some important festival, to the due celebration of which their labours were essential) singing, bawling we should say, out of time and tune, to the utter discomfiture of his irritable temper (there is nothing like a false note for throwing your musical man into a perfect tantrum), and the bringing down on their unlucky heads a smart tap with the bow of his violin, which led the harmony. There they stood with their brown cheeks and white heads, fine specimens of the agricultural interest: each one of them looking as if he could bolt a poor, half-starved factory child at a mouthful—but certainly no singers. It was beyond the power even of the accomplished old clerk himself to make them such—an oyster, with its mouth full of sand, would have sung quite as well; but still he laboured on with might and main—with closed eyes, and open mouth—delightedly beating time with his head, as long as matters went on not intolerably; for David's musical soul supplied the deficiency in the sounds that entered his unwearied ears. And then he sang so loud himself, that he certainly could hear no one else, his voice being as monopolizing as the drone of a bagpipe—or as a violent advocate for free trade! Happy urchins when this was the case! for they were sure to be dismissed with the most flattering encomiums on their vocal powers, when, if truth must be told, the good old man had not heard a note.

But he is gathered to his fathers, and now sleeps beneath the sod in the quiet churchyard of ——. We well remember his funeral. 'Twas a lovely day in spring, when the long, lifeless trees and fields were bursting into all the glory of May—for May was spring then, and not as now, cousin-german to winter; while the gay sunbeams played lovingly, like youth caressing age, on the low church-tower, gilding the ivy that waved in wild luxuriance around it. Slowly moved on the lowly train that bore to the "house appointed for all living" the mortal remains of one whom they well loved, and whose removal from among them—essential as he had always seemed to the very identity of the village—was an event they had never contemplated, and which they now, in its unexpectedness, sorely lamented. The village choir preceded it, singing those strains which poor David's voice had so often led; and surely, for once, the spirit of the old man rested on his refractory pupils; for rarely have I heard sweeter notes than those that swelled on the balmy air, as the dusky procession wound its way across the heath, waving with harebells, and along the narrow lane, whose hedges were beginning to show the first faint rose, till it reached

the church porch, where the good rector himself was waiting to pay the last token of respect to his humble friend; while groups of villagers were loitering around to witness the simple rites. Entering within the church, again was the voice of melody heard, and again was as sweetly chaunted that mournful psalm, which is appointed, with such affecting appropriateness, for the burial of the dead. "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not in my tongue; I will keep my mouth, as it were, with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight." Then came the dull, hollow sound of "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" and so, amid many tears (and we confess our eyes were not dry), closed the grave over one who, despite some innocent, though mirth-provoking failings, was honoured by all who knew him, for the stern, unbending integrity of his character, and the strictness with which he fulfilled all the duties of life. David was an *honest* man; one whose "word was as good as his bond," who "promised to his hurt, and changed not." Would that as much might be said of many who move in a higher sphere, and make far larger professions of sanctity than he did! But he shall be remembered, when their names are blotted out for ever.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

The music which we hear in our social intercourse, is too generally—we say it in grief, but in truth—detestable. "Like figures on a dial-plate," sit the four-and-twenty Englishmen and Englishwomen, who have been drawn together to receive their friend's hospitality; till the awful silence convinces the host that some desperate effort must be made to break the spell, and that the best thing is some music to set them a-talking. Some *mimini-pimini* Miss is in consequence selected as the victim (or rather, the victimizer), and requested to "pain" the company. She fidgets, bridles, and duly declines, at the same time vigorously pulling off one of her gloves in evident preparation for the attack. After much pressing, she reluctantly yields to what she had from the first made up her mind to do; takes her seat at a grand piano-forte, behind a couple of candles and an enormous music-book, and—crash go the keys in a thundering prelude (the pedal, and every other means of increasing the noise being unscrupulously resorted to), which, after superhuman exertions, lands her in what, to our affrighted and stunned ears, is evidently the key of Z flat! Who would have thought those delicate hands could thus descend with the vigour of a pavier's hammer on the unhappy ivories, that groan and shriek beneath the in-

fliction, as though fully sensible of the surpassing cruelty with which they are treated.

But hark! she sings—"Romè, Romè, thou art *n'more*," (*sic*)—a furious scramble on the keys, with a concluding bang—"On thy seven hills thou satt'st of yore;"—another still more desperate and discordant flourish, which continues alternating with her "most sweet voice," till she has piped through the whole of her song: when the group around, apprehensive of a repetition of the torture to which they had been subjected, overwhelm her with thanks and expressions of admiration, under cover of which they hurry her to her seat. Such is the stuff palmed off on us, varied as it is by glees, screamed out by four voices all in different keys; solos, squeaked out by stout gentlemen, and roared by pale lanky lads of eighteen; duets by young ladies, who accidentally set out on discordant notes, and don't find out the mistake till they come to the finale; with occasionally a psalm crooned by worthy sexagenarians, guiltless alike of ear and voice, but who, seeming to think it a duty to add their mite to the inexpressible dissonance, perform the same to the unmixed dismay of all their hearers.

We would far rather hear an unpretending street organ than such abominations; and, indeed, some of the itinerant music is, to our unsophisticated ears, sweet beyond expression, especially when accompanied, as it is sometimes, by a rich Italian or reedy German voice; for whose sake we can forgive the tuneless squalls that too often greet our ears from ambulatory minstrels, be they of the Madonna, or fishy, Dutch swamp style of beauty. A sweet-toned street organ, heard in the distance, when all around is still, is not a thing to be despised, by those who have music enough in their souls to respond to the slightest touches of Apollo's lyre. If the heart be but attuned to harmony, it will vibrate to the simplest notes, faint though they be; as by the wafting of the evening breeze among the chords of a neglected harp, sadly hung upon the willows; it will cherish the feeblest idea, and nurture it into perfect melody. As love begets love, so does harmony beget its kind in the heart of him who can strike the key-note of nature, and listen to the wild and solemn sounds that swell from her mysterious treasure-house, and echo among her "eternal hills," while the celestial arch concludes and re-affirms the wondrous cadence. But these are secrets revealed to none but her loving worshippers; he who, with a reverential homage, seeks the hidden recesses of her temple, to bend in awe before her purest shrine. From him who lingers heedlessly in her antechamber with faint loyalty, they are deeply veiled, and the glow-

ing revelations of her favoured ones seem but as the recital of a dream to his cold heart : for "to love is to know."

But surely of all instruments, the violin, first-rately played, is the most—yes, we will say it—heavenly. Hark ! to the clear, vocal melody, now rapturously rising in one soul-exalting strain, anon melting away in the saddest, tenderest lament, as though the soft summer breeze sighed forth a requiem over the dying graces of its favourite flower ; then bursting forth in haughty, triumphant notes, swept in gusts from the impassioned strings, as though instinct with life, and glowing with disdain. Any one may see that painters are no musicians, else had they furnished their angels not with harps—beautiful and sparkling as the sea-foam, as are their most graceful chords—but with this, of all instruments the most musical, whose tones admit of more variety than any (the Proteus organ alone excepted), and whose delicious long-drawn notes must entrance every one not absolutely soulless. Oh, they are excruciatingly delightful ! And yet you shall hear this identical violin, in the hands of an everyday performer, emit such squeals and screams as shall set your teeth on edge for a twelve-month, curdle your whole frame, and make you vehemently anathematize all benevolent institutions for the relief of deafness.

Verily your violin is an exclusive instrument, and approachable by none but the eldest born of Apollo, who, in all the majesty of hereditary prerogative, calmly sway the dominions of their sire ; while usurpers (as is the meed of all who grasp unrighteous rule) are plunged in utter confusion and ruin.

Warming with our theme, and impatient to manifest our royal descent, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm we clutch our Cremona, clasp him lovingly to our shoulder, and high waving in air our magical bow, which is to us a sceptre, bring it down with a crash, exulting in the immortal harmony about to gush, like a mountain torrent, from the teeming strings ; when lo ! to our unmitigated disgust, it glides noiselessly along its hitherto resounding path, for—ye gods and little fishes !—some murderous wretch, at the instigation of we know not what evil sprite, has *greased* the horsehair, for which we solemnly devote him to the "bowstring," the first time he is caught napping.

Well, it is over now, and we find ourselves once more on earth, after knocking our head against the stars ! and,—— bless us ! we have sat the fire out, having precisely one inch of candle left to go to bed by.

Good night, dearest reader. Can you find your way in the dark ?

M. J.

WORSTED WORK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

Oh ! talk not of it lightly in a tone of scornful mirth,
It brings to me glad visions of the calm and quiet
hearth,
Of seasons of retirement from the world's obtrusive
eyes,
Of freedom from absorbing toil, of dear domestic ties.

When I view the tasteful ottoman, or richly fancied
screen,
I ever picture to my mind a sweet and social scene—
A group of sisters, young and fair, rejoicing to unite
In bringing every blooming flower and vivid fruit to
light.

Perchance in time they separate, the world's false
joys they share ;
And half forget their father's house, and all the dear
ones there ;
Then, on a brief and passing stay, how tenderly their
gaze
Shall rest upon the common work of girlhood's sunny
days !

Perchance dissensions have prevailed, cold envy may
have cast
A bleak and withering blight upon the pure and
peaceful past ;
Then may not these mute witnesses such changeful
love condemn,
Bearing a record in each leaf, a lesson in each stem ?

May they not think in sadness on the swiftly fleeting
hour,
When, like Hermia and her gentle friend, each busied
on one flower,
They warbled some familiar air, and plied their skill-
ful art,
Owning a happy unison of voice and hand and heart ?

Perchance some fragile girl who shared that cheerful
task of love,
Hath left her cherished home on earth, and gone to
rest above ;
Then how her fond surviving friends shall gaze in
pensive thought
On every graceful tendril that her fairy fingers
wrought !

How shall they scan the chaplets that she fancifully
planned,
To trace the individual buds that grew beneath her
hand ;
Feeling in softened grief, that she, who once these
flowers portrayed,
Is taken from a world of change where "all that's
bright must fade !"

The scoffer may on vain pursuits and wasted mo-
ments jest ;
Alas ! the highly gifted mind is most in need of rest :
Exhausted, faint, and overwrought, the thoughts may
passive lie,
While actively the fingers their ingenious duty ply.

There is language in the blossoms of the meadows
and the bowers,
To me the lifeless canvass has its own sweet speech
of flowers ;
Its gay and glowing garlands have a moral in their
bloom,
They tell of household quiet, of the tranquil joys of
home.

FENIMORE COOPER.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE want of some just and liberal measure of international copyright has been severely felt on this side the Atlantic, but with what grievous and almost crushing effects has it been attended in America! To be sure, the American publishers had no particular reason to complain; nor did it appear to a cursory observer, that the American "reading public" were labouring under any intolerable grievance, so long as they could purchase in the broad daylight the masterpieces of modern literature as soon as they could be torn from the press, at the mere price of paper and print;—though it would be very easy to show that in the progress of years both seller and purchaser must be vitally and inevitably injured by the apparent or temporary benefit. But the American Author—how fared he, in the face of the giant evil!

Writers in other countries could suffer but little by the want of a wiser international arrangement. Even in France and Germany, native authors could of course command patronage and purchasers, unaffected, comparatively, by any extent to which the tide of English publications might set in, whether a popular work happened to be merely reprinted amongst them, or produced in a translated form. But it was and is far otherwise in the United States, when a native and an English author of equal merit are competitors. Of two equal stories in the same language, the American's must of course be rejected, because the Englishman's may be had for nothing.

Grievous beyond doubt has been the operation of the system, or want of system, upon the interests of authors and publishers here, who have in a thousand instances seen their fair and just hopes of profit and reward struck down, by the introduction of foreign reprints at home, and the total destruction of their sale throughout that immense region of readers, called the British possessions abroad! But worse than this, bad as it was, has happened to the ill-fated and utterly uncared-for American author; for while the popular historian, novelist, or poet in this country could still boast of having his "public" to appeal to, and count securely upon his purchasers, however reduced by these nibbling, narrowing influences, the man of genius, of whatever class, in America, had no public of any kind or quality to boast—no readers to reckon upon—for in what Fool's Paradise was he to dig for a publisher! He might as well go into the woods and beat about for a phoenix!

What, indeed, can be said to justify—what advanced in the way of parallel to, a state of things, under which a writer possessed of the great original power, the attractive talents, and proportionate celebrity that distinguish Fenimore Cooper, is compelled to seek in a country not his own, the fair meed of his literary labour! London gives him hundreds for his manuscript, and New York buys his printed work for a guinea, and reprints it.

England, however, owes more to Mr. Cooper than he can ever owe to her. He has associated his name with our land's language; he has familiarized us with the unknown; he has brought the far-off close to us as are our very homes; he has carried us where no author in any age or of any class ever carried us before. There is this pecu-

liarity in the writings of Cooper—and a charm lies in the peculiarity, an element of power quite unconnected with the indisputable talent he possesses—that the ground he occupies in most of his leading works is new, the scenes are painted for the first time, the agents are for the most part strangers; for if we ransacked all European literature we should find nothing bearing resemblance to them—and yet we instantly recognize what people (out of America, too) pleasantly call their "naturalness"—we at once feel them to be true.

Of course we are not now speaking of his sea-scenes, but his forest-scenes. What a fairy-land have these been to thousands! What dreams made real—dreams of marvels previously unimagined, and else inconceivable!

It is long since Cooper's earliest tales became known in this country—long even since they became familiar to readers of all ranks. Amidst the wide working of the potent and wondrous spells of Scott, whose current of popularity was all but sufficient—

"To kill the flock of all affections else,"

the stranger stood forth and found a willing audience. At his very first advance, he manifested the power to startle and impress. In the teeth of political prejudice in some quarters, and critical prejudice in others—in opposition to the ruling taste, and prepossessions the most widely diffused and powerful—he took hosts of readers captive, and at once marked them for his own. He established himself as a writer, who, where he was heard once, would be pretty sure to be heard twice. He had something to say, and besides that, he had a manner of his own in saying it. People might dislike, might misunderstand, his works, but they could not treat them with indifference. They were never common-places in what they included, if the outline or even the general substance were little better. Good or bad, they were not to be laid down, dismissed, forgotten. With all their weaknesses, there was sure to be an effect somewhere, whose influence was to be an existence for life among the reader's literary recollections. He won his position, then, and he has held his footing.

When we say that these permanent influences belong to his earliest writings, it is of course because we rank these with his best. The "Pilot," and the "Red Rover," are tales never read without excitement, or remembered without pleasure. The author is, as much as any man, at home on the sea; his ships are not as painted ships

"Upon a painted ocean;"

nevertheless, there is much in these stories that might be cheerfully spared, for either the strength of one portion of the book makes the rest feeble, or the author, quitting the sea for the land, gets really out of his element. With one set of characters we are breathing air in company with old Nature herself, and with another we are choked up in a theatre, where "nothing is but what is not;" seeing a play, and not a good one. To this class belongs a later production, the "Water Witch," which, though less striking in its purposes and interest, has its masterly scenes, but weakened by frequent repetition in spite of the great skill with which this is managed.

An instance, moreover, of the fire and animation which Cooper is sure to feel when he once gets afloat, of the living effect which he can give to *water* even though it flow but in a canal, is seen in that bold vigorous Venetian boat-race with which the "Bravo" breaks upon us so dashing. Many years have passed since that picture was presented to the imagination, but there it is still, associated in its degree with proud and high reminiscences of Venice; remembered and kept before the mind's eye, as we remember the contest of the famous bowmen, Locksley and Hubert—the colloquy between the immortal Vicar and Mr. Jenkinson—or anything else equally unlike, so that it be equally true.

The "Spy" is another of the tales which, at whatever ages they may be read, makes an impression not easily worn out. With younger and more impressible readers, the perusal of it is an event;—so strange, various, contradictory, but absorbing, is the interest of character belonging to it. It is written on the author's favourite plan, of protracting and reserving while he may, and then plunging to his effect. The character of Harvey Birch is brought out, as Birch himself would manage an escape, when eyes which must be deceived in spite of their vigilance are upon him—slow riding at first, as though nothing was intended, a quicker pace insensibly as danger thickens, till the critical moment comes and concealment is impossible—then "off" is the word. The effect of the "Spy" depends upon the closing pages; it is comparatively flat as we thread the mazy paths that lead us there. The repulsiveness created by the spy himself gradually lessens, curiosity and admiration as slowly increase, until the final revelation in the scene with Washington comes—than which we know of few things more impressive or affecting.

When the poor, despised, baited, trampled man—the seeming spy of the enemy, whom a thief at the gallows-tree would have scorned—the hunted wretch, who, in his disinterested love of country, has met dangers and endured ignominies unspeakable—is recognized by the illustrious leader as a friend to the liberties of America—as an incorruptible, a noble-minded patriot, who must be contented to bear the brand of a foe to all he holds dear lest living interests should be compromised—we see a picture which renders this extraordinary character a treasured recollection.

But above all that is best of this author's delineations, his vivid, romantic, and yet truth-stamped pictures of sea-life or land-life, most readers will place his portraits of Indian character, and his expositions of life under many varying circumstances of interest, in the vast wilds and desert regions of America. In the trackless prairie and the interminable forest, Cooper seems to have an elasticity of existence, a sense and knowledge of life, a fertility of resources and expedients, that render him a sort of literary representative of the imperishable Leatherstocking himself; and had his contribution to the stock of human pleasure been confined solely to his creation of this curious and inimitable character, worked out as it is, with unfaltering power, through five successive tales, he would still have "said his say," and won the kindly and grateful respect of more than one country.

The mere extent to which this character is drawn out, renders it a literary curiosity. There is scarcely

an instance of a conception being so fully sustained under the circumstances which have governed the completion of this portraiture—this history of a life from youth to age, composed so disjointedly, yet finished with such harmonious relationship in all its parts. No character, perhaps, was ever so much tried, without wearing out the interest it at first created. No writer could run a greater risk, in the attempt to add to such strength, of weakening and crippling it. But "La Longue Carabine" sprang from a brain that was conscious of its strength,

"And saw as from a tower the end of all."

It did seem dangerous to meddle with him of the renowned Rifle; to conduct him into other times and scenes, and force a comparison with those wanderings and adventures with Uncas and Chingagook, in which such unrivalled powers of stimulating curiosity and protracting excitement are displayed. Yet what a new exhibition of the same faculty interests and enchains us in the delineation of the old Trapper; and how the reality grows upon us, as the years roll over him, and we see the self-same being, under different modifications of his intelligence and experience, moving amidst the immeasurable prairie, and, when the mighty waste is all one flame, combating the terrific agency of fire by turning it against itself. Over and over again may these narratives of forest adventure be read, and the scenes are vivid as at first, and the Trapper never grows tedious.

More daring still was it (but none will regret the daring) to depict, in recent years, the youth of a character so established in the partiality of all readers; and to carry us back, as in the "Deerslayer," to those early times when the heart of the simple, honest creature was fiercely attacked by desperate beauty, he in his exquisite modesty unconscious all the time of his conquest—when, too, his famous rifle first came into effective play against a savage of a rare sort, winning for its hopeful master the designation of Hawkeye. The "Pathfinder" followed, and worked out other essential points of a character, so powerfully conceived, and finished with such mastery of hand, as to be attractive in every stage of its history.

Some one has said that the creation of "Uncle Toby" was the finest compliment ever paid to human nature. Compliments to our poor clay, quite as fine, to say the least, are to be found out of Sterne's once over-estimated writings; to our mind, *La Longue Carabine* figures in the select list.

The portraits of Indian character have doubtless all the leading lines of fidelity; truth seems everywhere to regulate the drawing; and they are filled up with unfailing power. We never see, as in Cooper's pictures of common people in cities, and soldiers on their march, signs of the weak hand and the unnoting eye. He himself seems Indian when painting Indians. The instances are numerous. The general features of the tribes he has introduced are strongly marked, and the individual characteristics are ably discriminated. There is a fine fire-eyed young savage, whom we remember in "The Borderers,"—he calls to mind the acting of Kean. Of Uncas and his silent heart-buried passion it is unnecessary to speak; he stands out brightly in the collection. While border-life, savage manners and habits, the "sands and shores and desert wildernesses," retain an interest, Cooper's tales will not be read without a charm.

We now take up the latest addition to the American novelist's long list—"Wyandotté; or, the Hutted Knoll."

A short account of this must suffice. It is the history of the sufferings of a family settled on the borders, at the outbreak of the Revolution. The head of it, Captain Willoughby, had served in the king's army, until approaching age and other considerations warned him to collect his worldly means, and secure a promising settlement about one day's march from the Susquehannah. After toiling through a full share of the difficulties attendant upon such a step, and just as he is beginning to feel at home, surrounded by an attached family, the Revolution begins. His son is in the army, a gallant rising soldier, steadfast to his colours; but the father grows argumentative, and wavers between freedom to America and fidelity to England. Hence an interest arises, which is heightened hourly as the war spreads, and apprehensions of danger from the Indians and the lawless adventurers set in motion by the turbulence of the time, begin to prevail. The "Hutted Knoll," so is the imperfectly-fortified place called, becomes the object of attack, by a mingled troop of red-skins, and painted whites more barbarous still. A large portion of the work discusses the preparations for the siege, the conflicting feelings of the family and their few dependents, the stratagems employed on both sides, and the hair-breadth escapes and romantic adventures of the chief persons of the story. The end is tragic; death sweeping away most of the actors, and leaving a solitary marriage, like a flower, blossoming above the grave.

As in many of his former works, the author takes his time before he throws in his interest. He suffers our feelings to lie fallow, and then, to be sure, we have a fair crop of emotion. The power he has so often displayed of concentrating his force upon one spot, and working excitement by dint of going doggedly into details which seem of minor importance, and are often tedious, until the catastrophe shoots up, like a pyramid from a broad naked level, he has employed here, and with effect. It is unfair to complain that much of the narrative is dull, when the dulness is a necessary step to the excitement; but however essential to the plan, it may not the less be felt sometimes.

There are two female figures charmingly drawn; one is Willoughby's daughter, who marries, and dies most needlessly; the other, Maud, a frank, beautiful, impassioned girl, who is his daughter in all but birth, and a fond and ardently loving sister to his son, until, on the eve of womanhood, an instinct of her sex reminds her that there is no relationship, and another kind of love brings alternately shadow and sunshine across her path. The son shares this feeling, and a love-conflict, delicately managed, gives rise to several touching scenes, which terminate happily at the altar.

Wyandotté himself is a character peculiarly the author's own. He is a sort of half-outcast from the Indians, a "Tuscarora," who had attached himself to the whites, acquired the sobriquet of Saucy Nick, picked up their language, and blended a hundred bad qualities with many good ones. As Saucy Nick, he had been flogged by his military master; but he continues in his service, cherishing revenge, and bethinking him that he is a great chief though degenerate, until by degrees he abandons to some extent his rum-drinking habits. It

is at this period, that Willoughby, when in great danger, and exasperated by the desertion of some of his people, threatens him again with the lash. The Indian's back, as the threat is uttered, seems to feel the old wounds; and the desire of revenge burns into his heart:—

" 'Listen,' said the Indian, sternly. 'Cap'in ole man. Got a head like snow on rock. He bold soldier; but he no got wisdom enough for grey hair. Why he put he hand rough on place where whip strike? Wise man nebbber do *dat*. Last winter he cold; fire wanted to make him warm. Much ice, much storm, much snow. World seem bad—fit only for bear, and snake, *dat* hide in rock. Well; winter gone away; ice gone away; snow gone away: storm gone away. Summer come in his place. Ebbery t'ing good; ebbery t'ing pleasant. Why t'ink of winter when summer come, and drive him away wid pleasant sky?' "

The Captain replies to this:—

" 'In order to provide for its return. He who never thought of the evil day in the hour of his prosperity, would find that he has forgotten, not only a duty, but the course of wisdom.' "

" 'He *not* wise!' said Nick sternly. 'Cap'in pale-face chief. He got garrison; got soldier; got musket. Well, he flog warrior's back: make blood come. *Dat* bad enough; worse to put finger on ole sore, and make 'e pain, and 'e shame, come back ag'in.' "

Wyandotté is important to the Captain; he can give information but is distrusted—yet he tells truth. His replies are characteristic:—

" 'Answer the questions in the order in which I put them.' "

" 'Wyandotté not newspaper to tell ebbery t'ing at once. Let cap'in talk like one chief speaking to anoder.' "

" 'Then, tell me first what you know of this party at the mill. Are there many pale-faces in it?' "

" 'Put 'em in the river,' answered the Indian, sententiously; 'water tell the trut'.

" 'You think that there are many among them that would wash white?' "

Distrust of the Indian continues, in spite of many tokens of devotion, and of feelings the most grateful and refined, evinced towards the ladies of the party—indeed to all who use him kindly. There is a delicacy in his conduct that justifies even the appellation by which the author characterizes him, "this forest gentleman." But Captain Willoughby has a too vivid sense of the man's failings and degradation; he threatens him with flogging once more; and the forest gentleman, amidst a thousand proofs of gratitude and affection for the family, decoys the head of it into the woods, and avenges himself by a most deliberate assassination. "The old sores smarted."

After the commission of this cold-blooded murder, we have some difficulty in reconciling ourselves to the friendly offices of the savage towards the wife and children, and in appreciating his delicacy and refinements. Yet we must hold steadily the thread whose windings lead us into the recesses of the Indian nature, and we may find consistency in his de-

sire to soften the blow to his favourite, the innocent Maud, who is *not* the daughter of Willoughby, whom he has murdered.

“ ‘Oh! is it so, Nick!—*can* it be so?’ she said; ‘my father has fallen in this dreadful business?’ ”

“ ‘Fader kill twenty year ago; tell you *dat* how often?’ answered the Tuscarora, angrily: for in his anxiety to lessen the shock to Maud, for whom this wayward savage had a strange sentiment of affection that had grown out of her gentle kindness to himself on a hundred occasions, he fancied, that if she knew that Captain Willoughby was not actually her father, her grief at his loss would be less. ‘Why you call *dis* fader, when *dat* fader. Nick know fader and moder. *Major no broder.*’ ”

And there is a touch of consummate art in the Indian afterwards. Though he has so recently urged Maud’s want of natural affinity to the family as a reason why she should not grieve, he reminds her of the imaginary connexion, when proposing to effect the release of her lover (the Major, who has been taken prisoner) and to engage her in the attempt. Understanding a woman’s feelings, he omits the word lover:—

“ ‘Come wid Wyandotté—he great chief—show young squau where to find *broder.*’ ”

The great chief Wyandotté is converted to Christianity and dies forgiven—a fate with which the author might have been content, without throwing in a reflection which seems to aim at discovering some palliation of the most monstrous crime in the usages of a portion of civilized society. We are sorry to quote what follows:—

“ ‘Let not the self-styled Christians of civilized society affect horror at this instance of savage justice, so long as they go the whole length of the law of their several communities in avenging their own fancied wrongs, using the dagger of calumny instead of the scalping-knife, and rending and tearing *their* victims by the agency of gold and power, like so many beasts of the field, in all the forms and modes that legal vindictiveness will either justify or tolerate, often exceeding those broad limits, indeed, and seeking impunity behind perjuries and frauds.’ ”

We admire Mr. Cooper’s talents, and we can enter into his feeling of impatient indignation at calumny and wrong; but the phrase, “savage *justice*,” should never have been written; nor has any man a right to charge any order of civilized society with “*affecting* horror” of the foulest crime known to it.

For the rest, we wish him health and honour always.

DIALOGUES ON DILWORTH.

Q. How many liquids are there besides the usual liquids known as *l m n r*?

A. The other letters are *T* and double *X*.

Q. Why is an adjective like a drunken man?

A. Because it cannot stand alone.

Q. Why is a royal invitation like a preposition?

A. Because it cannot be declined.

Q. How many parts of speech are there?

A. It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes show a total want of parts in speaking it.—*Punch.*

WM. JULIUS MICKLE.—DR. JOHN LANGHORNE.—SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.—DR. THOMAS PERCY.

From Chambers’s Edinburgh Cyclopædia.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

AN admirable translation of ‘The Lusiad’ of Camoens, the most distinguished poet of Portugal, was executed by WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, himself a poet of taste and fancy, but of no great originality or energy. Mickle was son of the minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born, in 1734. He was engaged in trade in Edinburgh, as conductor, and afterwards partner, of a brewery; but he failed in business, and in 1764 went to London, desirous of literary distinction. Lord Lyttleton noticed and encouraged his poetical efforts, and Mickle was buoyed up with dreams of patronage and celebrity. Two years of increasing destitution dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to accept the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press, at Oxford. Here he published *Pollio*, an elegy, and *The Concubine*, a moral poem in the manner of Spenser, which he afterwards reprinted with the title of *Syr Martyn*. Mickle adopted the obsolete phraseology of Spenser, which was too antiquated even for the age of the ‘Faery Queen,’ and which Thomson had almost wholly discarded in his ‘Castle of Indolence.’ The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott (divested of its antique spelling) in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, ‘with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:’—

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond’s mouldering turrets slowly shake
The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla’s plaints renew.

Sir Walter adds, that Mickle, ‘being a printer by profession, frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing.’ This is mentioned by none of the poet’s biographers, and is improbable. The office of a corrector of the press is quite separate from the mechanical operations of the printer. Mickle’s poem was highly successful (not the less, perhaps, because it was printed anonymously, and was ascribed to different authors), and it went through three editions. In 1771 he published the first canto of his great translation, which was completed in 1775; and being supported

by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous both to his fame and fortune. In 1779 he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnston, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon by the countrymen of Camoens. On the return of the expedition, Mickle was appointed joint agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share was considerable; and having received some money by his marriage with a lady whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, the latter days of the poet were spent in ease and leisure. He died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, in 1788.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of *Cumnor Hall*, which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of *Kenilworth*.* The plot is interesting, and the versification easy and musical. Mickle assisted in Evans' Collection of Old Ballads (in which 'Cumnor Hall' and other pieces of his first appeared); and though in this style of composition he did not copy the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he had much of their tenderness and pathos. A still stronger proof of this is afforded by a Scottish song, the author of which was long unknown, but which seems clearly to have been written by Mickle. An imperfect, altered, and corrected copy was found among his manuscripts after his death; and his widow being applied to, confirmed the external evidence in his favour, by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the Scottish words. It is the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet. The delineation of humble matrimonial happiness and affection which the song presents, is almost unequalled—

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

Then there are the two lines—a happy Epicurean fancy, but elevated by the situation and the faithful love of the speaker—which Burns says 'are worthy of the first poet'—

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

These brief felicities of natural expression and feeling, so infinitely superior to the stock

* Sir Walter intended to have named his romance *Cumnor Hall*, but was persuaded by Mr. Constable, his publisher, to adopt the title of *Kenilworth*.

images of poetry, show that Mickle could have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he truly known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart instead of his ambition.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?

No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay:
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day?

The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have wo.

The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for wo;
To be content, than to be great.

How far less blessed am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
"Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say,
"Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Wo was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the key,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockins white as snaw:
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockins pearl blue—
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue:
His breath's like caller air;
His very fit has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth I'm like to greet.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE, an amiable and excellent clergyman, has long lost the popularity which he possessed in his own day as a poet; but his name nevertheless claims a place in the history of English literature. He was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, in 1735, and held the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in London. He afterwards obtained a prebend's stall in Wells

cathedral, and was much admired as a preacher. He died in 1779. Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful of which was his *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia*; and, in conjunction with his brother, he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives, which still maintains its ground as the best English version of the ancient author. His poetical works were chiefly slight effusions, dictated by the passion or impulse of the moment; but he made an abortive attempt to repel the coarse satire of Churchill, and to walk in the magic circle of the drama. His ballad, *Owen of Carron*, founded on the old Scottish tale of Gil Morrice, is smoothly versified, but in poetical merit is inferior to the original. The only poem of Langhorne's which has a cast of originality is his *Country Justice*. Here he seems to have anticipated Crabbe in painting the rural life of England in true colours. His picture of the gipsies, and his sketches of venal clerks and rapacious overseers, are genuine likenesses. He has not the raciness or the distinctness of Crabbe, but is equally faithful, and as sincerely a friend to humanity. He pleads warmly for the poor vagrant tribe:—

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plains,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptised in tears.

This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, the Scottish poet, this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. The passage is beautiful in itself, but this incident will embalm and preserve it for ever.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

Few votaries of the muses have had the resolution to abandon their early worship, or to cast off 'the Dalilahs of the imagination,' when embarked on more gainful callings. An example of this, however, is afforded by the case of SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (born in London in 1723, died 1780), who, having made choice of the law for his profession, and entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, took formal leave of poetry in a copy of natural and pleasing verses, published in Dodsley's Miscellany. Blackstone rose to rank and fame as a lawyer, wrote a series of masterly commentaries on the laws of England, was knighted, and died a judge in the court of common pleas. From some critical notes on Shakspeare by Sir William, published by Stevens, it would appear that, though he had forsaken his muse, he still (like Charles Lamb, when he had given up the use of the 'great plant,' tobacco) 'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces.'

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome we were wont to rove,
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
In frightened streets their orgies hold;

Or, where in silence all is drowned,
 Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
 No room for peace, no room for you;
 Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!
 Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
 Nor all the art of Addison,
 Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
 Instead of these, a formal band
 In furs and coifs around me stand:
 With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
 That grate the soul of harmony,
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
 And points with tottering hand the ways
 That leads me to the thorny maze.
 There, in a winding close retreat,
 Is justice doomed to fix her seat:
 There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
 She keeps the wondering world in awe;
 And there, from vulgar sight retired,
 Like eastern queen is more admired.
 Oh, let me pierce the secret shade
 Where dwells the venerable maid!
 There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
 The guardian of Britannia's law;
 Unfold with joy her sacred page,
 The united boast of many an age;
 Where mixed, yet uniform, appears
 The wisdom of a thousand years.
 In that pure spring the bottom view,
 Clear, deep, and regularly true;
 And other doctrines thence imbibe
 Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
 Observe how parts with parts unite
 In one harmonious rule of right;
 See countless wheels distinctly tend
 By various laws to one great end;
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
 Pervades, and regulates the whole.
 Then welcome business, welcome strife,
 Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
 The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
 The toil by day, the lamp at night,
 The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
 The pert dispute, the dull debate,
 The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
 Thus though my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage retirement loves to dwell!
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss
 Of innocence and inward peace;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe,
 Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
 My honour and my conscience clear.
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend.

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 DR. THOMAS PERCY.

DR. THOMAS PERCY, afterwards bishop of Dromore, in 1765 published his *Reliques of English Poetry*, in which several excellent old songs and ballads were revived, and a selection made of the best lyrical pieces scat-

tered through the works of modern authors. The learning and ability with which Percy executed his task, and the sterling value of his materials, recommended his volumes to public favour. They found their way into the hands of poets and poetical readers, and awakened a love of nature, simplicity, and true passion, in contradistinction to that coldly-correct and sentimental style which pervaded part of our literature. The influence of Percy's collection was general and extensive. It is evident in many contemporary authors. It gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott; and it may be seen in the writings of Coleridge and Wordsworth. A fresh fountain of poetry was opened up—a spring of sweet, tender, and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could never be again turned back into the artificial channels in which the genius of poesy had been too long and too closely confined. Percy was himself a poet. His ballad, 'O, Nanny, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me,' the Hermit of Warkworth,' and other detached pieces, evince both taste and talent. We subjoin a cento, 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' which Percy says he compiled from fragments of ancient ballads, to which he added supplemental stanzas to connect them together. The greater part, however, is his own. The life of Dr. Percy presents little for remark. He was born at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, in 1728, and, after his education at Oxford, entered the church, in which he was successively chaplain to the king, dean of Carlisle, and bishop of Dromore: the latter dignity he possessed from 1782 till his death, in 1811. He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson, Goldsmith, and other distinguished men of his day, and lived long enough to hail the genius of the most illustrious of his admirers, Sir Walter Scott.

O, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and russet gown?
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the winter wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when the swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.'

'And how should I know your true love
From many another one?'
'Oh! by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.'

'O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove:
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.'

'O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again—
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose—
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and wo is me.'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
Oh, he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay.
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought;
 And here, amid these lonely walls,
 To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet passed away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart;
 For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.'

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Les Confessions de J. J. Rousseau, nouvelle Edition, précédée d'une Notice par George Sand. (New Edition of Rousseau's Confessions, preceded by a Notice by G. Sand.) Paris: Charpentier. 1841.

IN France in the middle of the last century, when the artificial in society was at its height—when *bienséance* was the professed substitute for virtue—when there was no belief in a higher morality than that which could be deduced from mere selfishness—when the admission of a cold materialism was considered the perfection of civilisation—there arose a man who declared that he was dissatisfied with all this. He could not repose on a materialism which seemed to rob man of his dignity; he could not bear to find all high emotions reduced to the love of self; he fancied that there was an inner worth of man more valuable than obedience to the external forms of politeness; he even considered that there might be a higher sphere of action than the *petits soupers* over which some witty lady presided, and that excellent as was the glance of approval from feminine eyes, there was no such great nobility in flippant explanations of physical science to *femmes savantes*.

The man was not a learned man, but he had read his Plutarch; and when he contemplated the pictures of antique greatness, he discovered the possibility of a different sort of people from the courtiers, and the wits, and the poetasters, and the musicians, and the *philosophes* of Louis XV. He had read his Tacitus; and he had found therein reflections on a corrupt age, which, without any great exertion, he could apply to his own. It was explained to him that these ancient pictures were but so many exaggerations; that the virtues of self-denial and patriotism, which were so prominent among the Greeks and Romans, were in themselves impossible; and the demonstration founded on a knowledge of the world was by no means

difficult. Yet was the strange man not convinced, but answered, 'True, I see that from the men of this day, you cannot construct a patriot or a legislator of the antique school; but how am I sure that the ancient man was not the true man, and that these are not the mere creatures of degeneracy?' And he set to work, and he tore down, and he abstracted, and he sifted, and he declaimed: and the result of his doctrines was that artificial convention was not all, but that man was a real something beneath it. He would not admit that when the periwig, and the snuff-box, and the smart saying, and the flippant gallantry, and taste, and 'philosophy,' were taken away, nothing was left; but declared that there was still man—a natural man, capable of joy and sorrow—aye, capable of greater achievements—greater, mayhap, than were often dreamed of in the select parties. The little word 'MAN,' in the mouth of this innovating thinker, began to acquire a new significance, and the frequenters of the *petits soupers* were startled at the phenomenon. The strange personage who had thought so oddly, and who uttered such startling doctrines, and so terribly scared poor convention, was JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, citizen of Geneva.

But this same Rousseau did not stop at the declaration that man was something beyond a mere empty *substratum*, existing to sustain the decorations of civilisation, but he went further, and declared that these so-called decorations were only disfigurements,—so many negative quantities, each of which taken away, would cause man to rise in the scale of being. The fine arts, he thought, were miserable things, for they took up time that might be better employed; science he detested, seeing in it nothing more than a laborious occupation with trifles; the advantages of machinery he scorned, for he believed that the use of these wheels and levers had deprived man of confidence in his own arms and legs: and all that renders humanity honourable in the eyes of modern Europe he abhorred, and the value of mental qualifications he settled in one sentence, 'The man who meditates is a depraved animal.' Therefore to him was a Chippewa Indian infinitely more respectable than an astronomer, or a poet, or a philosopher. And thus did our Rousseau, instead of being a teacher of sound doctrines, which he might have been had he reconciled the idea of humanity with the idea of progress, become an utterer of much that was useless; and, being a free man, advocated a reign of darkness and bigotry. He could not see in his age an imperfect stage of progress to a better state of things; he could not take the good with the bad, and therefore he hated all together. The addi-

tions made to man since he had left the savage state were all deformed eccentricities, which, if they were not cut away, were only to be left and lamented over, because they had taken so deep a root. No intolerant admirer of feudal government or priestly influence ever preached against enlightenment with more warmth than the Genevese Republican.

And what sort of man was he that spoke the strong word? He was, as Mr. Carlyle says in his lectures on 'Hero-worship,' not a strong man. Great was the speech that was uttered, small was the speaker. The age was vain; it was distinguished by an empty love of praise from small people; yet none were vainer, none had a more girlish fondness for laudation, than Jean Jacques Rousseau. The age liked, as we have said, to deduce virtue from selfishness, and Rousseau hated that deduction: yet where was creature more morbidly selfish? If egotism was the *ignis fatuus* that misled his contemporaries, with him it was more; it was the disease that fed upon his vitals, that forbade him to have one healthy feeling. Nay, striking as were the truths which he uttered amid a maze of fallacy, so much does he exhibit of that egotism, that vanity, that love of notoriety, that we can hardly tell where the real thinker begins, and the lover of self-display leaves off. He is a difficult person to unravel, this Jean Jacques Rousseau. He has left us a book of Confessions, which seem to surpass, in candour, all the books that were ever published, and in which he seems most liberal in the proclamation of his transgressions, decent and indecent; and yet we have a kind of uneasy notion that we have not quite got at the truth, and that we know a deal more about many people who have not been half so frank, than we do about that confessing Genevese. He tells us, at the very commencement, "Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, I will present myself before the sovereign Judge, with this book in my hand, and I will say aloud, 'Here is what I did, what I thought, and what I was.'" This sounds imposing: we ought to be awe-struck, but we confess that we are not all-believing: no, not even when Madame Dudevant tells us, that he is a father of the church to come. We cannot help thinking of an ugly old maxim of Rochefoucauld, to the effect, that we prefer talking of our faults to not talking of ourselves at all; and when we look at these faults of Rousseau—wretched, disagreeable faults as they are—in short, just those sort of faults that, above all others, we should keep to ourselves—we feel that they are somehow very dexterously tiuselled over; and that if the enormity be great, there is a good measure of ac-

counting cause and interesting repentance to overbalance its effect. We set aside all the statements let loose by the professed enemies of Rousseau, all the hostile histories; we take him as he shows himself, and we consent to disbelieve every other authority; but still we say, he is the most puzzling creature. What can we believe him to be? Shall we suppose him sincere? A host of little meanesses, and vanities, and timidities, a strange mixture of braggadocio and flinching, are at hand to shake our faith. Shall we believe him a mere vain man, whose only desire was for notoriety, who snarled at the world to make it frown upon him, and who ran away from it simply because he hoped it would follow him? If we turn to certain hostile anecdotes, we shall find reason for such belief; but then the earnestness, the truthfulness of 'Emile' rise in a sort of majesty before us, and will not allow us to think that all was a trick. Shall we believe, to account for his eccentricities, that he received some unlucky hurt in his infancy, which affected his brain? If we would foster such belief, there are accounts to support us; but there is abundance of quiet, calm, unenthusiastic sense to refute us: there is the 'Contrat Sociale,' which, unpleasant as its doctrines may be to some, is a fine specimen of logical deduction from assumed premises. Nay, in his entire works there is a sort of consistency, as if the thinker never changed, though the man might occasionally waver: and yet—and yet there come the signs of weakness, of the being 'not strong,' that make us hesitate. Perhaps after all it is we ourselves who are unjust to this Genevese, in wishing to pin him to some well defined category. Perhaps it is on account of the great quantity of accurate information concerning him, that we think we know so little. Maybe we know too much. The artistical biographer may remove this deformity, and heighten that perfection, and we shall have a very conceivable sort of personage. But when the very man is revealed, may he not always seem inexplicable, and may we not ascribe to his want of candour, what is our own dimness of perception? May not all present the same want of harmony between theory and practice, between thoughts and actions, as poor Jean Jacques?—Reader, if thou be a writer also, think within thyself if this is not possible.

To the new edition of Rousseau's 'Confessions,' which forms the head of this article, Madame Dudevant (George Sand) has written a very pleasant and ingenious preface, with only the fault of soaring a little too far into the regions of mysterious signification. Thus, having settled that Jean Jacques is to be a saint of the future, she bids us observe

how completely the work more immediately before us, is one of primitive Christianity—namely, the publication of a confession. A truly agreeable and good-natured turn to give to an act in which disappointment, and vanity, and egotism had so large a share! George Sand is willing to admit the many faults of the saint, but he may take his place by the ‘publican Matthew’ and the ‘persecutor Paul!’ Nay, the time is not far distant when ‘Saint Rousseau’ shall be no more tried at the bar of opinion than Saint Augustin. All this is meant to sound wonderfully fine, but nevertheless the word ‘Saint Rousseau’ will not ring musically in our ears.

To assign to Jean Jacques a place more definite than that of mere saintship, Madame Dudevant with much acuteness divides the eminent men of an age into two classes, the ‘strong men’ (*les hommes forts*) and the ‘great men’ (*les hommes grands*). The former men are those who belong to the present, and who act in the present. Their feet are set firmly on stable ground, and they can strike out with vigour. They include the great warriors, the great statesmen, even the great manufacturers, men who do brilliant deeds, and have brilliant successes. Voltaire, Diderot, and the *negative* philosophers of the last century, with whom Rousseau could never amalgamate, but whom he approached only to fly off again, leaving a feeling of contempt on one side, and loathing on the other, belong to the class of ‘hommes forts.’ They sapped the foundations of established things, they shook creeds, they disorganized society, but they had no view of the far distant. It was because they were of the present, that they could attack it so vigorously. These ‘hommes forts’ are, according to George Sand, the sappers and miners of the moving phalanx of humanity; they clear the road, they break down rocks, they penetrate forests. The ‘hommes grands,’ on the other hand, are not versed in the science of present facts; they find themselves in a strange region—too strange to allow of their acting, and they therefore occupy their minds with uneasy meditations. A pure ideal is before them, with which nothing that surrounds them will accord. Hating the present, they may seek their ideal in the past or the future; they may look forward to the time when man shall have reached his perfection, or they may sigh over a golden age. Rousseau, who belongs to this category of ‘hommes grands,’ not having faith in the future, was one of the sighers over the past; though, nevertheless, he had an instinctive feeling of progress, as he showed by writing ‘Emile’ and the ‘Contrat Sociale.’ These two classes of the ‘forts’ and the ‘grands’ are perpetually at war with

each other, although they are more really allied than they think, and are both equally necessary to the advancement of mankind. The ‘forts’ working by corrupt means, in a corrupt region, become necessarily corrupted, and hence they do not satisfy the purity of the ‘grands.’ The latter, contemplating their ideal, have too exalted notions to admit of their acting with force on the bad men of their age. They are therefore despised by the ‘forts’ as mere dreamers—empty theorists, who have no genius for practice, but who pass a life completely useless to themselves and others. Nevertheless, these ‘grands’ are the ‘creators,’ the originators of all actions, although they seem but mere dreamers in their life-time. For the meditations of one age strike out thoughts which are realized by the ‘forts’ in the next, these thoughts having now become a solid basis for practice. The circumstance that the ‘grands’ can only create without acting, while the ‘forts’ can only act without creating, of itself explains their mutual utility and their mutual dislike. When a better age than the present shall come, the distinction between the ‘forts’ and the ‘grands’ will vanish: as, mankind having become purer, there will be no longer any need of a semi-vicious agent to carry out good thoughts, but the ‘grands’ will see their plans accepted by society, and the ‘forts’ not being so completely involved in a fierce struggle, will have room for meditation. Till then the ‘homme grand’ must consent to be a sort of martyr.

Such is George Sand’s classification of the ‘hommes grands’ and the ‘hommes forts.’ There is a great deal of truth in this division, considered in the abstract; but whether it is quite right to place Jean Jacques in the category of the ‘grands,’ as distinguished from the ‘forts,’ is another matter. He had, indeed, that restless dislike of the present, the longing after something distant—he scarcely knew what, and therefore placed it in primitive America—which are the marks of the ‘grands;’ but certainly he acted immediately, both in and on the present, and therefore, though not a strong man, in an English sense of the word, he was, most assuredly, a ‘homme fort’ in the Dudevant phraseology. Let us turn over the whole works of Voltaire, with all their scoffs and wicked pleasantries, and we doubt whether we shall find a harder hit at existing creeds, than the ‘Profession of faith of the *Vicaire* of Savoy,’ though the latter is written by Rousseau with all the show of diffidence, and a pretended veneration for every description of church. True, our Genevese did not take his mace in his hand, and thunder away at all institutions, like the Robber Moor: true, he rather

whined than bawled his sentiments: but he was an eminently practical man in his way notwithstanding.

Let us look at him a little closer. Jean Jacques is more alluded to in general terms than surveyed minutely now-a-days, and it will be not altogether lost time to follow (briefly, of course) the career of a man who made so great a noise in his epoch, and whose influence is likely to be more permanent than most of his contemporaries. Rousseau had a *positive* side; he had a constructive as well as a destructive theory; and therefore does he rightly belong to the Dudevant category of 'grand,' as an originator, although we would not, on that account, exclude him from the predicament of 'fort.'

Jean Jacques Rousseau, citizen of Geneva, born in the year 1712, was in his youth one of those persons whom godfathers and godmothers do not highly esteem. He was a shuffling, unsatisfactory sort of a boy, who seemed destined not to thrive. Bind him to one trade, and he would fancy another, with a still greater predilection for doing nothing at all: these amiable propensities being accompanied by a most unlucky taste for petty larceny. Money, it is true, he did not love to steal, there was something too commercial and business-like in having to lay it out. He liked immediate enjoyment. Spartan in contrivance, epicurean in luxury, the ripe fruit, the glittering bauble, were for him the tempting baits. He had every 'sneaking' vice, with little of ill-nature or malice: and these characteristics of his juvenile years, however he might afterwards affect the bearish misanthrope, seem to have cleaved to him pretty firmly during nearly the whole of his life. His mother died at his birth: he was the idol of his father, a Geneva clockmaker, and of the neighbours, who looked upon him as an infant prodigy. With reading of all sorts, ecclesiastical history, Plutarch, La Bruyère, and the old ponderous romances, did the youthful republican store his mind, and his parent gazed on him with admiring horror, when he saw him put his hand over a chafing-dish to imitate Mutius Scævola.

Happy were the first years of Jean Jacques Rousseau, when all caressed and none opposed, and when the dreams of futurity, nurtured by a warm imagination, only gave an additional zest to the enjoyment of the present. He tells us himself he was 'idolized' by all around, yet never 'spoiled.'—Is not this a distinction without a difference, Jean Jacques? And were you not in infancy nurtured in all that love of having your own way, in all that waywardness, in all that effeminate sensitiveness, which were so conspicuous in your future career, and which perhaps, were the

origin of all your—greatness? Well,—thus did childhood pass pleasantly; but directly it was gone, and there was a necessity for the youth adopting some means of getting a living, then came the disagreeables of life. This business would not suit, and that master was too cross; and, one night, stopping out beyond the walls after the gate was shut, and dreading harsh treatment from the engraver to whom he was apprentice, he ran away altogether. His father, having got into a scrape, had been obliged to leave Geneva, long before, and poor Jean Jacques, at the age of sixteen, set out on a long walk from his native town, without any visible means of finding a place of rest. Fortunately there is no evil in the world without a corresponding portion of good, and religious dissensions, which have been the greatest scourges ever known to the world, proved of great utility to Jean Jacques. There were Catholics, hovering about in the vicinity, anxious to draw Swiss heretics into the pale of the church; and the young vagabond from Geneva, willing to go to any place—excepting only his home—or to do anything whatever, provided a comfortable meal was the result, was a *bonne bouche* not to be obtained every day. He had been brought up in the tenets of old wicked John Calvin, and the members of the only true church hoped to turn the wants of his body for the benefit of his soul. He was soon secured by a *curé* of Savoy, who transmitted him to Madame de Warens; a widow and a new convert, afterwards a very important personage in the life of our hero, who transmitted him in her turn to an institution at Turin, formed for the purpose of giving instruction in the Roman faith.

Far be it from our purpose to stop with Jean Jacques any length of time at the filthy sojourn at Turin. The 'hospice,' according to his account, was the scene of the most bestial vice, and he was but too fortunate in escaping the contagion. Turning Catholic for the sole purpose of promoting his worldly interests,—when his conversion was complete, he had the mortification of seeing himself outside the doors of the 'hospice,' without a single prospect of a livelihood. He managed to enjoy himself a short time at Turin, and after spending the little money he had in such dainties as suited his palate,—for he was a great epicure in all delicacies, in which milk or cream formed a component, and which are included in French under the general name of 'laitage,'—and solacing himself with one of those Platonic amours, which he describes so delightfully, he was at last obliged to accept the situation of valet in the house of the Countess de Vercellis. The poor lady died shortly afterwards, and it was amid the

confusion which followed her decease, that the boy Rousseau committed one of those frightful acts which no penitence can atone for in the eyes of mankind, and which leave a deeper stain than we suspect the 'confessing' Genevese ever thought. We allude to his celebrated theft of a ribbon, and his base accusation of a young girl, his fellow-servant, when he was discovered. In vain does he tell his reader how, even at the time he writes his 'Confessions,' his soul is torn by remorse,—in vain he tells him how the desire to get rid of the burning secret chiefly induced him to write that book,—in vain he attempts to comfort himself by saying that poor Marion has had avengers enough, in those who persecuted him, when he was innocent, during forty years,—the reader cannot feel satisfied. What is even worse, the act is not quite isolated, but the motives that led to it still seem strong in after life.

Both he and the object of his accusation were sent out of the house together, and the youth again saw the world open before him. However, his acquaintance with a Savoyard Abbé, named Gaime, whom he had met at the house of Madame Vercellis, and whom he afterwards immortalized as the '*Vicaire* of Savoy,' led to an introduction to the house of the Count de Gouvon, who engaged him as a servant. In this respectable family, fortune seemed to dawn upon him; his superiority to the station which he held was at once discerned, and he was treated accordingly; the Abbé de Gouvon, a younger son of the family, who had a great taste for literature, giving him instruction in the Latin and Italian languages. But it was impossible for Jean Jacques to pursue a career steadily; sometimes ill-fortune seemed to assist his own wrong-headedness in working his ruin, but on this occasion his do-no-good disposition operated quite alone. He took a violent fancy to a lubberly fellow named Bâcle, who just had coarse wit enough to amuse him, and who was about to set off for Geneva. Nothing would suit him but to accompany this Bâcle, and he had the ingratitude to quarrel with his benefactors on purpose to get out of the house. The project he had for obtaining a comfortable living, both for himself and his friend, was a beautiful specimen of the art of building castles in the air. The Abbé Gouvon had given him one of those hydraulic toys called 'Hiero's fountains,' and it was by showing this to the inhabitants of the villages through which they would pass, that the two wiseacres hoped to live in luxury. At every inn they could exhibit the hydraulic wonder, and of course no innkeeper who saw it in full action could think of charging for food and lodging. Their anticipations as to

the interest their fountain would create, were in some measure realized, but not their hopes of profit. The hosts and hostesses were amused enough, but they never failed to make a regular charge. The unlucky fountain at last was broken, and the two adventurers, tired of carrying it, were heartily delighted at the misfortune. This *trait* of levity at the downfall of the air-built castle is delicious.

Rousseau's only resource now was to return to the house of Madame de Warens, at Annecy, trusting in the kindness which he believed she entertained for him, and feeling for her something of the fondness of a child, and the passion of a lover. He was well received, was lodged in her house, and was afterwards placed by her with the music master of the cathedral, that he might study under him. This professor having involved himself in a quarrel with his chapter fled to France, and Rousseau was deputed to accompany him. They had proceeded as far as Lyons, when the poor master fell down in a fit, a crowd collected, and Rousseau—left the helpless musician, and scampered back to Annecy, which, he found to his horror, Madame de Warens had left.

It is painful to go through such a number of meannesses committed by a man so distinguished. In all that regards character he seems to have been the very reverse of great. Excitable in the most morbid degree from his very childhood, he did not know what self-denial was. No matter how trifling the temptation, how frivolous the whim, that stirred him for the moment, there was no duty so sacred, no obligation so binding, that he would not break them through, without the slightest compunction. That he had no deliberate malice in his composition, that he would not have done any act deliberately wicked, may readily be admitted, but, at the same time, there was no deed so base that it might not have resulted from his weakness. With a feverish anxiety for present enjoyment, with the most cowardly dread of present ill, he had constantly two weighty reasons for committing any crime whatever. The detestable act of false accusation, his ingratitude to the Gouvon family, this miserable desertion of the old musician, all proceeded from the want of determined character. Strange is the anomaly when the hero is no hero, when the battle is fought by the weak and pusillanimous.

The vagabond life recommenced after Rousseau's desertion of the professor: and to the interesting characteristics which had already distinguished him, he began to add those of a *charlatan*. At Lausanne, making an anagram of his name, and calling himself

'Vaussore' instead of 'Rousseau,' he set up for a singing master, though he scarcely knew anything about music, having profited little under the auspices of his late préceptor. But the master-piece of impudence was his composing a cantata for a full orchestra, when he could not note down the most trifling vaudeville. He copied out the different parts, he distributed them with the utmost assurance to the musicians who were to play at the private concert of a Lausanne amateur: indeed, that nothing might be wanted to complete the 'swindle,' the concluding piece was a tune commonly sung about the streets, which he boldly proclaimed to be his own. The concert must have been a brilliant scene. The 'composer' attended and was most erudite in explaining the style and character of his piece. Gravely did he beat time with a fine roll of paper. A pause, and the grand crash began. "Never," says Jean Jacques himself, "was such a *charivari* heard." Then, when the noble work had been played to the end, came the ironical compliments, the assurances of a lasting immortality. The boldest impostor that ever lived or was ever imagined—the august Don Raphael himself could not exceed the cool effrontery of our modest friend in this instance. Years afterwards Jean Jacques looked back and marvelled at his own audacity. He can only account for it as a temporary delirium. Shall we accept this explanation? It will be charitable at any rate.

The notable achievement rendered Lausanne too hot to hold Rousseau, and he was glad enough to go elsewhere. He taught music at Neuchâtel, and learned while teaching: visited Paris, where he was disgusted at the aspect of the city, from the circumstance of entering at the wrong end,—just as a stranger to England might be displeased on entering London by Whitechapel: and after enduring great privations, returned once more to Madame de Warens, who was at Chamberi, and invited him to join her.

Hitherto his connection with Madame de Warens had been purely of an innocent character, and the lady and her *protégé* conducted themselves in perfect conformity to the names they gave each other of *Maman* and *Petit*.

* * * *

[Although desirous of showing the meanness and want of all decency of the sentimental Philosopher—we cannot copy the details into the Museum—and therefore omit a few pages of the article in this place.]

The *liaison* with 'maman' was thus readily broken off, and with it terminates what Jean Jacques terms the period of his youth: a period by no means reputable, but on

the whole tolerably happy: a period, by no means indicative of any distinguished futurity, but nevertheless one the effects of which may clearly be traced in his after life. This first period is the most interesting in the biography of the *man*. Afterwards we are more concerned with the progress of the *writer*.

Madame de Warens was still willing to protect him, but the new lover made her residence unpleasant, and moreover her fortune was getting worse and worse. Accordingly he set off for Paris, where he arrived in the autumn of 1741, with sanguine hopes of making his fortune. We have seen him when almost a boy, possessed of a 'Hiero's fountain,' believing that in that toy he had the means of travelling all over Europe free of expense. The hopes that he now entertained of making a certain fortune at Paris were not a whit less extravagant, although he had nearly attained the age of thirty. He had discovered a new system of musical notation; which was to effect an entire revolution, and to strike the whole world with surprise and wonder. Never did an inventor's vanity so much induce him to overrate the work invented. There is some ingenuity in his scheme, and it presents some advantages; but as it is accompanied by corresponding disadvantages, it has never been adopted. The principle is the substitution of a row of figures, for the dots and lines employed in the received system of notation. The key-note is always signified by number one; and the other figures, as high as seven, readily express the different intervals; while a dot, over or under the figure, marks an octave above or below. The advantage of the plan, independently of its saving the expense of musical engraving, and allowing music to be printed in mere common type—an advantage urged by Rousseau—is that it saves all trouble in transposition. The singer or player has only to vary the signification of number one, and all the other figures will adopt themselves to the new key without the expenditure of a thought. The great disadvantage is, that the figures being written in a straight line, the notion of ascending and descending passages is not conveyed at once to the eye, as by the received system. Hence, although it might be employed in slow or very simple melodies its use in a series of rapid passages would be found exceedingly embarrassing. Even if the plan had been free from this fatal objection, there was no such great wonder in the invention, nothing which might not be hit on by any clever young man, who dabbled in a subject, and had a taste for innovation. He succeeded in obtaining a hearing by the Academy; and

three *savans*, who knew (says Rousseau) everything but music, were appointed to examine the new system. The result of their report to the Academy was a certificate directed to Rousseau, to the effect that his plan was neither new nor useful. The charge of want of novelty was owing to a discovery that a monk named Souhaitti had, years before, conceived a gamut written in figures. Rousseau vows that he never heard of this monk or his discovery; and as his system is so easy of invention that a thousand people might have conceived it without communication, there is no reason to doubt the truth either of the charge or the defence. The celebrated Rameau, with whom he had an interview, made the really solid objection to the use of figures, and that was the objection we have already named.

The visit to Paris did not answer the purpose for which it was intended, but at any rate it procured him some influential friends, through whose exertions he became secretary to M. Montaigu, the French ambassador at Venice. The services he rendered while in this situation to the French monarchy, he represents, in his 'Confessions,' as being of the most important kind, and he regards the conduct of the ambassador as one continuous effort to keep his merits in the back-ground. There are accounts which are unfavourable to the belief of Rousseau's importance in his situation at Venice, but whatever his exaggerations may have been, this much is certain, that there is a healthiness in the part of his memoirs relating to this short period of his life, which we do not find elsewhere. Occupation seems to have suited him; he seems in active life to have attained a degree of happiness which he did not know at any other period; he met with a wholesome interruption to his habits of indulging in feverish hopes, or still more morbid dependency. However, as every situation which promised comfort and steady occupation to Jean Jacques, was destined to endure but a short time, this was lost by a quarrel with M. Montaigu, and Rousseau was once more in Paris. Then he made acquaintance with Diderot and Grimm, and became *almost* one of the clique of the *philosophes*. About the same time he formed a *liaison* with the well-known Thérèse Levasseur, whom he met in the capacity of servant to a kind of tavern, who lived with him as his mistress till, when quite an old man, he married her, and who bore him the children whom, immediately after birth, he despatched to the foundling hospital. Like the unlucky story of the ribbon, this foundling affair is one of those indelible blots on the character of Jean Jacques which no sentimentality can erase, and which no

sophistry can justify. Arduous as was the battle in which he afterwards engaged, there he stands constantly before us, as one who had not the least hardihood in conquering a propensity, or in enduring even an inconvenience. Having put five successive children in an asylum, which prevented even recognition, he has the still greater meanness of endeavouring to excuse himself, by the plea that he thus placed them in the road to become honest artisans, rather than adventurers and miserable *litterati*. Plato, with his sheep-pens for new-born infants, erected in his imaginary republic for the purpose of preventing the recognition of children by parents, is at least tolerable, however disagreeable his doctrine; but Jean Jacques, the great champion of natural affection, the assertor of the extreme doctrine that none but a parent ought to superintend the education of a child, becomes absolutely disgusting, when he attempts to apologize for his miserable act. Would that we could find an excuse by believing that the desertion having preceded his vigorous advocacy of natural affection, he had at the time of that advocacy become an altered man. Alas! when years afterwards Madame de Luxembourg endeavoured to find his children, he was not sorry at the ill success of the attempt: so much would he have been annoyed if any child had been brought home, by the suspicion that after all it might be another's. A touch of delicacy—a well-turned sentiment—anything, that he might but escape from the application of his own broad principles.

The influence that Thérèse Levasseur had over his mind must have been most remarkable. She is more striking from what he does *not* say of her, than from what he communicates. Throughout the remainder of his life does she appear as a kind of adjunct to his existence, and yet she never appears as a heroine of the story. Sometimes we forget her altogether: we see him consumed by a passion for another, and the image of Thérèse fades from our mind. But the object of adoration passes away—the feeling of devotion was but transient—and the eternal *gouvernante*—as Thérèse aptly enough was called—is again before us. He tells us that he never loved her; he says she was so stupid he never could hammer a notion into her head; her mother, who preyed upon him, and whom he believed to be involved in the 'conspiracy' against him, he perfectly detested; yet was that Thérèse ever with him; nowhere could he go, without her as a companion. The fickle, wayward Rousseau, who was always dissatisfied with what he possessed, and thirsting for what he had not,

was ruled by that same stupid woman, as mistress and wife, to the day of his death; shortly after which, herself being old, she married a stable-boy.

There are few literary men who have made their *début* in that character so late in life as Rousseau. If we except his papers on the new system of notation, it was not till he was about thirty-eight years of age, that he appeared before the public as an author. The Academy of Dijon had offered a prize for the best discourse in answer to the question—"Has the progress of arts and sciences contributed to the corruption or to the purification of morals?" Rousseau's discourse, written on account of this offer, and deciding that the arts and sciences had had a corrupting effect, gained the prize, and had a most important effect on the career of its author. Looking at it now, one is astonished at the noise it occasioned at its time. It is clever certainly, but the cleverness is precisely that of a smart youth in his teens, who aptly brings forward his reasons in support of a thesis he has chosen, and uses for his purpose the little learning he has at his command. Nothing, it would seem now, could be more easy than to take up a Cato-the-Censor sort of position; to declaim in high-sounding terms about abstract virtue; and to protest against literature and science, as effeminating the mind and occupying the time which might be more properly devoted to the service of the republic. There were the early Romans, with their barbarous victories, to be exalted; there was the good word in honour of Lycurgus and the old Spartans; and a due share of reproach against the Athenians. There was also reflection on the dangers of philosophy in shaking the credence in existing institutions. This was a trick eminently Rousseauish: whenever the Genevese began his work of destruction, he always threw out a hook or two, in the hope of catching one or two of what may be called the "conservative" party. And at the end of the essay there was a trick even more Rousseauish. After proving, in his fashion, that mankind had necessarily deteriorated as the arts advanced, the author argues that the mischief being once done, the arts are to be encouraged to fill up the time of the corrupt beings who inhabit the earth, and prevent them from doing further mischief. The meaning of this is, that Rousseau wanted to look like a Roman of the earliest ages, and, at the same time, to write his operas for the French public. All his virtuous orations, his tirades against corruption and effeminacy, were to be set down to his own account; his deviations from his own path were to be ascribed to the perverseness of the age. A doctrine more convenient—more

admirably calculated to let a man do what he pleased, with a dazzling appearance of austerity—could not have been devised. His contemporaries saw clearly enough through the stratagem, and he did not forgive them.

Lightly as we may think of the discourse now, the sensation it made at the time was enormous. Rousseau, like Lord Byron, woke and found himself famous. Great men and little men felt themselves called upon to defend the cause of civilisation against the daring aggressor. Answers poured in on all sides; the invader was to be repelled, to be bullied, complimented, flattered out of his position. Many of these answers to the essay are not to be met with, nor are they worth the trouble of seeking; but the answer of Stanislas, king of Poland, being easily accessible, and bound up in the complete editions of Rousseau's works, we advise every reader to peruse. Nothing can be more smart, more civil, more redolent of the eighteenth century, than the worthy monarch's contribution to the cause of civilisation. The very first reason he advances is really beautiful. He observes that the tone of the discourse proves that the author is a man of the most virtuous sentiments, and that the allusions prove him to be a man of erudition. *Ergo*, virtue and learning are compatible. *Probatum est*, and the philosopher of Geneva has got a compliment into the bargain. Unluckily, the enlightened monarch was not satisfied with defending erudition in general, but he must try to exhibit his own in particular, and therefore, in answer to a remark of Rousseau's, that Socrates had despised science, he profoundly declared, with a slight oblivion of chronology, that the objections of Socrates could only apply to the philosophers of his time—such, for instance, as the Epicureans and Stoics. The Genevese, republican as he was, was mightily pleased at this very civil attack from a crowned head. He answered the king, and he answered him exceedingly well: having been flattered as a virtuous and erudite personage, he, in return, put in his compliment to the enlightened sovereign. With respect to the point about Socrates, Rousseau candidly confessed that he did not exactly see how the son of Sophroniscus could exactly have had in view the Stoics and the Epicureans, seeing that these same Stoics and Epicureans did not exist till after he had quaffed the hemlock.

The effect which this first literary essay produced on the contemporaries of Rousseau—on persons whose names are now recollected only in connection with his own—is comparatively of small importance: much more so is the effect which the work, and the victory which it gained, had on its author—a man whose name is certainly imperishable. It

has been said that it was merely in accordance with the advice of Diderot, who thought a paradox would be striking, that he took the side he did. The hypothesis, we are aware, is more than doubtful; but in the principle of the hypothesis, although it may be historically false, we can see a great appearance of truth. It is highly questionable whether, when the prize was proposed, Rousseau had any decided ideas on the subject; whether he did not take his peculiar ground as being that on which he would meet the fewest competitors. But the discourse once written, and the prize once awarded, he found himself in a new position, and one by no means dissonant to his feelings. The utter annihilation of the hopes he had fostered on entering Paris; the small impression he had made on the Academy as a musical genius; had a natural tendency to give a misanthropical turn to his mind, and especially to embitter him against the men of learning. The brilliant effect of his discourse rendered him notorious as an enemy to the decorative qualities of civilized mankind; and this character he willingly supported through life. Thus was this work—indifferent as it was—the first appearance of that powerful advocacy of the natural man against the man of society, which has rendered immortal the name of the *citoyen*. The seed was perhaps scattered at random, but it fell on soil remarkably fertile.

He now became a professed despiser of all the elegances of life. He reformed his dress; clapped a peculiarly unfashionable wig on his head; ceased to wear a watch; and—thought that he looked wise, a noble image of consistency. The fine ladies of his acquaintance petted him in his eccentricities, and called him their ‘bear.’ He looked very fierce, no doubt, but there was not much ferocity in the heart of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He was a bear like the one in ‘She Stoops to Conquer,’ which danced to the genteelst of tunes. At the same time, to be independent of all persons, he resolved to have a mechanical occupation by which he might obtain a subsistence, and became a copier of music. As might have been expected, the rule was more stern than the conduct of the eccentric genius was consistent. A former opera, ‘Les Muses galantes,’ had failed, but he soon composed ‘Le Devin de Village.’ This was played with great success before Louis XV. and Madame Pompadour, at Fontainebleau, but he never derived any benefit from it: being deterred by a sort of *mauvaise honte* from appearing before the king, notwithstanding Louis had expressed his wish to see him. A juvenile comedy called ‘Narcisse’ was produced at

the Française and damned. These theatrical labours caused the wits of the day to laugh aloud at Rousseau,—the declaimer against the arts: but as we have already seen, he had left himself a loophole to creep out of, and with respect to his ‘Narcisse’ he had a particular excuse. Having experienced the situation of his mind in literary success, he tells us in the preface to that comedy,—it was necessary for him to feel the sensation of a failure, in order to complete his course of self-knowledge. The force of vanity and conscious perversion of the truth could no further go.

Another offer of a prize by the Academy of Dijon, the subject on this occasion (1753) being the ‘Origin of inequality among men,’ caused Rousseau to pursue still further in another discourse the career he had begun in declaiming against the arts and sciences. The purport of the essay is much the same as the former one, though the principle of opposition to civilisation is carried out with greater violence. The life of the savage, the happy indolence of one who merely has to provide for the necessities of life without a thought inspired by ambition or avarice, are advantageously contrasted with man as he appears in polished society, and the first person who invented the ‘meum’ and ‘tuum’ is proclaimed the first grand enemy of his species. This work, which did not get the prize, is more impressive than its predecessor, but it is founded on similar fallacies: the author unwarrantably exalting the supposed virtues of savage life, and keeping its barbarities in obscurity, while he exhibits in its worst light the effect of modern civilisation. As a French writer has neatly remarked, he made the romance of nature, and the satire of society. The dedication of this essay, which is to the republic of Geneva, is a monstrous specimen of national flattery. The magistrates, the pastors, the women, all come in for their share of extravagant eulogy, and the manner in which he exalts them in succession, reminds us of a series of speeches after a public dinner. The best of the joke was, that the republic, which Rousseau had been so anxious to flatter, received the essay rather coolly. He paid a visit to his native city, formally abjured Catholicism, and received the title of *citoyen*, but he was soon glad to return once more to France.

The acquaintance with the two well-known ladies, Madame d’Epinay and her sister-in-law the Countess d’Houdetot, which he had formed some time before, now began to have an influence on his life. The former built on purpose for him, on her estate at Montmorency, the small house so celebrated under the name

of the 'Hermitage.' Here he took his two *gouvernantes*, that is to say, Thérèse and her mother; here he might copy music, meditate, and write *tirades* against society: in short, do what he pleased, without being annoyed by the bustle of Paris, and without—an important consideration—being lost sight of by that metropolis. Here was a delightful country, an abode that he had longed for when he had no immediate prospect of obtaining it, and if happiness was to be found on earth, here it seemed might Jean Jacques have been happy precisely in his own way. But contentment and Rousseau were destined never to be constant companions. The history he has given to us of his life at the Hermitage is the darkest, gloomiest spot in his whole biography, and at the same time most unsatisfactory and almost unintelligible. Falling violently in love with Madame d'Houdetot, he contrived to displease Madame d'Epinay and M. Lambert, who, although Madame d'Houdetot was a married woman, was her professed *amant* in accordance with the usage of that virtuous period. Consumed by this passion, the most ardent that ever fired his ardent temperament, and annoyed by its consequences, Rousseau now looked upon almost every living creature as a secret enemy, and raised around him a perfect atmosphere of hostility. Madame d'Epinay, the Baron d'Holbach, Grimm, Diderot, of whom the last two had been his most intimate acquaintance—all, in his belief, were engaged in a conspiracy to make mischief out of his innocent love for Madame d'Houdetot; to damage his reputation; to hold him up to public scorn; and the mother of Thérèse was the spy in their service. Rousseau, with his enemies grinning at him from every side, reminds us of one of the heroes of Hoffman, scared by a door-post, and insulted by a knocker, with this difference, that the horrors of Hoffman are always entertaining, while the horrors at the 'Hermitage' are weary and tiresome to the last degree. Why the *coterie Holbachique* should take all the trouble, which is represented, to demolish the reputation, and disturb the peace of one poor man, expending an equal amount of labour to that required for a state conspiracy, we never learn from the 'Confessions.' Rousseau had some kind of notion that he, the solitary lover of truth, and hater of faction, existing apart from the corruption of the world, was a sort of living reproach to the fashionable men of letters who ruled the day, and shone in the eyes of all Paris. To account for the natural antipathy between the 'hommes grands' and the 'hommes forts,' set forth by Madame Dudevant, this surmise would seem well enough; indeed, by reducing it to an abstract form,

she probably obtained her theory. But a serious belief that this antipathy would manifest itself in such a very practical manner; would give rise to such an unwearying system of persecution as that to which Rousseau believed himself exposed; denotes a mind in a state, we would almost say, of voluntary unhealthiness. There is no occasion to read the justifications written on the other side. The cloudy charge which Rousseau brings against his foes, carries with it its own refutation. The wounded vanity of a man who was not revered quite so much as he hoped—a kind of necessity of appearing fretful, in accordance with the character of misanthrope which he had assumed—and also a love of being persecuted, like Mawworm's—were the real originators of the conspiracy that existed in—the mind of the *citoyen*.

But if the residence at the 'Hermitage' gives us the most repulsive part of Rousseau's biography, we are indebted to it for two of his most celebrated works. The worshippers of Jean Jacques will doubtless think that we have not treated their idol with sufficient respect, that we have shown too little charity in questioning his motives, too little leniency in dwelling on the foibles which he himself made public. Let us endeavour to make peace with these by an acknowledgment that whatever was the organ, the thought itself, when spoken, was a wholesome one. Probably a caprice had given it birth in the essay on the arts and sciences, a desire to remain consistent with that caprice had nurtured it through the discourse on inequality. The reasons that supported his views were, as we have said, fallacious; and that to a degree that any person with the most moderate knowledge of the world could detect the weak points; but still the views were well-timed. It was good that in an age, when all was artifice; when the monstrosities of fashion had destroyed the external form of nature, when the soft poison of *bien-séance* had lulled to rest the internal voice of nature; that a man should come forward and assert the cause of the natural man. The principle was carried too far—it is the very nature of reaction to go too far—the man's words might have been dictated by mere vanity: but still, whatever might have been the originating cause, it was good that the word was spoken. False, we know, was the exclusive praise of the Chippewa Indian, with his bow, and his dog, and his simple life; but it was good that the powdered *savant* was taught to gaze on him, and was told that he also was a man, and not merely a heathen man to exalt at the expense of Christianity—for many of the *philosophes* would have been glad to praise a savage so

far—but a man who was happy without learning, science, or *doubt*: chiefly happy because he was not a philosopher.

One great work that Rousseau planned in this solitude he intended to carry to considerable length, under the title of 'Political Institutions.' As a whole it never appeared, but it furnished the materials to a book that afterwards became almost the bible of modern republicans: the 'Social Contract.' In his earlier essays the author had taken a position, but he had taken it like a schoolboy: he had shown acuteness, but it was the acuteness of plausible argumentation, not that which displays itself in completely scientific deduction. But whatever be the politics of the man who for the first time takes up the 'Contrât Sociale,' however he may detest the application of the principles there laid down, he cannot, if he will consent for a moment to forget his prejudices, refuse to acknowledge that it is a wonderful emanation of intellect. The author is no more the clever declaimer, who seeks for common-places in his Plutarch; he is no fretful misanthrope that rails; but he is a severe and consistent reasoner, who, casting all passion aside, lays down his premises, and carefully and steadily follows out their consequences. Historically his work may be valueless; the 'Social Contract' by which people originally living in a nomadic state agreed to become citizens may be chimerical; we will go further and say that we believe it is chimerical. But Rousseau keeps his adversaries at bay, when he defies them to show any other legitimate source of government than that of the common consent of the governed. Let not the jurists talk to him about the right of conquest, he knows of no such right, the words are to him an unmeaning jargon. Conquest was the possession of a superior force by a certain party at a certain time: but if the other party, the conquered, shall in their turn acquire the force and vanquish their rulers, the former conquerors, who shall say their title is not as good as the first? Historically the contract may never have existed,—but is it not at the foundation of every ideal government, which is conceived in modern times? When we talk of a nation throwing off a despotism, and adopting a 'constitutional' form of government, do we mean anything more than an approximation towards the making the consent of the citizens the basis of government, however imperfect that approximation may be, and however limited the number of those we choose to admit as citizens? Let us admit, with George Sand, that it was the tendency of Rousseau's mind to see his ideal in the past, rather than in the future. He thought he saw the origin of society in his

'contract:' he was wrong—he looked the wrong way: had he looked towards the idea of modern civilisation, he would have been right. Calling, as he does, the entire body of citizens the 'sovereign,' the manner in which he points out the functions of that sovereign, the relations of the individual citizen towards the corporate body, the creation of the executive power, the adjustment of different political powers to produce a proper equilibrium—this is really beautiful. As a specimen of scientific exposition, the work cannot be surpassed. If we bear in mind the desultory education of the author—an education not merely imperfect, but tending to turn the mind into the most perverse direction; if we recollect his perpetual weaknesses and vanities; his utter incapability of pursuing any one steady path; it is with something more than astonishment that we behold an edifice so well-proportioned, so perfect in all its parts, so unbedizened with extraneous frippery, rise from elements that seemed so unpromising. Many will attack the premises of the 'Contrât Sociale;' but let these be once conceded, and the construction must command universal admiration.

The other work, which we owe to the solitude at the 'Hermitage,' is one that has far more readers than the 'Contrât Sociale:' being no other than the famous 'Julie,' or, as it is generally called, the 'Nouvelle Héloïse.' It was Rousseau's amusement to forget, for a while, the actual world, and to transport himself into the society of two charming imaginary creatures, who were to him the perfection of the female character. One was dark, the other fair; one was lively, the other gentle; one prudent, the other weak: but the weakness was so touching that virtue seemed to gain by it. He gave to one of these a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, even something more: but he did not allow of any jealous quarrels, because it was an effort for him to imagine a painful sentiment, and he did not wish to sully so agreeable a picture by anything that seemed to degrade nature. This is the description, almost in his own words, of his two ideal friends, who, when they ceased to have their sole dwelling in a brain industriously indolent, and acquired an existence on paper, became the Julie and Claire of the 'Nouvelle Héloïse.' Doubtless, while these beautiful creatures gained in reflection, they lost much of that witching charm which they possessed when they merely floated in the dreams of their creator. Sometimes they burst out in their full radiance, but oftentimes they sink not only into mere essayists, but into mere essays: the headings of the letters 'De Julie' and 'De Madame d'Orbe' simply dis-

tinguishing moral discourses of Jean Jacques himself, to which he might as well have given a title having reference to the subject. The creation of a character—an *objective* character—was not Rousseau's forte. He loved to be carried along the tide of his own dreams, to work out his own thoughts: he could indulge in a sentiment, he could reflect soundly on a theory, but he could not get out of himself. Indeed it is remarkable that he possessed in so strong a degree the two peculiarities that he had: the peculiarity of being always influenced by the prospect of immediate enjoyment, and that of being able to discuss a subject with the calmest reason, and to examine it in all its bearings. The 'Nouvelle Heloïse' is a strange specimen of the strength and of the weakness (in two senses) of Rousseau. Sometimes he strikes by the sound sense, by the real manly practical wisdom which he displays in his reflections, and anon he astounds by the most turgid declamation, and the most absurd refinements. Many of the letters will induce the reader of the present day to agree with Sir Walter Scott, that the lovers of St. Preux and Julie are two of the dullest pedants it was ever his misfortune to meet: many of the pages intended to draw the tear will, we fear, occasionally elicit a smile. In the first part, which relates to the seduction of Julie by St. Preux, or rather of St. Preux by Julie, the impassioned tone of the letters, the hurried sentiment, the violence of emotion, are evidences of the author's great power, when he gave himself up to the torrent of his feelings. There we see the temperament, that never allowed duty to prevail over desire; that made him fly with such inconsiderate ardour to everything which became the object of a wish, whether it were a lady, or a spangled ribbon that had smitten his heart. There we see that weakness of character which was strength in the performance of small acts, and rendered great acts impossible.

Turning to some of the best letters in the latter part of the book, we find the acute observer, the same dispassionate reflector, who wrote the 'Contrât Sociale.' As the depicter of the passion which knows no bounds, which has no laws but its own, which tears down inconsiderately every impediment, Rousseau is strong, though he owes that strength to his weakness as a man. As the man of cool understanding, Rousseau is strong. But it is when he is embarrassed with the two sides of his own character, when he would fain make us believe that there is some kind of harmony between an act caused by mere passion, and a dictate of pure reason, or, at any rate, that there is no such great contradiction, that he becomes

feeble as a writer. It is to this feebleness that we owe the hair-splitting distinctions, the gloss over the vicious, the 'operative light,' which so often annoys us in the 'Heloïse' and the 'Confessions.' Rousseau the man of passion, Rousseau the man of reason, is welcome, but Rousseau the apologist, is tiresome.

The object of the 'Heloïse,' as a moral work, was to carry on—though in a milder form—the attack against metropolitan civilisation, which he had commenced by his 'Essay on the Arts,' and followed up by the 'Discourse on Inequality.' Then the comparison was between ancient and modern life, or the savage and the man of refinement; now it is between the country and the town; and, of course, the view that he takes is tinged with the fallacy, that the former is the scene of exclusive virtue, the latter of unmingled vice; a fallacy that has caused more twaddle, in prose and verse, to be written, than any that ever existed. Let him have, however, the full credit of being the uncompromising enemy of that adultery which was the disgrace of polished society in the time of Louis XV.: when every married lady of fashion had her *amant*, as a matter of course, and the more sentimental considered a breach of faith with that happy personage as a crime, while the infidelity to the husband was nothing at all. To the time of marriage, the girls were mere puppets, the most innocent freedom was denied them: but the marriage ceremony was the proclamation of full license, and that once performed, restraint was broken, and the most extreme liberty began. This state of things, which so completely destroyed all domestic life, was viewed with just abhorrence by Rousseau. In his 'Heloïse,' he attempted to demonstrate a principle, the reverse of that which regulated society, and to show that a breach of chastity before marriage was no such great crime, but that conjugal infidelity was atrocious. His 'Julie,' who is seduced by her tutor, becomes a perfect model of a wife, when she afterwards marries a respectable old gentleman. The problem to be worked was a simple one: but Rousseau, carrying on his book without a complicated story—of which he boasts—has recourse to a needless complication of sentiments: and this it is which leads him into his besetting sin of over-colouring, distortion, and moral sophistry. Not only does his erring fair one recover her chastity; but her old husband, who knows of her transgression, insists on the former lover residing in their house, and takes a kind of philosophical pleasure in watching the emotions of that gentleman and his wife. By overstraining his sentiment the author has destroyed its effect,

and presented us with a number of shadowy caricatures, instead of real individuals. It is always his fault that he cannot be quite true.

The disagreeable life he led at the 'Hermitage' caused him to leave that retreat, and take up his abode at the château of the Marechale de Luxembourg, who had kindly offered him a residence. His 'Héloïse' had at this time raised him to the zenith of his popularity: the ladies were all delighted with it. If he had attacked the principles on which their empire was founded, he had done so in a way to fascinate them; his artificial picture of the natural was admirably adapted to artificial readers; the 'operatic light' thrown on the scene rendered it more acceptable than if it had been illuminated by a bold glaring sunlight. Impassioned as were some of the letters, sound as were some of the reflections, it had nevertheless some affinity to the pastoral life of a ballet. It must have been a pleasant occupation to Jean Jacques to read aloud his 'Héloïse' to Madame la Marechale. He tells us she talked of nothing but him—her head was full of nothing but him—she uttered *douceurs* all day long, and was constantly embracing him. Great lords wished to sit by her at table—but no!—she told them that was the place destined for Rousseau, and made them sit elsewhere. With great *naïveté* Jean Jacques exclaims, after the enumeration of these delights, 'It is easy to judge of the impression which these charming manners made upon me, whom the least marks of affection subdue.' He was for a while in an atmosphere of positive enjoyment; he was admired as he liked to be admired; he had desired his 'Héloïse' to be the pet of the ladies, and he had succeeded. The little warning in the preface, that any unmarried woman who read one page would be unavoidably ruined, is a charming instance of the puff indirect.

It was at Montmorenci that he wrote his well-known letter to D'Alembert, on the subject of theatres. In the article 'Geneva,' in the 'Encyclopédie,' D'Alembert had proposed the erection of a theatre in that city, and Rousseau, in his letter, consistently with his former attack on the arts and sciences, violently opposed the proposition. The vulgar prejudices against the profession of an actor he fostered with great ardour: indeed it was his constant tendency to repose upon popular prejudices, when they suited his purpose: he made use of the ordinary commonplaces against theatres generally, and he brought forward several financial and other considerations to oppose the erection of a Genevese theatre in particular. The inhabitants of Geneva were poor, and being hard-

worked, they had but little spare time on their hands, and therefore theatres, which might serve to keep an idle population like that of Paris out of mischief, could only exist among them as an expensive hinderance to business. The theatre, too, he thought, might interfere with sundry little pleasant parties, called *cercles*, where the male citizens of Geneva were wont to congregate together, to drink hard, to smoke, and to indulge in jokes, not of the most savoury character. These merry *réunions*, where the liquor passed freely, and the coarse jest caused a roar, found a vehement champion in Jean Jacques. The whole morality of Geneva seemed to rest on this basis, and a revolution that would have converted the Genevese from low sots into the spectators of Molière's comedies, was contemplated with positive horror by their fellow-citizen. Still advocating the rude at the expense of the polished, Rousseau, while censuring theatres, now stood up the professed defender of the pipe and pot. It appears that the battle he fought was hardly worth the trouble it cost. Voltaire, who, by his theatre in the vicinity of the city, had attracted many of the residents, had hoped to found one in the city itself, and D'Alembert's article in the 'Encyclopédie,' written under his dictation, had been intended as a 'feeler.' Rousseau's letter operated so far that it destroyed these hopes, and involved him in a quarrel with the *philosophe* of Ferney; but when, afterwards, theatricals were actually introduced in Geneva, it was found that the citizens had so little taste for them, that a permanent existence could not be secured. Thus Rousseau, in his letter, was fighting against a supposed evil, which, left to itself, would have perished naturally.

Whether it was from a feeling of patriotism, or whether it was from feeling himself not a strong man, Rousseau always tried to have a numerous party on his side: it had been his constant aim to flatter the republic of Geneva. The adulation was dealt out in a most liberal measure in the dedication of the 'Discourse on Inequality'—the moral worth of the Genevese was valued at a high rate, when he expressed such dread at their corruption by the introduction of a theatre,—he puffed the pipe of peace with his compatriots while eulogizing the *cercles*,—and if he did go so far as to admit that the Genevese women, when assembled in a knot together, talked scandal about their own husbands, he added that it was much better to do so, than to indulge in the same vein when any of the male sex were in the room. Pastors, citizens, ladies, pipe, pot, and scandal, all was virtuous at Geneva. Nay, more virtuous was it to get drunk, and talk ribaldry at Geneva,

than to keep sober, and study mathematics at Paris. Unfortunately, this love for his country (let us believe it really was love) was not returned in a spirit of kindness; and the little amiable prejudices which he had been at such pains to exalt, re-acted against their defender in a frightful manner. In the present times, the anniversary of Rousseau's birthday is a great occasion at Geneva; but it was a very different matter when he was alive. We all know how the seven cities, through which the living Homer begged his bread, contended, after his decease, for the honour of his birth. Rousseau's case was still harder, for he was obliged to endure a severe persecution: no longer a shadowy, unreal persecution, invented by himself in his morbid moments, but a substantial storm, which beat him about, from point to point, most relentlessly. By the publication of his 'Emile,' this storm was occasioned.

'Emile' is unquestionably the greatest of all Rousseau's works. The thoughts which lie scattered elsewhere, the opinions which he had previously uttered in a crude form, are here carefully digested, and arranged into a systematic work. For the weaknesses and vanities of Rousseau, we must turn to his early essays, to his 'Confessions,' to his 'Héloïse:' but for his theoretic views, for those utterances that have weight in themselves, and are not merely curious, as expositions of a character, we must go to the 'Contrat Sociale' and 'Emile.' The former contains the theory of the *citizen*—the rights belonging to the free member of a free state, subject to naught but that universal will of the state, in which he himself has a share: the rights which are inherent in him because he is a man, and which he has himself limited by becoming a party to a social compact. The latter contains the theory of the *man*—the natural man, apart from his connection with any state whatever. Rousseau gives himself an imaginary pupil, whom he calls 'Emile,' and educates him from the moment of his birth to the time when he is married and may be supposed to acquire a political existence. The savage life which Rousseau eulogized at the expense even of the most perfect republic, finds its representative in the young Emile: only it is much softened down since first it was so violently advocated. Then the inhabitant of the woods and mountains, born under *no* government, having no property, and conscious of no law, was the object of admiration; now it is to the man, born under a modern government, but at the period of his life when he also has no property, and is conscious of no law, that Rousseau directs his attention. The book 'Emile' is a system of education: but what

is that system? It is the system of letting nature perform the greatest part of the work, and as the savage is instructed by her voice, so causing the child to be instructed also. Only the plan is modified to a certain extent, because Emile is to be educated into complications which the savage can never know, and hence, though his path is originally that of nature, he has—such is the world—to be led to civilisation as a goal; a civilisation, which, be it understood, does not make him so completely blend with his fellows, as to lose his identity, but allows him still to retain a substance of his own which can exist apart from society. It is by feeling *wants*, that the savage learns the use of his several faculties, but his wants are few and simple: it is by surrounding Emile with wants of a more artificial kind, that his training is accomplished. The preceptor's entire occupation is to watch over this Emile; his influence is unfelt by his pupil, as he teaches him no precept, sets him no task; but he is constantly preparing such an atmosphere, that the pupil must infallibly guide himself to the desired point. So far is the education natural, that the pupil is merely led on by the desire of supplying his own wants; so far is it artificial, that these wants are artificially awakened. What is called learning is deferred to an age comparatively mature, when the boy can be made to feel uneasy at the want of it; but all crowding of a child's mind with words, the notions attached to which he cannot possibly understand, are expressly prohibited. Precocious displays of erudition, such as the knowledge of geography and history, long recitations of poetry by children, Rousseau treats with the most utter contempt; fables, in which beasts and birds hold converse, he opposes strenuously as means of conveying instruction in childhood, protesting that they only serve to give false impressions, and that Lafontaine, in his time the favourite author for children, is neither adapted to them by his language, nor by his moral. Our own Cowper, in a fit of small wit, chose to ridicule this notion of Rousseau's, and wrote a miserable fable himself to show his contempt for the doctrine, but he simply showed that he did not understand the man whom he condemned. As it was Rousseau's principle of education to inspire a series of wants, and to communicate nothing that the child himself did not desire, it was necessary that words corresponding to no notions at all should be prohibited: and more necessary to exclude those to which wrong notions were attached. A word in a child's mouth should only, in this system, serve to mention something he cared about; and therefore he could have

no use for words the meanings of which were out of his mental reach, nor for figurative expressions, which could only tend to confuse his view of the relation between names and things. 'Emile' is a well weighed, carefully written book; the remarks on the disposition of children are founded on the acutest observation; and he who heedlessly attacks an isolated part, is likely to find he has chosen an adversary, his superior in strength.* The plan of hindering Emile from learning when a child, and confining his earliest years to bodily exercises, and a few rude notions of the laws of property, is not, however, merely adapted to prevent him from being a precocious *savant*. He is not to be a *savant* at any period of his life, for Rousseau, still adhering to the side he took years before, continues to hold that character in contempt. In due time the pupil learns something of the classics, and of modern languages, but he is to consider these as mere trivial accomplishments, and is early taught to think that the mechanic who pursues an useful calling is higher than a philosopher or a poet. Though supposed to be rich, he is nevertheless to be independent of the freaks of fortune; and he learns the trade of a joiner, is regularly bound apprentice, that in all circumstances he may obtain a livelihood. Thus he becomes Rousseau's ideal of a man; a man depending upon no society, but capable of mixing in any; the man believed in at the time of the Revolution, which Rousseau foresaw, and which so shortly followed; and whatever we may think of the means adopted to cultivate this ideal, certainly the thought itself was a great one. By the side of 'Emile,' the ideal man, strong of limb, firm in his independence, stamped with all the nobility of nature, is placed the 'ideal woman,' whom Rousseau calls Sophie. In treating of her, he appears as the strenuous opponent of the 'rights-of-woman' sort of thinkers, who consider women capable of performing all the political offices of a man, and as unjustly kept in a state of subjection. He objects even to the influence which ladies had already obtained in the fashionable circles of Paris; he objects to their presiding over society; to their giving opinions on matters of philosophy and literature; teaching that domestic life is the proper sphere of woman, and that the secondary position assigned to her is the result, not of prejudice, but of the natural order of things. When Rousseau thinks calmly, there is nothing of what may be called the 'socialist' in his composition.

Politically he is an ultra-revolutionist, but with regard to social laws he is strictly conservative.

The cause of the storm that was created on the publication of 'Emile' was the 'Profession of Faith of the *Vicaire* of Savoy' which appears as a mere episode of the work. This insidious 'profession' is remarkable for its display of natural piety. The declarations of faith in a supreme Being, and in the immortality of the soul, are made with the greatest appearance of devoutness; but while the doctrine of a future state is '*proved*' by arguments singularly unconvincing, the groundwork of every positive religion is assailed with remarkable tact and acuteness. The evidence by miracles,—in short any sort of evidence that would make of Christianity anything but a mere system of morality,—is assiduously controverted; and though the doctrines of Rousseau are such as in the present time might obtain him no severer name than that of a 'rationalist,' he was in his day a complete infidel as far as regarded any established creed. The Catholics of course did not like him: the Calvinistic Genevese, whom he had vainly tried to flatter by a few compliments in this very 'profession,' joined in the abhorrence: and lastly the material *philosophes*, disgusted at his advocacy of a future state, loved him no better than the orthodox. The tempest broke out in more places than one, the parliament of Paris threatened him with imprisonment, the council of Geneva caused his book to be burned by the hands of the executioner. From Montmorenci he was obliged to fly, and he vainly sought shelter in several places in Switzerland. His 'Letters from the Mountain,' which he wrote as a sort of defence to the objectionable part of his 'Emile,' only served to increase the violence of his enemies. Great polemic talent is exhibited in these 'letters.' If he cannot refute the danger against himself, he shows the nicest skill in placing his adversaries in a false position. With dexterity availing himself of an argument long in vogue among the Catholics, he dares his Genevese opponents, who as Protestants found their faith on the right of private judgment, consistently to prevent his interpreting the Scriptures his own way. Then leaving the abstract theological ground, he attacks on constitutional principles the acts of the Genevese council, which was the executive power, and was composed of the aristocratic portion of the republic. In revenge for his persecution, he shows how that council has exceeded the limits prescribed by the constitution, how it has encroached on other members of the state: and to the arguments which he used on this occasion are to be as-

* From these commendations we except, as a separate work, the *Professions* of the *Vicaire* of Savoy.

cribed the revolutions in favour of a more popular form of government, which afterwards happened in Geneva. At the time, the position he took drew upon him little else than persecution, and if he occasionally found an asylum, he was soon obliged to leave it to avoid personal risk. The ignorant populace, excited by their pastors, believed him to be Anti-Christ; and he, with that perverse love of notoriety which ever distinguished him, chose to walk out in an Armenian costume, and thus in a measure to support the opinion of the bigoted Swiss, that he was at any rate something not quite right. From this persecution, which he says put him in peril of being stoned to death, but which some believe he greatly exaggerated, he took refuge by his journey to England, in company with David Hume. With his departure from Switzerland on this occasion, ends the book of 'Confessions.'

Over the rest of his life, in which we have no longer his own voice to guide us, we may pass very briefly. England did not suit him: there was no chance in this island of a shout of 'Anti-Christ,' nor of his windows being demolished with brickbats: but what was worse, people did not seem to care much about him. His life was in perfect safety, but he found himself an object of ridicule. He quarrelled with his friend Hume, and with this country altogether; and returned once more to France, where his fame having become established, he was received in the most flattering manner. At Paris his eccentricities took the form of madness; he lived a prey to the most frightful mental anguish; he even seemed to luxuriate in his own horrors, and loved to repeat a stanza of Tasso* which reminded him of his own situation. His face was so distorted by convulsions, that those who had been familiar with his countenance could recognize it no more. On the 3d of July, 1778, he died suddenly, at the chateau of a friend at Ermonville,—not without suspicion of suicide.

There is something sublimely tragic in this last madness of Rousseau. The man could not at last find anything really to love in this world: it was a something to him mysterious and unholy, and he peopled it with awful phantoms. He uttered his imprecations against it: but he was not a strong man, he could

not weather the storm, and the curses, 'like young chickens, returned home to roost.' Probably he at first assumed misanthropy in a kind of morbid freak, and declared himself the enemy of civilisation for the sake of supporting a paradox: but he nurtured this position till it became more and more a real thing—to himself terribly real. To separate the acted from the true is, as we have said, difficult to the reader of the 'Confessions;' but we must have faith in the sincerity of that maniac misanthropy of which we hear so little, and which came after the period we have attentively examined.

In spite of the weakness of the Man, the strength of the Word was felt. The young, the enthusiastic, the dreamers of the last century, followed the dictates of Rousseau, and his words became the gospel of revolutionists. If *his* nature was not quite natural, it was natural enough to move those who had only gazed at the mere artificial. Truly it is a great sight to see this Rousseau, this creature of feeble purpose, constructing what he believed to be the natural man out of such strange materials as society presented him, and out of such a weak self. The man of his imagination grew to maturity in the 'Emile,' and there is no doubt he was as dear a companion to his preceptor as if he had been a reality. He would have married his idol by a projected work, called 'Emile and Sophie:' a work of which only a few chapters were written, and which promised to be one of immense power: but the ideal man was to have risen triumphant from his imaginary misfortunes. Pygmalion—and Jean Jacques wrote a Pygmalion—created an ideal, saw it realized, and was blessed: Rousseau erected likewise an ideal, but he saw the impossibility of its realization in the world, he gnashed his teeth at actualities, and sunk into despair and madness.

SONNET.

BY A MEDALSOME MATHEWITE.

HAPPY the sober Man who bounds his wish
By Temperance's safe and wholesome code,
And travels in the safe and steady road
By merely quaffing the diurnal dish
Of Tea, or drinking water, like a fish,
Instead of draughts that madden and corrode!
For him, unnumber'd pleasures shall have birth,
All joys the Social Virtues can produce for him—
Contentment, Health, Peace, Innocence and Mirth,
Making his home a heaven upon earth—
Each household quality shall be in use for him,
Neatness shall clean the furniture of worth,
Thrift light the fire—Decorum sweep the hearth,
And Love, domestic Love, shall cook his goose for
him!
Punch.

* "Vivro fra i mei tormenti, e fra le cure,
Mie giuste furie, forsennato errante.
Paventero l' ombre solinghe e scure,
Che 'l primo error mi recheranno avante,
E del sol che scopri le mie sventure,
A schivo ed in orrore avrò il sembiante;
Temerò me medesmo, e da me stesso
Sempre fuggendo, avrò me sempre oppresso."
Gerus. lib. xii.

FOUCHE, DUKE OF OTRANTO.

From the Athenæum.

Statesmen of the Reign of George III. Third Series. By Lord Brougham.

WE shall repose for a few columns on a reminiscence, contributed by Earl Stanhope, of—

Fouché, Duke of Otranto.

“I formed his acquaintance at Dresden, where he arrived about November, 1815, as French Minister, but in a sort of honourable exile; and he told me that the Duke of Wellington had advised him not to accept that mission, saying, ‘You will get into a hole which you will never be able to leave.’ He afterwards expressed to me his regret at not having followed that advice, and his opinion that the anticipation was realized by the event. From an exaggerated opinion, both of his own importance and of the malice of his enemies, he had left Paris in disguise, and was so apprehensive of being recognized, that when he met his wife on the road he would not acknowledge her. He had remained some weeks at Brussels, and carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Wellington and others, but, after receiving from the French government a peremptory order to repair to his post, he continued his journey under the name of M. Durand, marchand de vin, till he came to Leipzig, where he resumed his own name. He was accompanied by his wife, who was of the family of Castellane, and related, as he said, to the Bourbons, with four children by a former marriage, by an eldest son who appeared to be of weak intellect, and who became remarkable for his avarice, by two other sons who, even in their childhood, exhibited a strong disposition to cruelty, by a daughter, and by a very intriguing governess, Mdlle. Ribaud. He had been early in life a professor in the Oratoire, and it was said very truly at Dresden that he had ‘le visage d’un moine, et la voix d’un mort,’ and, as he was for some time the only foreign minister at that court, that he appeared ‘like the ghost of the departed corps diplomatique.’ His countenance showed great intelligence, and did not indicate the cunning by which he was eminently distinguished; his manner was calm and dignified, and he had, either from nature or from long habit, much power of self-possession. When I announced to him the execution of Marshal Ney, of which by some accident I had received the earliest information, his countenance never changed. He appeared to be nearly sixty years of age, and his hair had become as white as snow, in consequence of his having, according to his own expression, ‘slept upon the guillotine for twenty-five years.’ His conversation was very animated and interesting, but it related chiefly to events in which he had been an actor, and his inordinate vanity induced him to say, ‘I am not a king, but I am more illustrious than any of them.’ His statements did not deserve implicit credence, and I may mention as an instance his bold denial that during the whole course of his long administration as Minister of Police, any letter had been opened at the post-office.

“Amongst a great number of anecdotes which he related to me, there were two that exhibited in a very striking manner the fertility of his resources when he acted on his own theatre, though, as I shall afterwards show, he appeared utterly helpless amidst the difficulties which he encountered at

Dresden. While he was on a mission to the newly-established Cisalpine Republic, he received orders from the French Directory to require the removal of some functionaries who were obnoxious to the Austrian government. He refused to comply, and stated in his answer that those functionaries were attached to France; that the ill-will with which they were viewed by the Austrian government was not a reason for the French government to demand their dismissal; that, according to intelligence which had reached him, Austrian troops were advancing, and that the war would be renewed. The orders were reiterated without effect, and one morning he was informed that an agent of the Directory was arrived at his house, and was accompanied by some gens-d’armes. Fouché desired that the agent might be admitted, and that a message might be sent to his friend General Joubert, who commanded some French troops then stationed in the same town, requesting him to come immediately, and to bring with him a troop of cavalry. The agent delivered to Fouché letters of recall, and showed to him afterwards an order to arrest him and to conduct him to Paris. Fouché made some observations to justify himself till the arrival of Joubert with the cavalry was announced, when he altered his tone, and told the agent: ‘You talk of arresting me, and it is in my power to arrest you.’ Joubert said, on entering the room, ‘Me voilà avec mes dragons, mon cher ami; que puis-je faire à votre service?’ and Fouché replied: ‘Ce drôle-là veut m’arrêter.’ ‘Comment!’ exclaimed Joubert, ‘dans ce cas-là je le taillerai en mille pièces.’ The agent excused himself as being obliged to execute the orders which he had received, and was dismissed by Fouché with the remark, ‘Vous êtes un sot; allez tranquillement à votre hôtel.’ When he had retired, Fouché observed that the Directory was not respected either at home or abroad, that it would therefore be easy to overthrow the Government, and that Joubert might obtain high office if he would assist in the undertaking. Joubert answered that he was merely a soldier, and that he did not wish to meddle in politics; but he granted Fouché’s request of furnishing him with a military escort to provide for his safety till he reached Paris. On the road he prepared an address to the Council of Five Hundred, which was calculated to be very injurious, and perhaps fatal, to the government. When he arrived at Paris he called on each of the Directors, but was not admitted, and he expressed to me his conviction that he should have been arrested the next morning if he had not immediately insisted upon having an audience with Talleyrand, then the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Fouché, after defending his conduct, said that he considered it his duty, before he presented his address, to show it to Talleyrand, who no sooner read it than he saw its dangerous tendency, and the whole extent of the mischief to which it might lead. He told Fouché: ‘I perceive that there has been a misunderstanding, but everything may be arranged:’ and added, ‘the post of Minister to the Batavian Republic is vacant, and perhaps you would be willing to accept it.’ Fouché, who perceived that the other was intimidated, determined to avail himself of the advantage which he had acquired, and replied that his honour and character had been attacked, that immediate reparation was necessary, and that his credentials must be

prepared in the course of the night, in order that he might the next day depart on his mission. This request having been granted, Fouché proceeded to state that his journey to Paris had been very expensive; that he had, through his abrupt departure from the Cisalpine Republic, lost several valuable presents which he would have received; and that his new mission required another outlay, for all of which he demanded an order for the immediate payment of two hundred thousand francs by the national treasury. Talleyrand gave the order without hesitation; and Fouché, who had arrived in disgrace, if not in great danger, departed the next morning as a minister plenipotentiary, with a considerable sum of money.

“After Napoleon, on his return from Elba, had made such progress as alarmed the French government, Monsieur, afterwards Charles X., sent a message to Fouché, requesting a meeting with him in the Tuileries. Fouché declined it, saying that as the circumstances would be known, it would place his conduct in a very ambiguous light, and he then received another message proposing to meet him at the house of a third party. To this proposal Fouché assented, on the condition that the interview should take place in the presence of witnesses, two of whom should attend on each side. On such an occasion any questions of etiquette must have appeared of very subordinate importance, the condition was accepted, and in the interview, which lasted several hours and till long after midnight, Fouché was offered the appointment of Police, the title of Prince, and the decoration of the St. Esprit. Fouché replied that the advance of Napoleon was the natural and necessary consequence of the general discontent which prevailed; that no human power could prevent his arrival at Paris; that Fouché's acceptance of office under such circumstances might create an impression of his having betrayed a sovereign whom he ought faithfully to serve; and that he was therefore obliged to reject the offers which in the course of the conversation were repeatedly pressed on his acceptance. It seemed to be supposed by the French Government that the refusal of such offers was an indication of attachment to Napoleon, and the next morning, when Fouché was in his carriage, at a short distance from his own house, he was stopped ‘in the name of the King,’ by an officer of police, attended by gens-d’armes. Fouché desired them to accompany him to his house, when on getting out of the carriage, he demanded the production of the warrant by which he was arrested; and on its being shown to him, he threw it on the ground, exclaiming, ‘It is a forgery; that is not the King's signature.’ The officer of police, astounded by the effrontery with which Fouché spoke, allowed him to enter the house, when he made his escape through the garden, and went to the Princesse de Vaudremont, who concealed him till the return of Napoleon. Mdlle. Ribaud, the governess, sent a message to the National Guards requesting their immediate attendance, and conducted through the house the officer of police, as he told her that he had orders to take possession of Fouché's papers. His bureaux, &c., were searched, but nothing of any importance was found in them, and Mdlle. Ribaud when passing through her own room drew a trunk from beneath her bed, and, taking a key out of her pocket, offered to show her clothes to the officer of police, who said that he had no wish to give her that trouble. It was, how-

ever, in that trunk that Fouché's important papers were deposited. In the meantime the National Guards had arrived, and after they were harangued by Mdlle. Ribaud on the merits and services of Fouché, and on the insult and injustice with which he had been treated, they drove away the gens-d’armes who attended the officer of police.

“Fouché, who after the return of Napoleon was re-appointed Minister of Police, was asked by him whether it was not very desirable to obtain the services of Talleyrand, who was then one of the French ambassadors at Vienna. Certainly, replied Fouché; and Napoleon then said, ‘What do you think of sending to him a handsome snuff-box?’ Fouché was aware of the extreme absurdity of endeavouring to bribe a minister, who was supposed to be rapacious, by a present which, as a matter of course, he had received on the conclusion of every treaty, and observed, if a snuff-box were sent to Talleyrand, he should open it to see what it contained. ‘What do you mean?’ inquired Napoleon. ‘It is idle,’ replied Fouché, ‘to talk of sending to him a snuff-box. Let an order for two millions of francs be sent to him, and let one-half of the sum be payable on his return to France.’ ‘No,’ said Napoleon, ‘that is too expensive, and I shall not think of it.’ When Napoleon determined to hold the assembly of the *Champ de Mai*, he convened his Council of State, and read to them the speech which he intended to deliver on that occasion. Some of the members expressed their entire and unqualified approbation, and others suggested a few verbal alterations; but Fouché, when it came to his turn, said that he disapproved of it both in its form and in its substance, and he then strung together some of the common-place phrases with which his ordinary conversation so much abounded, that ‘truth must be heard,’ that ‘illusions could no longer prevail,’ &c. One of the Councillors having remarked that a written document would be very desirable for the discussion, Fouché produced the speech which he had prepared. It stated that the Allied Powers had declared war not against France but against Napoleon; that if they were sincere in their professions, they would guarantee to France her independence, and the free choice of her own government, and that he would in that case abdicate the throne; but that if such a guarantee were refused, it would be a proof that they were insincere, and that he would then ask permission to place himself at the head of the French armies in order to defend the honour of the country. Napoleon made no observation: but, calling the Councillors to him in succession, and whispering a few words to each of them, they rejected the proposal. He must have perceived that the Allies, who viewed with anxiety and mistrust the mighty conflict in which they were about to engage, would have granted the guarantee which was required; that he should have been obliged to abdicate; and that a Republic would have been established in which Fouché hoped and expected to acquire more power than he had yet possessed. Napoleon had on a former occasion removed Fouché from office, and reproached him with his insatiable ambition, saying, ‘You might always have been minister, but you aspired to be more, and I will not suffer you to become a Cardinal Richelieu.’ The Memoirs which after Fouché's death were published under his name do not appear to be authentic, and the statements contained in them differ in many

respects from those which I received from him, but neither the one nor the other may have been founded in truth. He read to me occasionally some detached passages, which he composed without any reference to chronological order, but as circumstances occurred to his mind, and according to his original plan, which he communicated to me in a letter. He intended to divide his narrative into the following parts:—‘La 1^e explique la révolution qui a fait passer la France de l’antique monarchie à la république; la 2^e celle qui a fait passer la France de la république à l’Empire de Bonaparte; la 3^e celle qui a fait passer la France de cet Empire à la Royauté des Bourbons; la 4^e partie dira la situation de la France et de l’Europe.’

“In another letter he states:—‘Je travaille huit heures par jour à mon mémoire. Ceux qui croient que ce sont les hommes qui font les révolutions seront étonnés de voir leur origine. J’ai déjà peint le premier tableau des évènements d’où sont sorties nos tempêtes passées. Le pendant de ce tableau sera un assez gros image d’où partira la foudre qui menace notre avenir.’ His participation in the atrocities of the Revolution inspired horror at Dresden, where he formed very few acquaintances, and received hardly any visits except from Count Salmur, a Piedmontois, who had known him at Paris, and from General Gaudi, who had been sent by the Prussian Government to negotiate with respect to the line of demarcation of the Saxon provinces which were ceded, and who had received instructions from Prince Hardenburg to see Fouché frequently, and to watch his proceedings. Fouché said to me very often, ‘J’ai une folle envie d’écrire, et il faut que j’aille à la campagne;’ and I knew that he was not disturbed by many visitors, but I observed to him that he might give directions not to admit them. He replied, ‘Ne voyez-vous pas que j’ai une jeune femme, et quand je me pousse en force, je la perds d’une autre manière.’ I told him that he might very easily hire one of the country houses which at that time of year were unoccupied; but he said that he should expect the owner to remain there during his residence, and to treat him with the respect and attention which were due to him. He seemed to think that even a stranger would be too happy to accept the proposal, and to have an opportunity of associating with a person who, according to his own opinion, was ‘more illustrious’ than any king. The confidential communications which he received from Paris were addressed to him under another name, and directed to the care of a pastry-cook in that part of the town which lies on the other bank of the Elbe. He preserved his former habits of ‘espionage,’ and remarked to me that a person who lived on the opposite side of the street sat close to the window, was much occupied in writing, was very regular in his habits, &c. He seemed to be amused in watching this unknown individual, who was afterwards discovered to be a spy sent by the French Government to observe Fouché. His ignorance of geography, &c., was really ludicrous. When he heard that Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, he inquired on which side of the Cape it lay; and when he was told by an Englishman that he was going to Hamburgh to embark for England, he asked, ‘Are you not afraid at this time of year of making a voyage in the Baltic?’ The other replied that he did not embark on the Baltic. ‘No,’ said Fouché, after some consideration, ‘you will go by

the sea of Denmark.’ He was extremely delighted when he was informed that Lavalette had effected his escape by the good offices of Sir Robert Wilson and two other Englishmen, and after making a pompous eulogium on them, he said that although they had been punished by the French Government, they would everywhere be respected and honoured; that their conduct must excite general admiration, &c.; and after a long course of high-flown compliments, he concluded by an anti-climax, ‘if they should come here I will even invite them to dinner.’ According to a homely expression, ‘there was no love lost’ between Fouché and Talleyrand. The former said, ‘Talleyrand est nul’ till after he has drunk a bottle of Madeira: and the latter asked, ‘Do you not think that Fouché has very much the air of a country comedian?’ Fouché spoke very contemptuously of the late Emperor of Austria, whom he called ‘un crétin.’ I thought it indiscreet to ask any questions of Fouché on the cruelties of which he was represented to have been guilty at Lyons and at Nantes; but I took an opportunity of mentioning to him that a biographical memoir of him had appeared in the German language. It excited, as I expected that it would, his curiosity, and he requested me to translate it *vivâ voce*, which I accordingly did; and when the sanguinary scenes of Lyons were noticed he exclaimed, ‘I went there to save the inhabitants, all of whom would otherwise have been murdered by Collot d’Herbois. As for Nantes, I never was there.’ I remarked to him that the Memoir referred to letters which were signed both by him and by his colleague, and which had been published in the ‘Moniteur,’ but he replied that it would at that time have been dangerous to disavow them. He had received from the Prince of the Asturias, afterwards Ferdinand VII., during his residence at Valençay, the most servile letters, earnestly entreating that Napoleon would confer on him the high honour of allowing him to be allied with some relation, however distant, of the Imperial Family. Fouché said that his hand was kissed by the prince whenever he had occasion to see him; and added, ‘I washed it afterwards, for he was very dirty.’ The intelligence which he received from Paris, through private as well as through public channels, and the hostility which was shown towards the regicides, of whom he was one, rendered him very apprehensive that his property would be confiscated, and he spoke to me frequently upon the subject. He observed that the Charter did not allow confiscation, but added, ‘ils ne se gênent pas;’ and he proposed to make a nominal sale of his property to me, in order to place it beyond the grasp of the French Government. I objected to it on the ground that it would not be a *bonâ fide* transaction; but a day or two afterwards I received from him a note, expressing a wish to see me immediately. On going to him, he read to me some papers prepared in technical and legal phraseology, which stated that I had purchased his estates, the annual value of which was, I think, £7000, and also his house at Paris, with the furniture that it contained. I told him that I had already expressed my disapprobation of the principle on which the transaction would proceed; and I observed to him that the fraud would be discovered, for the French Government would upon inquiry learn from the English ambassador at Paris that I was only an eldest son with a very limited income, and that it was utterly impos-

sible for me to make such purchases. He replied that I might be supposed to have given bonds, or other securities, which were satisfactory to him. I represented to him that the French ambassador in London might by a Bill in Chancery compel me to declare upon oath whether I had or had not purchased his property; and if so, with what funds? And he answered, 'Ces parjures-là ne blessent point la conscience.' I then said, 'You have already informed me that one half of your property is settled on your children, and the easiest way of placing the whole of it in safety would be to settle the remainder on Madame la Duchesse.' He exclaimed, 'Parbleu, vous avez plus d'esprit que moi, et je ferai venir mon secrétaire sur le champ.' An Act in due form was instantly prepared, and, being registered in Dresden, became the subject of general conversation: but I considered his communications as confidential, and I said nothing as to the suggestion which I had offered, or as to my knowledge of the transaction. He was also very apprehensive as to his personal safety, and said, 'I fear that I may be carried off by some gens-d'armes, and that no person will ever hear of me again.' He then asked whether, in the event of his being arrested, he should not request General Gaudi to intercede for him with the prime minister, Count Einsiedel? I answered, that they had no doubt much personal regard for each other, but that in their respective positions it could not be supposed that the former could have any influence with the latter. 'Then,' replied Fouché, 'I will write to the King of Saxony, inquiring what course he will pursue if an order should arrive here for my arrest.' He did so, though he was at that time French plenipotentiary; and he received from Count Einsiedel an answer, informing him that the King would under any circumstances act as became a man of honour.

"On one occasion, when he was more than usually disquieted by the information which he had that morning received from Paris, he called on me, and after mentioning that he was in great danger, and that he wished to go into the Prussian dominions, he inquired if I would accompany him thither? I assented; and we went together to General Gaudi, who was not acquainted with the objects and motives of the intended journey, but seemed much astonished when Fouché abruptly said to him, 'You once told me that you have an aunt who is settled in Silesia; and I should like to go and live with her.' General Gaudi replied that his aunt was old and infirm, and not accustomed to company, and that she would not like to see a stranger. Fouché then conversed with General Gaudi on the choice of a residence, and was with great difficulty dissuaded from going to one of the ceded provinces, the governor of which entertained for him the strongest aversion. After we had left General Gaudi, I asked Fouché when he intended to depart? and he answered, 'At twelve o'clock to-night.' I told him it would have a better appearance if he went by daylight; and I added, 'You should prepare a passport for yourself.' 'No,' replied Fouché, 'I intend to travel under your passport.' 'How so?' I inquired. 'As your valet-de-chambre,' answered Fouché. I then said I was willing to accompany him in his quality of French minister, but that I would not convey him under a false character, or smuggle him through the country as if he were contraband goods. He was much dis-

pleased, and employed by turns flattery and abuse; but I remained inflexible; and as I would not accompany him in the manner which he proposed, he determined to remain at Dresden. At length there appeared in France a law, or edict, which allowed the regicides to reside, at their own choice, either in Austria, in Prussia, or in Russia; and the Austrian minister desired Fouché to determine which of them he would prefer. He wished to settle at Berlin, where, as he said, his advice would be very useful; but he found on inquiry that this would not be permitted, and Breslau was proposed to him for a residence, which he did not approve, and he went into the Austrian dominions—first to Prague, where he lived very obscurely, and with great economy—afterwards, and for a short time, to Linz on the Danube—and then to Trieste, where he died. His widow, who had a life interest in half his property, re-married. His house at Paris was sold to Baron Rothschild; and it was said, but I know not with what truth, that he bequeathed his manuscripts to Louis XVIII."

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ALBUM.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

From the Metropolitan.

WHAT shall be written here!
 What, in these pages, shall the weak hand trace?
 Shall it record the cause of many a tear—
 Paint the heart's pangs—the spirit's baffled race?
 Dark shadows flit along—
 Fitfully crossing the unsullied page!
 What shall the minstrel sing?—he hath no song
 Youth's ear to charm, to cheer the cares of age.
 What shall be written, then,
 Where measures sweet and smooth should find a
 place;
 Where visions bright beyond the common ken,
 The poet's magic pencil here should trace?
 Mine is a sordid store—
 The beggar's banquet of unsavory things!
 The rose of pleasure decks my lyre no more,
 For Grief its cypress o'er it wildly flings.
 Love is no theme for me,—
 There is a frenzy in the very name:
 It points to blood, and death, and agony—
 It mutters madness, and it whispers shame.
 Friendship?—Alas, alas!
 One month ago and I could for it twine
 Garlands of song and praise: joys fleetly pass,
 And *now* I scatter incense on its shrine!
 That shrine the grave-yard holds—
 That friendship lingers not on earth—that friend
 (Wrapt in the winding-sheet's funeral folds)
 Gives not the transport he was wont to lend!
 And Fame?—Oh! hearts may feel
 (When hopes are bright and youth is burning high)
 The soldier's ardour, and the patriot's zeal,
 But they—like other joys—they fly.
 What shall be written here?
 Who shall the strains of hope and pleasure twine?—
 —I would not stain the pages with a tear,
 But leave the book for lighter lays than mine!

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

OF THE KING (OR QUEEN) AND HIS (OR HER) TITLE.

THE supreme or executive power is vested by our laws in a single person—though that single person very often happens to be a married one. Whether this person be masculine or feminine is of no consequence, and indeed Hale thought the sovereign ought always to be neuter.

In discussing the royal rights, we shall look at the sovereign under six distinct views, which is levelling royalty with the Cosmorama in Regent-street, where “six views” are constantly being exhibited. Our first view will be a glance at the title of the sovereign; 2ndly, we shall take a squint at his (or her) royal family; 3rdly, we shall apply our quizzing-glass to his (or her) councils; 4thly, we shall put on our spectacles to look into his (or her) duties; 5thly, we shall indulge in a peep at his (or her) prerogative; and, 6thly, we shall take out our gold-mounted opera glass to look into his (or her) revenue.

First, of the Title. It is of the highest importance to avoid those unseemly scrambles for the crown, which, while forming capital subjects for dramatic representation—*vide* Richard the Third—would be a great interruption to the business of every-day life, if they were at the present time liable to happen. The grand fundamental maxim, on the right of succession to the throne, must be taken to be this, that the crown is hereditary in all cases, except those in which it isn't.

In the infancy of a state, the chief magistrate is generally elective, and when Old England gets into her second childhood, but not till then, we may look for an elective monarchy in this country. At present we cannot form any conception of such a state of things. We cannot fancy Victoria canvassing the people, and having a central committee constantly sitting at the Crown and Anchor to promote her election. This may do very well in America, though it did not answer in ancient Rome, nor in modern Poland, in which last place, by the bye, it was natural to suppose that the candidate who got to the top of the Poll, should be placed at the head of the Poles—a pun which the learned Bracton might, with good reason, have boasted of.

2ndly. As to the particular mode of inheritance. The English crown descends in a line, but history tells us that this line is sometimes a very crooked one. Males are preferred to females, a constitutional maxim which may be traced to Lindley Murray, who declares in his grammar that “the masculine is worthier than the feminine,” but the females don't all take an equal share, as in common inheritance, for had this been the case, the English crown would have dwindled, in the time of Mary and Elizabeth, to a couple of half-crowns, which would have much detracted from its dignity. The constitution is always very jealous of letting the crown get into the hands of an uncle—probably from the value of the jewels, for when jewels get into an uncle's hand it is difficult indeed to get them out again. It is a maxim that “the king never dies:” but this is a quibble, like that which asserts that “to-morrow never comes,” for if kings never died, William the Conqueror would now be residing at Buckingham Palace, and granting occasional interviews to Sir R. Peel or the Duke of Wellington.

The fact is, that when one king is cut off, another, like the head of a hydra, springs up to replace him, and the well-known burst of enthusiasm on the part of our present sovereign, who is said to have flourished her night-cap, exclaiming “Hurrah—hurrah—I'm Queen of England,” was in conformity with the constitutional maxim alluded to.

We shall now proceed to trace the crown from Egbert, who found himself one fine morning a sort of seven in one, uniting in his own person all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. In the course of two hundred years we find the crown on the head of Edmund Ironsides, from whom it was claimed by Canute, who took a composition of 10s. in the pound, or in other words accepted half, but on the death of Ironsides, who deserved the second title of Leadenhead, clutched the whole of it. Edward the Confessor, who we have already seen never confessed anything, then got hold of the crown, which of right belonged to Edward, surnamed the Outlaw, who was probably keeping out of the way to avoid process. On the death of the Confessor, Harold the Second usurped the throne, from which he was pitched neck and crop by William the Norman, who pretended to have got a grant of it from the Confessor, and may probably have raked up some old cognovit given by Edward, which would after all account for his having the title of Confessor—a cognovit being, as the legal student will hereafter be told, a confession of a debt and a judgment. William the Conqueror, having defeated Harold at Hastings, left that delightful watering-place for London, and having tried on the crown it was found such a capital fit, that it was firmly fixed upon his head, and descended to his children.

It would be useless to trace the crown through its various vicissitudes—now being let out to fit the capacious head of the son of John of Gaunt, who “tried it on” successfully as Henry the Fourth, and now taken in to suit the delicate forehead of Elizabeth.

The crown was at length laid aside for a time, in consequence of Charles the First being deprived of a head to wear it upon. James the Second subsequently ascended the throne, but soon “cut,” and failing to “come again,” he was declared, if we may be allowed a parliamentary parallel, to have accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. It is not at all improbable that the people acted with the utmost delicacy in reference to the absconding of James, and probably inserted in the papers of the day something like the following advertisement:—“If James the Second does not call at the Houses of Parliament on or before Saturday next, the crown, and other property which he has left behind him, will be immediately disposed of.”

His Majesty continuing to play at hide-and-seek, a treaty was entered into with the Prince and Princess of Orange, which is called “the glorious revolution of 1688,” which was effected without even so much as a row in the streets, or the police being called in to preserve order.

The remainder of the crown was settled on the heirs of the Princess Sophia, the Electress of Hanover; but what this remainder was, when some one else had got it all, we leave our arithmetically disposed readers to calculate.

After the death of Anne, George the First was honoured with that uneasiness in the head which is, according to Shakspeare, the natural consequence

of wearing a crown, which has now descended—we hope without subjecting her to any headach at all—on her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

The succession to the throne was formerly unconditional, but now it is limited to such of the heirs of the Princess Sophia as are Protestants; and some over-zealous persons have feared that her Majesty may imbibe Catholic notions by visiting Catholic nations—a fear in which, we are bound to say, we do not participate. The Queen is, we know, devoted to the interests of the mass, but not to the mass performed in Catholic churches.

Such is the constitutional doctrine of the descent of the crown, for which every good Englishman should be ready to draw his sword, or, supposing him to be without a sword, to brandish his walking-stick.—*Punch*.

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

President.—Sir Guy Raffe. Vice-Presidents.—Mr. Croker Dillie and Professor Stamen.

PRESIDENT Sir Guy Raffe read some extracts from a letter from Professor De Lenz, a communication from whom was read at the last meeting, stating that he had discovered the skeleton of a male flea in the folds of a mummy-cloth. The present communication was of higher interest. He had, while examining mummies, in conjunction with his friend the Shah Pyez (Professor of Twigology to the University of Cairo), been so fortunate as to discover what he at first considered to be the body of an embalmed flea; but to his great astonishment, he perceived that, after a few minutes' exposure to the air, it exhibited signs of vitality, and by a judicious application of animal heat, soon became able to crawl. The Professor, enlarging on the extreme delight he experienced in feeling the first feeble bite of this animal, perhaps three thousand years old, exclaims that none but those who, after having laboured long and arduously in the cause of scientific and antiquarian research, have at length achieved a discovery exceeding even their most sanguine expectations—"None but such," he exclaims, "can form the faintest conceptions of my feelings at the moment when my blood first mingled with (possibly) the blood of one of the Ptolemies." Subsiding into more platosophic calmness, he states that the flea has so far recovered as to be able to leap full six inches. The Professor feeds it from his own hand, and reports it to be in a very thriving condition.

The President remarked that this threw the mummy wheat completely into the shade.

Mr. Slick, of Slickville, communicated to the section some curious facts with regard to the extreme vitality of the American oak (*quercus vivens*), commonly known by the name of the "live oak." He stated that his friend Captain Enoch Brown, of New York, having had his bulwarks carried away, got new ones fixed of this oak, and was astonished, about a week after he sailed, to discover young shoots sprouting all round the decks. He took great care of them, and such was the rapidity of their growth, that within one year he cut two topmasts, six main topmasts, a flying jib-boom, and a quantity of smaller spars, fit for to'-gallant yards, stu'n'-sail booms, &c., all very good timber. He also states that the shade afforded the men in the hot

latitudes had been of the greatest service to their health, there not having been one on the sick list since the decks were so sheltered. Mr. Slick here presented the President with a walking-stick cut from one of the trees.

The President, after thanking him for the stick and his communication, remarked that, from the appearance of the timber, and from his recollection of that which grew from the horse of the Baron Munchausen, a specimen of which was in his possession, he felt confident that they were of the same genus; and was glad that the doubts which had long hung over the Baron's veracity were now dispelled for ever by the more recent, and not less authentic, instance now brought before their notice.

The committee appointed to investigate whether female oysters had beards, reported that, although they had examined many specimens since they had been honoured by the commission, they were not yet prepared to bring in a final report, and concluded by requesting a further grant of fifty pounds.—*Ib*.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

From the Forget Me Not, for 1844.

What if, in that sublimer state
To which our souls shall once attain,
The things of Earth, and Time, and Fate,
Shall pass before our eyes again.
Shall we review our life's slow way,
Its wants and weariness beholding,
And by Heaven's purer noon survey
What Earth's dim twilight now is folding?
O, what a wondrous change will pass
O'er all that here hath seemed or been!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
What then shall face to face be seen;
The nothingness of all we prized,
The falsehood of the love we sought,
The priceless truth of hearts despised,
The worth of all we valued not!
Perchance, it shall not then be seen
That this, our earthly path of tears,
So desolate a waste hath been
As to the mourner's eye appears.
When clearer light around us breaks,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
A dreary line of long mistakes,
Atoned by many a needless wo.
Our youth was passed in visions fair,
In lavishing the wealth of heart;
Our manhood had the harder care
Of watching all those dreams depart.
What was there left for sad old age,
Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of a pilgrimage
We could not, if we would renew!
Yet in ourselves the evil lay,
Poor, weak artificers of wo!
Our Idols all were made of clay,
But 'twas our hand that framed them so.
We needed some diviner call,
To teach our hearts alike to shun
The lovely fault of trusting all,
The bitter sin of trusting none.
Turn we then with vain disgust
From love betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let our hearts forget to trust,
When they are wounded, wrung, and grieved.
Take home this lesson—it is such
As turns Life's darkness into light;
O! we can never love too much,
If we will only love aright!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. ABELL (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE).

AFTER HE LEFT HER FATHER'S RESIDENCE, "THE BRIARS," FOR LONGWOOD.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A BALL occasionally given by the officers of the 66th regiment, afforded some variety to the dreariness of Madame Bertrand's changed existence. One of them took place whilst we were on a visit to her, and it was arranged we should go together in Napoleon's carriage, but dine with the Emperor first, as he said he wished to criticise our dresses, and proceed from his door to the ball. Madame Montholon very good-naturedly sent her maid Josephine to arrange my hair. She combed and strained it off my face, making me look like a Chinese. It was the first time I had seen such a *coiffure*, and I thought I had never beheld anything so hideous in my life, and would have gladly pulled it all down, but there was no time, and I was obliged to make my appearance before Napoleon, whose laugh I dreaded, with my eyes literally starting from my head, occasioned by the uneasy manner in which my hair had been arranged. However, to my great comfort, he did not quiz it, but said it was the only time he had ever seen it wear the appearance of anything like neatness. But my little Leno frock did not pass muster so well. He declared it was frightful, from being so short, and desired me to have it lengthened. In vain I pleaded the impossibility of any alteration; he kept twitching it about until I was obliged to fly to Josephine, and have the desired change made, by letting down some of the tucks, thereby spoiling the effect of my pretty dress; but I knew it was useless resisting when the fiat had gone forth.

After dinner the carriage was announced, and we all obeyed the emperor's signal, of rising from table, his manner of performing that ceremony being brusque and startling; he would push his chair suddenly away, and rise as if he had received an electric shock.

I recollect his remarking upon the want of gallantry displayed by Englishmen, in sitting so long after dinner. He said, "If Balcombe had been there, he would want to drink one, two, tree, ah cinq bouteils, eh? Balcombe go Briars, get droonk?"

It was one of his early attempts at expressing himself in English. I think I can see him now, holding up one of his fat taper fingers, and counting how many bottles my father usually drank before he joined the ladies.

"If I were you, Mrs. Balcombe," he said, addressing my mother, "I should be very angry at being turned out to wait for two or three hours, whilst your husband and his friends were making themselves drunk."

How different are Frenchmen, who think society cannot be agreeable without the presence of the ladies. After drinking some of La Page's delectable coffee, and being helped to the sugar by Napoleon's fingers instead of tongs, he proceeded to the carriage which was in waiting.

Madame Bertrand led the way, carrying her baby, little Arthur, followed by my mother, my sister, myself, and General Gourgaud. On being seated the signal was given, the whip applied to the spirited

Cape-steeds, and away they tore, first on one side the track (for road there was none) and then on the other, Madame Bertrand screaming with all her power for Archambaud to stop; but it was not until a check was put to the velocity of the carriage, by its coming into contact with a large gum-wood tree, that we had any chance of being heard. At length the door was opened, and out we scrambled, up to our knees in mud, the night being wet and foggy. We had nearly a mile to walk through this filthy road to Deadwood, and the poor countess all the while carrying her infant, who would not be pacified with any other nurse.

I never shall forget the figures we cut on arriving at Mrs. Baird's quarters, when we were provided with dry clothes, and the ludicrous appearance of Madame Bertrand, habited in one of Mrs. Baird's dresses, which was half-a-yard too short, and much too small in every way.—Mrs. Baird being remarkably petite, whilst the countess was *renommée* for her tall and graceful stature. But in spite of our adventure and *contretemps*, we had a very merry ball, and the party did not separate until long after the booming guns from the forts around announced the break of day. We cared but little for our walk home through the mist and rain, as we knew that on arriving at the grand marshal's cottage, we should be refreshed by a good breakfast and comfortable beds.

Napoleon complimented me on my dancing and appearance at the ball, which he had heard were much admired, and also told me I was thought very much like the Baroness Sturmer, and might be mistaken for her young sister. I was flattered at the resemblance, as I thought her the prettiest woman I had ever seen.

I had been to a breakfast given to Lord Amherst on board the Newcastle, by Sir Pulteney and Lady Malcolm, and on next visiting Longwood, was surprised and vexed to find that the emperor had heard an account of the party from other lips than mine, as I was anxious to forestall the narration of the exploits of a certain hoydenish young lady—namely myself; but he had received a faithful detail of it from Dr. O'Meara. He pretended to scold and take me to task, for being such a *petite folle*, and said he hoped it was not true, and began recapitulating what I had been guilty of, to my father, which was that I had teased and locked up pretty little Miss P., when the ladies were being whipped* over the side of the frigate to return to the shore, and it was not until we had nearly reached the fort that the fair lady's absence was perceived, when, it being inconvenient to return to the barge, it was proposed to Captain G——, one of the party, and a great admirer of the young lady's, that he should proceed to the vessel and rescue the terrified girl. Napoleon said,

"Miss Betsee must be punished for being so naughty. N'est pas, Balcombe?" turning to my father, whom he enjoined to set me a task that I was to repeat to him on my next visit; and which request my father was delighted to put in execution, being only too happy to have an excuse to make me study.

* This is the technical term for lowering ladies down the side of a ship.

On hearing what was in store for me, I assured him I had been punished enough for my cruelty to Miss P——, having been really frightened out of my little wits, by the roaring of the cannon from every fort which overhung the bay, and from all the men-of-war stationed in the harbour, to salute Lord Amherst on his landing. I also mentioned the scolding I had received from Lady Lowe, who kept desiring me to use my *reason*, and “not to be so childish.” Napoleon did not lose the opportunity of attacking Lady Lowe, though at my expense, and said he wondered at her want of perception in giving me credit for what I never possessed.

I amused Bonaparte that day, by my ecstasies in describing the impression the courtier-like manner and charming address of Lord Amherst had made on me. He seemed pleased at my entertaining the same idea as himself, and said “the ambassador must have been fascinating, to have so impressed your youthful fancy.”

From the strict surveillance exercised over the emperor, the inconveniences suffered by his suite were on many occasions extremely annoying, and I quote the following as an instance. My sister and I were constantly in the habit of staying with Madame Bertrand, who kindly volunteered, during our long visits to her, to superintend my studies.

Upon one occasion, at her request, I attempted to sing a little French romance, composed by Hortense Beauharnois, daughter to the Empress Josephine, entitled “*Le Depart des Styriens*,” This song was sent to her on the preceding evening by Napoleon, who was anxious to hear it, and intimated that he should come for that purpose. He came according to promise, but was not only disappointed, but angry at the discordant sounds which issued from a piano, which, from damp and disuse, had acquired tones very like those of a broken down hurdy gurdy. The only person in the island capable of remedying the instrument in question was Mr. Guinness, band-master on board the “*General Kid*,” then lying in the St. James’ Harbour. Mr. Guinness,* who at the request of the countess was summoned by my father for the purpose, was on the point of leaving the side of the ship, when an order from the governor desired him to stay where he was.

Napoleon expressed a wish to see a boa constrictor brought by Sir Murray Maxwell to the island. I had described seeing it gorge a goat, and the extraordinary appearance it presented after swallowing such a meal. The horns of the unfortunate animal, which had been put alive into the cage, seemed as if they must protrude through the snake’s skin. The emperor observed that he thought, from what he had heard, that “the Marquis de M—— must be like a boa constrictor, from the quantity he eat at dinner.” I heard that it was not thought advisable to comply with the emperor’s wish to have the monster conveyed to Longwood.

Early one morning, whilst I was wandering about the gardens and plantations at Longwood, I encountered the emperor, who stopped and told me to come with him, and he would show me some pretty toys. Such an invitation was not to be resisted, and I accordingly accompanied him to his

billiard-room, where he displayed a most gorgeously carved set of chess-men, that had been presented to him by Mr. Elphinstone. He might well call them toys, every one being in itself a gem. The castles, surmounting superbly chased elephants, were filled with warriors in the act of discharging arrows from their bended bows. The knights were cased in armour with their visors up, and mounted on beautifully caparisoned horses; mitred bishops in their robes, and every pawn varied in character and splendour of costume, each figure representing by its dress some different nation. Such workmanship had never before left China; art and taste had been exerted to its utmost to devise such rare specimens. The emperor was as much pleased with his present as I should have been with any new plaything. He told me he had just finished a game of chess with Lady Malcolm, with these most beautiful things, and she had beaten him; he thought solely from his attention being occupied in admiring the men instead of attending to his game. The work-boxes and card-counters were lovely; the latter representing all the trades of China, minutely carved on each. These gifts were presented to Napoleon as a token of gratitude by Mr. Elphinstone, from the circumstance of Napoleon having humanely attended to his brother, when severely wounded on the field of Waterloo, the emperor sending and refreshing him with a goblet of wine from his own canteen, on hearing he was faint from loss of blood.

Napoleon observed that he thought the chessmen too pretty for St. Helena, and that therefore he should send them to the King of Rome. Another present which attracted my attention, was a superb ivory tea-chest, and which on opening presented a perfect model of the city of Canton, made most ingeniously of stained ivories; underneath this tray were packets of the finest tea, done up in fantastic shapes. Napoleon told us that, when Emperor of France, he did not permit any tea to be drunk except that grown in Switzerland, and which so nearly resembled the Chinese plant that the difference was not perceptible. He also cultivated the growth of beet-root, for the purpose of making sugar, instead of depending on foreign produce.

Seeing the ex-emperor one day looking less amiable than usual, and his face very much swelled and inflamed, I inquired the cause; when he told me that Dr. O’Meara had just performed the operation of drawing a tooth, which caused him some pain. I requested he would give me the extracted tooth, as I should make Mr. Solomons set it as an ear-ring, and wear it for his sake.

The idea made him laugh heartily in spite of his suffering, and he remarked that he thought I should never cut my *wisdom-teeth*. He was always pleased on saying anything approaching a witticism.

Napoleon had a horror of ugly women, and knowing this weakness, I one day begged he would allow me to introduce to him a Mrs. S —, the wife of a gentleman holding a high official appointment in India. I must confess feeling rather nervous whilst I did so, knowing her to be one of the very plainest persons ever seen. She had, nevertheless, all the airs and pretensions of a beauty, and believed herself to be as lovely as Chenere had portrayed her on ivory. She thought she might make an impression on the great man, and for that purpose loaded herself with all the finery an Indian wardrobe could afford; she dressed in crimson velvet,

* Mr. Guinness is now member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and well known leader of the orchestra at the nobilities’ balls, Almack’s, &c., &c.

bordered with pearls, and her black hair she adorned with butterflies, composed of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

When introduced to Napoleon, and he had put the usual questions to her, as to whether she was married, how many children she had, and so on, he scrutinized her over and over again, trying, but in vain, to discover some point whereon to compliment her; at last he perceived that she had an immense quantity of coarse, fuzzy black hair, which he remarked, by saying to her,

“Madame, you have most luxuriant hair.”

The lady was so pleased with this speech of the emperor's, that on her arrival in England, she published in the newspapers an account of her interview with him, and said, “Napoleon had lost his heart to her beauty.”

I really did incur the emperor's displeasure for a few days by the trick I had played him—having led him to suppose he was about to see a perfect Venus; and he prohibited my ever introducing any more ladies to him.

A LAY AND SONGS OF HOME.

BY GEORGIANA BENNET.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE poems—for many are so entitled to be called—in this little volume, breathe a passionate sincerity. They could only have been written by one whose ardent mind had been taken full possession of by an enthusiasm for song, whose very blood ebbed and flowed obedient to the ruling star—a star, that has been sometimes found shining somewhat too near the planet that governs the watery tides.

Not only is the passion for poetry—and with anything less than a passion, how should poetry have existence in any nature?—not only is it made manifest in every page of the book, but many tokens of a maturing though still imperfect power to give expression to it consistently, to harmonize the wild throng of thoughts, and control the yet headlong impulses of the heart, are here too.

Besides this, it may be safely said, that these poems could never have been written by one who is either worked upon by the phantasmagoria of a vivid imagination, or has suffered in reality beyond her years, by the necessitous evils of life, the pangs that turn fate's arrows into pens, and set poets raving. We have not for years perused pages so blotted with tears—perused, in prose or verse, such wild, earnest, painful records of personal suffering, sorrow, disappointment—such disclosures of deep and dark feelings of bereavement, loneliness, and gloom; nor, on the other hand, have we lately read of such enthusiastic aspirations for fame—above all, of such a daring, we hope not deceptive, consciousness of the power to command it.

It is true, we have read such records be-

fore. A great portion of the spontaneous music of poor lamented L. E. L. sung of purely fictitious woes: three-fourths of her impassioned song is a tale of personal suffering, disappointment, and despondency, which she never sustained, and which those who knew and lived beside her in the cordial confidences of friendship, could best show to be merely dreams cherished as subjects for verse. Her literary executor, who knew her as well as any person, tells us that these haunting memories, crushed affections, ruined hopes, and blighted enjoyments, were in most of her pages but mere terms of art—a bruised heart was a professional necessary, and a blighted spirit was a literary resource. Her constant and hacknied use of such materials for the kind of verse which flowed with wonderful freedom from her pen, detracts not one iota from the influence still exercised over us by the more really passionate and thoughtful of her writings—the more mournful, solemn, and deeply imagined of her after-poems.

But of course the greatest and most enduring record of the personal-suffering school, in modern poetry, is “Childe Harold.” Though much of the melancholy picture—the “dioramic view” of gloom and anguish, wrong, bitterness, and savage desolation, was notoriously overcharged—enough remains to show, if something in the very tone of the poet had not of itself spoken most convincingly to the heart, that he was singing of no fictitious woes, but was in the main terribly in earnest.

There is something of the same quality impressing the reader to a similar effect, in the tone and manner of the poet now singing to us a “Lay of her Home;” though, by the way, a “Lay of the Universe” would have been an apter title for a strain that extends now from England to Italy, and then stretches as easily to India—celebrating not merely a host of moral and intellectual faculties incidentally, but commemorating persons and events beside—Oliver Cromwell at one time, and the Prince of Wales' Christening at another.

“Childe Harold” is the immediate source of inspiration; and with the form of the stanza, the writer has caught, insensibly, perhaps, the exact manner and method of her master; the same flying from individual to general principles—the same mingling of the actual and the ideal—the same fitful wanderings of memory, and abrupt expressions of despondency and wretchedness; all which, relieved by historical or imaginative episodes of considerable merit, would be utterly unendurable, if there were not over all an air of intense earnestness—a passionate expression

that awakens a corresponding fervour and an unaffected sympathy as we read.

In one material point of philosophy, there is a grand distinction indeed between the world-wearied Byron and his disciple. The lady's gloom, deep, and often mysterious as it is, is ever bounded by a sunshine as resplendent. *Her* song, howsoever it begins, commonly ends in Religion; and though her muse would cover the green and flower-spread earth with a funeral pall, she still leaves the summer heaven blue and open above.

We must not close without some examples of the spirit in which the model-poem has been remembered, and of the force and grace often displayed in the execution. We take these as characteristic—not as the best, by any means.

"Mine is a spirit not to be subdued,
Nor utterly be crush'd, though beaten down;—
Once more, emerging from my solitude,
I seek to win the guerdon of renown,—
For *others'* sake, to grasp Fame's proudest crown,
To make my name an honour'd one:—yes, I
Who long have borne in silence the world's frown,
Arouse from my deep sleep of apathy,
And strive to win a name whose mem'ry shall not die!

"I strive no more with feelings proud and high—
Fate may depress me,—as the thunder shower,
Suddenly falling from the clouded sky,
Bends to the earth the wild unshelter'd flower,
But even as that revives in brighter hour,
My heart may rise triumphant over woe;
Blighted, not crush'd, by the dread tempest's
power:—
And while sweet feelings do not cease to glow,
And sense and life be left, my rude, wild strain must flow!

"Yet vain for me to hope for earthly bliss,—
Of human happiness I dare not dream,
But look for peace in brighter realms than this;—
My barque floats slowly down life's troubled
stream,
The sky is dark above me,—not a beam
Breaks through the gloom; and hope's fond reign
is o'er!
But my own sorrows shall not form my theme,
Nor the sad thoughts which haunt me evermore,—
But turn we now to Fancy's dear familiar lore!"

The abrupt diversion to "fancy's lore" is characteristic of the model; so are all the turns of the poem. The apostrophe to the Prince's Christening is graceful and recalls to mind the introduction of the famous stanzas on the dead Princess in "Childe Harold." One severe loss is pictured in a thousand touching allusions; indeed, one consciousness of an unsubsiding grief may be said to pervade whatever is here penned—the loss of a father. There is a long passage in the chief poem, which is evidently an outpouring

of the heart, and not to be read without tears. It is too long to quote entire—

"Return, return to earth, my Sire! once more;
Life hath no joy without thee—oh, return!
And I will be more docile than of yore,
More watchful of thy wishes; for I yearn
To show how bright Affection's lamp can burn!—
Yet 'tis a selfish wish,—and well for thee
That my wild prayer is vain:—and I do mourn
To deem that I *could* wish that thou shouldst be
Again on this dark earth, to share its griefs with
me!

"Awhile farewell, mine own beloved Sire!
'The heart may break, yet brokenly live on,'
And my worn spirit ceases to aspire
After the things of earth, for THOU art gone,
For whom the vain, vain prize I would have
won;—
Yes—THOU art gone, and I—am desolate!
I had not struggled even as I have done,
But that the thought of thee could still create
A spirit to endure—a power to conquer—Fate!"

If the "worn heart" and the "haughty spirit" here so frequently depicted, could be wrought upon to exercise more happily the gifts of intellect and imagination, of which this volume of mournful verse is a convincing evidence, the writer would find open before her a far surer path to the poet's dazzling recompense, Fame—and its pleasant attendant, Envy.

BITUMINOUS LAKE.

Perhaps few persons are aware that there is a small lake situated within one hundred miles of Houston that is quite similar to the Pitch Lake of Trinidad. This singular lake or pond is situated in Jefferson County, near the road between Liberty and Beaumont, about twenty miles from the latter village. The lake is formed of bitumen or asphaltum, and is about a quarter of a mile in circumference. In the winter months its surface is hard and capable of sustaining a person. It is generally covered from November to March with water which is sour to the taste. Owing to this cause it is called by the people in the vicinity the sour pond or sour lake. In the summer there is a spring near the middle, where an oil liquid (probably petroleum) continually boils up from the bottom. This liquid gradually hardens after being exposed to the air, and forms a black pitchy substance similar to that at the sides of the Lake. Mr. Butler, of Galveston, who has seen the Pitch Lake of Trinidad, examined a piece of the bitumen obtained from this lake, and says it is precisely like the bitumen of Trinidad. This bitumen may at some future day become valuable as a substitute for coal in the formation of gas to light cities. It burns when lighted with a clear bright light, but gives out a very pungent odour. The ancients used bitumen as a cement in the construction of walls or buildings. They also used it in many cases as a substitute for tar or pitch. We believe, however, that little use is now made of it for these purposes, even where it is found most abundant.—*Houston (Texas) Telegraph.*

From the Westminster Review.

1. *A Treatise on the Adaptation of Atmospheric Pressure to the Purposes of Locomotion on Railways.* By J. D. A. Samuda. Published by John Weale. 1842.
2. *The Atmospheric Railway: a Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, &c., &c., &c.* By James Pim, M. R. I. A., Treasurer of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company. Printed for private circulation. 1841.
3. *Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick Smith, Royal Engineers, and Professor Barlow, to the Right Honourable Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, on the Atmospheric Railway.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Stamford-street, for her Majesty's Stationery office. 1842.
4. *The Atmospheric Railway: Observations on the Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, Royal Engineers, and Professor Barlow, on the Atmospheric Railway.* Addressed to Francis Low, Esq., Chairman of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company. By Thomas F. Bergen. M. R. I. A. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

THE successful operation of Clegg and Samuda's Atmospheric Railway in Ireland, upon the extension of the Dublin and Kingstown line, has rendered this mode of transit a subject of so much interest to the public in general, that we deem it our duty to lay before our readers, in a manner as simple as possible, an explanation of the *modus operandi*, and also of the advantages ultimately to be derived from it. Our data are taken from facts, of the accuracy of which any one may satisfy himself by going to Kingstown, and comparing our statements with his own observations.

The speed of the atmospheric mode of travelling as far exceeds that of the locomotive plan, as the locomotive speed exceeds that of the stage coaches; this mode also reduces the expenses one half, which the locomotive system does not, it being as expensive, or more so, than the coaches.

To describe the Atmospheric Railway in all its detail would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject, neither would such a description suit the general reader; the following particulars must therefore suffice.

Along the entire line, and between the rails, runs a pipe, which, on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, is fifteen inches inside diameter. Along the entire length of this pipe is a slit or opening, through which a bar passes, connecting a piston (which moves freely in the pipe) with the carriage outside. The opening at the top of the pipe is covered with a leather strap, extending the whole of the length of the pipe, and two inches broader than the opening. Under and over this leather strap are riveted iron plates, the top

ones twelve inches long and half an inch broader than the opening, the bottom ones narrower than the opening in the pipe, but the same length as those at the top. One edge of the leather is screwed firmly down, like a common bucket valve, and forms a hinge on which it moves. The other edge of the valve falls into a groove; this groove or trough is filled with a composition, made of bees' wax and tallow, well worked by hand, so as to make it pliable and tough, before spreading it in the groove; this composition being pressed tight against the edge of the leather valve which rests in the groove, makes the valve air tight, or at least sufficiently so for all practical purposes. As the piston is moved along the pipe by the pressure of the atmosphere, that side of the valve resting on the groove is lifted up by an iron roller, fixed on the same bar to which the piston is attached; thus clearing an opening for the bar to pass as it moves along. The opening thus made allows the air to pass freely behind the piston; the disturbance which takes place in the composition by the lifting of the valve is again smoothed down and rendered air tight as at first, by a hot iron running on the top of the composition after the valve is shut down. This has actually been done when the piston was travelling at the rate of seventy miles per hour, and was smoothed down air tight after it by the iron above mentioned. It is contemplated to place stationary engines along the line, about three miles apart; at each engine or station there is an equilibrium valve fixed in the pipe, so that each three miles or section of pipe can be either exhausted or filled with air independently of the other sections. The equilibrium valve is made to move freely out of the way of the piston by the carriage while passing over it; so that the train passes from one section of pipe to another without any stoppage. It is evident, that as the tractive force is derived from the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston, the amount of the force or pressure will depend upon two causes, *i. e.* the extent of exhaustion on one side of the piston, and the area of the piston itself. On the Kingstown and Dalkey line, the diameter of the piston is fifteen inches; the usual working exhaustion is from eighteen to twenty inches, which propels six carriages filled with passengers (amounting to about thirty-five tons), up an incline, averaging 1 in 120, at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Having now given such a description of the Atmospheric Railway as will, we hope, render its operation intelligible to those at all conversant with mechanics, we shall proceed to point out its principal advantages over other modes of locomotion.

First. Economy in construction: a single line is sufficient for all purposes, and will convey more trains in a given time than any existing railway with two lines; this immense advantage arises from its velocity, averaging forty-five miles per hour.

Secondly. Economy in working, being propelled by stationary engines, taking about one-fourth of the fuel of a locomotive to do the same work, and saving the transit of the heavy engine and tender, amounting to twenty tons upon the average, and the carriages for the passengers not being subject to jolts and concussions, their weight may with perfect safety be reduced to one half of the present weight; this again reduces the wear and tear of the line, much smaller timber being required for the railway bars to rest on, and the bars themselves only about one-third the weight required for a locomotive engine to travel on.

Thirdly. Safety: by the principle of working by the pressure of the atmosphere, one train cannot by any possibility overtake the one preceding it, however soon it starts after it: for, should it get into the same section of pipe as the preceding train, the power which propels the last will cease until the train which is in advance leaves the same section of pipe; and, from the same cause, trains travelling in an opposite direction cannot come in collision, for directly they enter the same section of pipe, the power which propelled them both ceases, and the trains stand still.

The power which gives the impetus to the trains is one undeviating pull, perfectly free from jerks of any kind; and when the rails are properly laid, the sensation of locomotion (except for the apparently moving objects outside, and a trifling noise) nearly ceases; so that an invalid, or wearied traveller, may recline on a couch in the carriage, with as little fatigue as if lying on his own sofa at home, though travelling at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Such are the leading features of this delightful mode of travelling: to what it will lead it is impossible to surmise. The velocity for practical purposes is unlimited, and as the first carriage is secured to the rail by its connection with the pipe, it cannot get off the line; moreover, when we take into consideration the curves and bends in the Kingstown and Dalkey line, some of which are 500 feet radius, and that a carriage has actually passed along this line at the rate of eighty miles per hour, what velocity may not be attained when the rail is in a tolerably straight line, and the public has become familiar to the idea? Travellers were nervous when they first ventured on a railway where the speed was at the rate of twenty miles per

hour, yet now that is considered tediously slow.

There is one remarkable fact which we wish to impress upon the public before concluding; which is, that the expense of working by locomotives increases as the square of the velocity. By the atmospheric traction the expense decreases as the velocity increases; therefore to the first mode there is soon a termination; the second is only limited by the speed at which men dare travel.

To the great exertions of Mr. James Pim, jun., of Dublin, the world is indebted for bringing the atmospheric system forward; without his aid years might have elapsed before the public would have been aware of the advantages to be derived from this invention: as, however, it is now before the public, it remains for them to decide how much time shall intervene before the interests involved in the existing railways give place to this new and improved system. M.

* * Since the above was in type, we learn that the experiments on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, conducted by General Pasley, R. E.: I Brunel, Esq.; and M. Mallet, were most satisfactory. On one occasion a gross load of sixty-seven tons was propelled up the incline of one in one hundred and twenty, at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. After the transit of the carriages, the mercury-gauge at each end of the pipe was twenty-four and a half inches. Afterwards a load of thirty-five tons was propelled at the rate of fifty miles per hour.

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

“FAREWELL! farewell! bright children of the sun,
Whose beauty rose around our path where'er
We wandered forth since vernal days begun;
The glory and the garland of the year.
Ye came, the children of the Spring's bright promise;
Ye crowned the Summer, in her path of light,
And now, when Autumn's wealth is passing from us,
We gaze upon your parting bloom, as bright
And dearer far than Summer's richest hue—
Sweet flowers, adieu!

You will return again; the early beams
Of Spring will wake ye from your wintry sleep,
By the still fountains and the shining streams,
That through the green and leafy woodlands sweep;
Ye will return again, to cheer the bosoms
Of the deep valleys, by old woods o'erhung,
With the fresh fragrance of your opening blossoms:
To be the joy and treasure of the young;
With birds, from the far lands and sunny hours,
Ye will return, sweet flowers!

But when will they return, our flowers that fell
From Life's blanched garland when its bloom was
new,
And left but the dim memories that dwell
In silent hearts and homes? The summer's dew
And summer's sun, with all their balm and brightness,
May fall on deserts or on graves in vain;
But to the locks grown dim with early whiteness,
What spring can give the sable look again,

Or to the early withered heart restore
Its perished bloom once more ?

In vain, in vain, years come and years depart;
Time hath its changes, and the world its tears;
And we grow old in frame, and grey in heart,
Seeking the grave through many hopes and fears;
But still the ancient earth renews around us
Her faded flowers, though life renews no more
The bright but early broken ties that bound us,
The garlands that our blighted summers wore:
Buds to the trees, and blossoms to the bowers,
Return,—but not Life's flowers !”

Thus sung the bard, when Autumn's latest gold
Hung on the woods, and Summer's latest bloom
Was fading fast, as Winter stern and cold
Came from his northern home of clouds and gloom.
But from the dying flowers a voice seemed breathing
Of higher hopes; it whispered sweet and low,
“When Spring again her sunny smile is wreathing
We will return to thee; but thou must go
To seek Life's blighted blossoms on that shore
Where flowers can fade no more !”

FRANCES BROWN.

ODE TO THE BRAIN.

From the Literary Gazette.

Busy brain ! thy work is ever
On ! on ! on !
What hast thou with rest to do !
Rest shall still thy throbbings never !
On ! on ! on !
Yet thy ceaseless work pursue,
And thy reign,
For evil or for good, shall last
Till the dream of life is past,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! with wonders teeming,
On ! on ! on !
Arts and sciences combined—
Like a constellation beaming,
On ! on ! on !
In th' eternal heaven of Mind
Shine amain !
And within thy cells revolve,
To the world their mysteries solve,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! there's music stealing,
On ! on ! on !
Garlands deck thy spreading halls !
Lo ! th' impassion'd voice of Feeling,
On ! on ! on !
To Imagination calls—
Loose her chain ;
Shut the factories of the real,
Welcome to the bright ideal,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! the poet woos thee—
On ! on ! on !
His thy depths and heights must be ;
He shall to the heart transfuse thee—
On ! on ! on !
Transmute thee by his alchemy :
He may feign !
But what diamond-truths redeem
The fictions of the poet's dream,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! thy chambers darken—
On ! on ! on !
Working but to curse thy toil :
List a voice !—thou wilt not hearken—
On ! on ! on !
Undo, undo that specious coil !
Mortal bane
Is in thy labour—on, still on !
Thou shalt wish thy work undone,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! thy work is treason—
On ! on ! on !
Guilt the fabric of thy loom ;
Traitor to thy master, Reason,
On ! on ! on !
Mighty shadows round thee gloom ;
Pleasure, pain,
Soul and body, hell and heaven,
Are to thee in keeping given,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! now angel voices—
On ! on ! on !
Whisper plans of virtuous deed—
O'er thy work the heart rejoices ;
On ! on ! on !
Schemes that shall the hungry feed
Thou'lt ordain :
The slave unchain, the unlearn'd teach,
The naked clothe, the Gospel preach,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! thou hast no slumber—
On ! on ! on !
Night-watch with the heart to keep,
Time cannot thy beatings number,
On ! on ! on !
Man may lay him down to sleep,
But in vain
He may hope to still thy throes,
Haply wrestling with his woes,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! 'tis then thou playest,
On ! on ! on !
Sleep to thee is holiday ;
Thou no waking law obeyest,
On ! on ! on !
Still thou workest in thy play
To attain
Ubiquity, while time and space
Thou dost, in very sport, displace,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! loud thunder crashes,
On ! on ! on !
O'er thy nerves, a stormy sea,
Lit up by wild lightning-flashes,
On ! on ! on !
Hideous forms encompass thee ;
Mercy deign
To look down healing on thy malady,
O'erwrought, yet working in thine agony,
Busy brain !

Busy brain ! life's sun is setting—
On ! on ! on !
Comes that night when thou *must* rest :
Thine shall be one long forgetting !
On ! on ! on !
Passes thine immortal guest ;
Yet again
It shall revisit thee, in life and light,
When thou shalt wake to work in deathless
might,
Busy brain !

RICHARD JOHNS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Mémoires touchant la Vie et les Ecrits de Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Dame de Bouvilliers, Marquise de Sévigné, durant la Régence et la Fronde.* Par M. le BARON WALCKENAER.—*Deuxième Partie durant le Ministère du Cardinal Mazarin et la Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* Paris: Firmin Didot. 1843.
2. *Les Historiettes de Tallemant des Reaux. Seconde Edition. Précédée d'une Notice, &c.* Par M. MONMERQUE. Paris. Delloye. 1840.

IN the memoirs by the Baron de Walckenaer we observe the influence of the historical novel upon the writing of history. The events selected are vivified by local colouring; scenery and costume are painted with fidelity; and the principal personage of the book, the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, is a heroine worthy the pen of novelist or historian. Nor is a half-wicked hero wanting. We see her path beset by the Lovelace of the age, her own cousin, Bussy-Rabutin, against whose seductive wiles her high animal spirits, gay laugh, unrestrained speech, and pure heart, are more potent defences than were the graver graces of the less fortunate Clarissa. And these are but the central figures of a series of groups who represent the private history and public events of a remarkable period. The connection, certainly, is often of the slightest. We understand the relation of Madame de Sévigné to the history of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but we do not readily discern the pretext her name should afford for a lengthened episode, embracing, in all their complex details, the intrigues and combats of the Fronde. But M. de Walckenaer is not writing a formal life of Madame de Sévigné. He is filling a broad canvass with figures; the heroine only occupies, as of right, the first place in the foreground; and as he has much to do before his work is brought to a termination, we shall perhaps act most fairly if we refrain from passing judgment upon his plan until we find ourselves in a position to estimate its entire effect. One of his episodes will suffice for our present purpose; and we select it because to us it seems the most curious and interesting, and generally is the least known. We take the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Madame de Rambouillet was of Italian extraction. Her father, the Marquis of Pisani, represented Henry the Third at the court of Rome under the pontificate of Sextus the Fifth. During his embassy the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, lost a favourite Italian lady: and, to afford her consolation, it was communicated to the French ambassa-

dor that he must espouse, and bring to court, one of the family of the Strozzi to which the late favourite belonged! The queen named a charming young widow of the noble Roman family of the Savelli, nearly related to the Strozzi, and although the Marquis of Pisani was sixty-three years of age, he had so distinguished himself in war and in politics, and retained yet so much manly grace, that the marriage, promptly agreed upon, was solemnized within three days from the first interview, and the accomplished Italian borne away to the court of France. Subsequently the Marquis attached himself to Henri Quatre, and of his conduct and character the famous De Thou has left the brief, but expressive memorial, that he did not know of a life more worthy to be written.

Madame de Rambouillet was the only child of this marriage. From her mother, a woman of talent, she received an excellent education, having learned from her to speak the Italian and French languages with equal facility. The daughter, like her mother, was married to a man much older than herself, and that at the age of twelve years. Her elderly husband appears to have regarded her with passionate fondness, which she returned with reverential respect, such as is due rather from a child to a parent than from a beloved wife to a tender companion. The earlier years of her married life were passed at the court of Henri Quatre, at whose death she was twenty-two years old, and of whom she seems to have received and retained a most unfavourable impression. Her friend, Tallemant des Reaux, who has left even in his laconic 'Historiettes' the fullest details of her habits, tells us that from the period of her twentieth year she used to shut herself in her room, and feign indisposition, that she might avoid appearing at the assemblies of the Louvre: 'strange conduct,' he adds, 'for a young lady, handsome and of quality!' That she had been accustomed to special marks of favour is certain; for at the coronation of the queen she was '*une des belles qui devoient être de la cérémonie.*' Nor did repugnance to the court arise, as it will occur to us to show, from any indifference to pleasure, or disregard of elegant splendours and tasteful magnificence. But she preferred solitude and the study, as we learn, of the classic authors of antiquity, to sports too rude for a mind whose refinement was in advance of the court society of that day. Her health, indeed, giving way before such hardy studies, obliged her, a little later, to content herself with the easier conquest of Spanish. Yet she was not a prude nor a pedant; not stiff, harsh, or unamiable; though she *did* disrelish the joyous Henry Quatre.

That monarch, with his many excellent qualities, was no doubt better fitted for popular love, than to win the homage of the Marquise de Rambouillet. The wars of the League, amidst which he passed so many of his early years, experiencing reverses in every shape, among evils more prominently recognized, had the effect of arresting civilisation. Intercourse of that nature which supposes the easy, undisturbed, and unalarmed presence of elegant women, was stopped. The men ever in the camp, or in the field, fell into rude camp manners; and the women left to themselves and subjected to the agitations of the times, had but little leisure or inclination for refined pursuits. To the absence of the cultivation which can alone command respect, was also added a source of positive degradation in the example of Catherine de Medicis. It is not the least of the crimes which lie upon the memory of that queen, that she filled her court with corrupt women, themselves the devoted instruments of her treacherous policy. Wherever she travelled a body-guard of sirens accompanied her, and many were the fatal secrets won in moments of lulled suspicion. These causes combined may serve to explain the character of Henri Quatre's female associates, and of Madame de Rambouillet's repugnance not only for such acquaintances, but for the monarch whose notions of woman were derived from such a school. Henry the Fourth was amiable, but, like many very amiable men, shared amply the vices of the society by whom he was surrounded. The most partial of his biographers, Perifexe, unconsciously paints him in manners as but a jovial, boisterous boon companion, who loved his bottle, his mistress, and his *bon mot*, and took part with vigour and address in all manly sports and diversions. He was fond of dancing, 'but to tell the truth,' adds the good old bishop, 'he danced with more gaiety than grace.' True it is that no man ever sat upon a throne possessed of more endearing qualities. In qualities of mind and heart, and in his estimation of solid virtues, he had few equals in his age. But to such a woman as the Marchioness of Rambouillet no amount of good disposition will atone for gross manners.

If Henri Quatre sinned upon the side of jollity, Louis the Thirteenth fell into the opposite extreme. He was a moody anchorite, from whose court gaiety and grace were banished. Ruled by the inflexible Richelieu, he was forced to exile his own mother, and to resign himself submissively into the hands of the minister-master, who denied him friend or favourite from among that turbulent nobility which he had deter-

mined to bend to the throne. Mazarin, more pliant, and making up by address and subtlety what he wanted in will, never lost sight of his predecessor's principle: his sense of the importance of which was quickened by the wars of the Fronde, and was left by him as a legacy of council to his royal pupil, Louis the Fourteenth. Between Henri Quatre corrupted by the League, and Louis the Fourteenth taught by the Fronde, lies an interval, which in respect of all that is elegant, accomplished, and refined in society, would have presented a dreary waste but for the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the several literary reunions created by its example. As the absence of refinement caused by the first civil war suggested the necessity of a school for which the court afforded no place, so the second civil war was in a large degree fatal to the work which it had found accomplished. Throughout the troubles of the Fronde the chief characters were distinguished women. If their conduct was not in all respects irreproachable, it must be allowed that the talents displayed and the more than womanly courage exhibited by the Longuevilles and the Montpensiers, proved an extraordinary advance in the course of but half a century. Its origin may be plainly traced to the Hôtel de Rambouillet, to whose accomplished mistress it is time we should return.

Madame de Rambouillet was only thirty-five years of age when she was attacked with a peculiar malady, the nature of which the medical science of the day could not determine, nor its skill alleviate. She dared not approach the fire, even on the coldest day of winter, without immediate suffering, nor could she in summer stir abroad unless the weather happened to be cool. Thus she was for the most part of the year, a prisoner in her own house; and in winter obliged, for the sake of warmth, to keep her bed even when in good general health. But the infirmities of Madame de Rambouillet tended to her celebrity. Among her many tastes of presumable Italian origin, she had a talent for architecture which she brought to aid in this necessity; for she, to whom her house was an unchanging scene, resolved to beautify this prison; and even her bed, instead of sustaining a solitary invalid, was by ingenious contrivance made a portion of the saloon furniture, and so picturesquely as to be destined to general imitation and consequent fame. Not to be debarred the pleasure of society, Madame de Rambouillet borrowed from the Spaniards the idea of an alcove, where was placed this bed: occasionally concealed from the salon by means of a simple screen. Here with legs

wrapped up in warm furs, she received by turns her intimate friends: or, the screen being withdrawn, enjoyed the general conversation. When the Hôtel de Rambouillet became the vogue, fashion imitated infirmity. An alcove and a *ruelle*, for so the space between the bed and the wall was called, became essential to the happiness of the fashionable belle. Ladies, attired in the most coquettish morning costumes, reclining upon pillows of satin fringed with deep lace, gave audience to their friends singly or by two's. Here were whispered the anecdotes of the day, and people repeated stories of the ruelles as they now do of the salons or the clubs. The Hôtel itself was pronounced such a model of good taste, that Mary de Medicis ordered the architect of the Luxemburg to follow its designs.

Having said thus much of the famous Hôtel, we will take a view of the interior upon one of those occasions when the best society of the day were there assembled. M. de Walckenaer draws aside the curtain. The time stated is the autumn of the year 1644, and the object for which the society meets is to hear a tragedy read by the great Corneille. There are present the *élite* of the town and of the court; the Princess of Condé and her daughter, afterwards the famous Duchess de Longueville, and a host of names then brilliant but since forgotten which we pass for those whom fame has deemed worthy of preserving. There were the Duchess of Chevreuse, one of that three (we have already named a second) whom Mazarin declared capable of saving or overthrowing a kingdom; Mademoiselle de Scudery, then in the zenith of her fame; and Mademoiselle de la Vergne, destined under the name of Lafayette to eclipse her. There were also present Madame de Rambouillet's three daughters: the celebrated Julie, destined to continue the literary glory of the house of Rambouillet, and her two sisters, both *religieuses*, yet seeing no profanity in a play. At the feet of the noble dames reclined young seigneurs, their rich mantles of silk and gold and silver spread loosely upon the floor, while, to give more grace and vivacity to their action and emphasis to their discourse, they waved from time to time their little hats surcharged with plumes. And there, in more modest attire, were the men of letters: Balzac, Ménage, Scudery, Chapelain, Costart (the most gallant of pedants and pedantic of gallants), and Conrart, and la Mesnardière, and Bossuet, then the Abbé Bossuet, and others of less note. By a stroke of politeness worthy of preservation, Madame de Ram-

bouillet has framed her invitation in such wise that all her guests shall have arrived a good half-hour before the poet: so that he may not be interrupted while reading, by a door opening, and a head bobbing in, and all eyes turning that way, and a dozen signs to take a place here or there, and moving up and moving down, and then an awkward trip, and a whispered apology, the attention of all suspended, the illusion broken, and the poor poet chilled!

The audience is tolerably punctual. All are arrived but one, and who is he that shows so much indifference to the feelings of such a hostess? Why who should he be but an eccentric, whimsical, impracticable, spoiled pet of a poet; who but Monsieur Voiture, the life, the soul, the charm of all? He at last comes, and Corneille may enter. But a tragic poet moves slowly; Corneille himself has not arrived; and a gay French company cannot endure the *ennui* of waiting. Time must pass agreeably; something must be set in motion; and what that is to be, is suddenly settled by the Marquis de Vardes, who proposes to bind the eyes of Madame de Sévigné for a game of Colin Maillard, *Anglicé* blind man's buff. Madame de Rambouillet implores: but the game is so tempting, the prospect of fun so exhilarating, that she herself is drawn into the vortex of animal spirits, and yields assent. The ribbon intended for Madame de Sévigné is by the latter placed upon the eyes of the fair young de Vergne, then only twelve years of age; and she is alone in the midst of the salon, her pretty arms outstretched, her feet cautiously advancing—when the brothers Thomas and Pierre Corneille enter conducted by Benserade, a poet also and one of extensive reputation. Now without abating one tittle of our reverence for the great Pierre Corneille, we can sympathize with those light hearts whose game with the then young Madame de Sévigné and her younger friend, was interrupted for a graver though more elevating entertainment. Corneille, like many other poets, was a bad reader of his own productions; fortunately for him, upon this occasion, the young Abbé Bossuet was called upon to repeat some of the most striking passages of the play entitled 'Theodore Vierge et Martyre,' a Christian tragedy, which he did with that declamatory power for which he was afterwards so remarkable. Then of that distinguished company, the most alive to the charms of poetical expression had each, as a matter of course, some verse to repeat; and repeated it with the just emphasis of the feeling it had awakened, and with which it harmonized, and thus offered by the simple

tone of the voice the best homage to genius. And so the morning ended with triumph for the bard, and to the perfect gratification of his auditors.

Monsieur de Walckenaer, having opened so agreeable a view of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, closes the picture and darts away with some degree of abruptness into the enlarged history of the Fronde. Perhaps, as his memoirs propose to have relation to Madame de Sévigné and her writings, a more ample development of the literary society of the time might with advantage have engaged the author's attention. Upon the mind of that celebrated woman the Hôtel de Rambouillet appears to have exercised sufficient influence, to have warranted somewhat more than a description of a game of Colin Maillard or even the reading of a tragedy by Corneille. With the events of the Fronde she was hardly in any way connected, and yet the history of that struggle between the Cardinal Mazarin and the nobles who affected to side with the duped and despised parliament, fills the greater part of the first volume. From this time forward M. de Walckenaer affords us but little assistance, and we cannot but regret the absence of so able and accurate a guide. But we turn to the sarcastic Tallemant des Reaux, whose ten tomes of *Historiettes*, each a portrait, tell a story to the initiated as expressively as one of Hogarth's series.

And first, for some members of the family of the excellent old lady herself: such as her daughter Julie, and her suitor the Duc de Montausier: next for Voiture the poet, Madlle. Paulet surnamed the lioness, and one or two others chosen for their originality of feature: we will then glance at some of the more remarkable persons of the time, who were the most in connection with this famous Hôtel.

Julie had so imbibed the high-flown notions inculcated in the writings of Madlle. de Scudery, that she became, alas! a votary of Platonic love: to the cost of the devoted Montausier whom she led a devious chase of a dozen long years. She had arrived at the ripe age of thirty-two, before she was satisfied that the term of probation had been sufficiently protracted. His manner of wooing was characteristic. Having taxed his invention for an offering worthy of his mistress, he decided upon a poetical gift; and thereupon opened what at the present day would be called an Album, bearing the title of '*La Guirlande de Julie*.' The garland was to be composed of flowers of fancy culled from the imagination of his numerous poetical friends. When the bouquet was sufficiently large, or, to drop a metaphor which we did not originate, when all the

odes, sonnets, madrigals, and lines, had left no more to be said in the lady's praise, they were handed over to a celebrated penman of the time: and so worthy was the calligraphy of the poetry, and the flourishes of the similes, and the illuminations in the margin so rivalled the glories of the composition, that Julie could no longer resist that phalanx of poets marching over that field of the cloth of gold, and the Garland being placed upon her brow, she yielded her hand.*

Voiture, of whom the Duc de Montausier had been weak enough to feel jealous, was what was then considered of very humble origin, being the son of a wine-merchant attached to the court. A friend whom he made at college introduced him to Madame Saintot, the wife of the Grand Treasurer; and the mode of the introduction was so characteristic of the time as to be worthy of mention. Paris was at that time a fortified city, with narrow streets, and without those fine shops which make so much of the adornment of modern large cities. Traffic was carried on principally in immense market-places, called Foires; and these were so showy and attractive as to form the chief places of rendezvous. The Foires were not only bazaars for trade, but afforded means of pleasure: having booths laid out in the most seductive way. The habit of wearing masks was universal: the sermons of the day are filled with denunciations of a practice which covered much vice. Men went abroad masked, and even habited as women, and women not unfrequently assumed the male attire. Now Madame Saintot had a passion for gaming, and to gratify it went disguised as a man to the Foires. At a gaming-table she met Voiture, led there by his college friend; and being a woman of wit, was so struck with his sallies, that she at once sought his acquaintance. Shortly after she received from the poet a copy of Ariosto, with a letter so well conceived, according to the reigning ideas of taste, that she showed it to M. de Chaudbonne, one of Madame de Rambouillet's particular friends, who, by exhibiting it, produced such a sensation, that Voiture himself was sent for, and soon rose to the highest place in our little aristocratic republic of letters.

We are tempted by the fame of this Epistle, to offer a few of its high-flown passages. The writer begins by telling Madame Saintot that the present is the finest of all Ro-

* This curious production, having been put up for sale in the year 1784, was bought by an English gentleman, who bid so high a sum as 14,510 francs, or 580*l*. It, however, found its way back into the family of Lavallière, who were descendants of the Montausiers.

land's previous adventures. That even when alone he defended the crown of Charlemagne, and when he tore sceptres from the hands of kings, he never did anything so glorious for himself, as at that hour when he had the honour to kiss hers (the hands of Madame Saintot!) And then the lady is told that Roland will now forget the beauty of Angelique —. But, perhaps, we had better cease description and offer a brief quotation.

“ This beauty, against which no armour is proof, which cannot meet the eyes without wounding the heart, and which burns with love as many parts of the world as are lighted by the sun—all that was but a badly-drawn portrait of the wonders to be admired in you. All known colours, aided by poetry, could not paint you so fine as you are—the imagination of poets has never yet soared to such a height. Chambers of crystal and palaces of diamonds are easily enough imagined; and all the enchantments of Amadis, which appear to surpass belief, are after all no more than yours. To fix, at first sight, the most resolute souls and the least born to servitude; to cause a certain sort of love, known to the reason, without desire and without hope; to crown with pleasure and glory those minds whom you deprive of liberty, and to render those perfectly satisfied to whom you nothing grant; these are stranger effects, and more removed from appearance of truth, than Hippogriffs and flying chariots, or all the marvels recounted by romancers.”

When M. de Chaudebonne read this letter, he exclaimed, ‘ Monsieur Voiture is too gallant a man to be allowed to remain in the *bourgeoisie*,’ and the letter was turned into a patent of literary nobility! No wonder Mademoiselle Julie, with ideas of love transcendently Platonic, should at the moment have persuaded herself she had found at last her ideal of a love-laureat in him who was able to comprehend that ‘ certain sort of love known to the reason,’ and to the reason only. And so poor M. Montausier, condemned to wait and linger over the perfume of the gay garland woven for the fading beauties of his Julie (the *femme de trente ans* of her day, who had her Balzac too—but not *the* Balzac, who loves to gild with delicate hand the first slight pressure of the solid thirtieth year), was piqued at the notice bestowed upon the poet. But the poet soon undid his favour by a practical heresy against his own doctrine; for he, one day—oh! tell it not in the Hôtel de Rambouillet—raised Julie’s hand to his lips, and was dismissed on the instant to the herd of vulgar lovers. Voiture, under the mask of his high-flown style, concealed a malicious wit, and avenged his disgrace by turning it against Mademoiselle Paulet.

She was a fine, tall young woman, with a

profusion of pale yellow hair, and vivid eyes, which gave her head some fancied resemblance to a lioness. Hence her sobriquet, *la lionne*. Voiture himself was very small, and neat in his appearance, but his face was inexpressive almost to silliness. Perhaps the contrast between his own figure and that of the grand Paulet, suggested the idea that he, of all others, should set himself to torment the haughty prude. Accordingly, he left no artifice untried; and is described to have gone to the uttermost extent in his outrage of her notions of *convenance*, by deliberately drawing off his boots and warming his feet at the fire! ‘ If he were one of us,’ said a proud noble one day, as he saw him at these tricks, ‘ he would be intolerable.’ Yet if Voiture had been called upon, according to custom, to assert these whims with his sword, he would not have shrunk from it: for he was brave, and had fought four duels after the most romantic fashion of a poet; one by moonlight, and another by the light of four torches. And whatever the prouder nobles thought or said, such was the interest felt for this lively, capricious, eccentric creature, that when he travelled in Belgium his letters were looked for with unexampled avidity, and read with the deepest interest. One of his sonnets excited so much admiration, that Benserade published a rival sonnet; and this appeal to the literary world, comprising, as we have learned from Chaudebonne’s exclamation, the *élite* of fashionable society, was answered by the formation of two parties, headed, the one by the Duchess of Longueville, in the zenith of her fame, the other by her brother the Prince de Conti; and with such heat was the battle contested that its leaders lost temper, and the brother and sister quarrelled over the respective merits of these two poets: who, strange to say, were at that time held in equal estimation with Corneille himself!

Were we called upon to test the acumen of court critics before the appearance of Boileau, by the enthusiastic encomiums passed upon these sonnets, we should be obliged to pronounce it very low indeed. An attempt at readable translation would fail, because of the utter feebleness of the original of either one or the other. We must content ourselves with merely general description. Voiture’s sonnet is addressed to Uranie, in love of whom he must end his days, because neither time nor absence can cure him. Still, when he thinks of the charms for which he is to perish, he blesses his martyrdom and is ready to die. Reason comes to his aid, but after a vain struggle, declares Uranie so amiable and beautiful as to confirm his attachment.

Elle dit qu'Uranie est seul aimable et belle,
Et m'y rengage plus, que ne font tous mes sens.

Benserade's sonnet was entitled Job, and may be more briefly described. He draws a picture of Job's sufferings and patience, for the purpose of adding that there are worse torments than even Job endured, for Job could speak and complain, while the lover must hold his tongue.

Job souffrit des maux incroyables :
Il s'en plaignit—il en parla :
J'en connais de plus misérables.

The contest at last grew to a poetical civil war, and the partisans at each side, like Guelphs and Ghibelines, took the respective names of Uranistes and Jobelins. Votes were canvassed and each name, as it was declared, hailed as a victory. The field of battle was at last cleared by a stupidity which answered the purpose of a *bon-mot*, for it set all laughing; and when people laugh reconciliation is at hand. A maid of honour, less poetical than pretty, was canvassed by the Jobelins with success, and when, amidst the silence of the anxious combatants, her opinion was called for, said—'Well, I declare for Tobie.' This happy stroke of *naïve* ignorance proved more effective than the fiat of the beautiful Longueville.

Madame de Rambouillet was not herself affected with the pedantry and affectation, which sprung up thus like tares in the field where she had sown good seed. Learned and wise she was, but also most amiable. With none but a thoroughly good-humoured and little exacting woman could such liberties as those of Voiture be practised, according to the anecdotes told by Tallemant. 'Having found two bear-leaders one day in the street, with their bears muzzled, he induced them to steal gently after him into the chamber where Madame de Rambouillet was reading, with her back as usual to a large screen, up which climb the bears, and when she turned her head, lo! there was two grave figures peering into her book.' Was it not enough, asks Tallemant, to cure her of a fever? We know not the effect of the experiment in that respect; but we know that she laughed at its silly author and forgave him. Tallemant's subsequent account of the love amounting to adoration felt for her by her domestics, paints a happy home. After her death a friend of hers happened to dine with her son-in-law, when an old servant, recognizing him, threw himself at his feet, exclaiming, 'Monsieur, I adore you! Since you were one of the friends of *la grande Marquise*, no one shall, this evening, serve you but myself.'

In the year 1644, when Corneille was received, as we have seen, in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, it was in the zenith of its influence. During the lifetime of Louis the Thirteenth there was no attraction at the court, and Madame de Rambouillet reigned supreme in the world of taste and letters. The first civil war of the Fronde broke out in 1649, six years after the king's death, and on its renewal was protracted to the year 1654. The agitations of this period were fatal to the ascendancy held by literary reunions; but they were remarkable for having developed an extraordinary amount of female courage, of womanly devotedness, and, in some instances, of womanly heroism; and it must not be forgotten that the women who took the most distinguished part in these troubles had graduated, if we may so speak, in the college of Rambouillet. Thus we find the high-flown sentiments, which at a later period fell like rank weeds before the scythe of the author of the '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' translating themselves here into bold and chivalrous conduct. In the adventures of Madame Deshouillieres, for example, we see a characteristic specimen of the Rambouillet days.

Her husband was a lieutenant-colonel of the Prince de Condé's infantry, and from gratitude to his patron took part in his rebellion, and passed with him into Flanders, leaving Madame Deshouillieres with her parents. Educated and accomplished according to the existing standard of female teaching; for she was acquainted with Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and rode and danced with grace; she, a young woman of nineteen years, resolved to combat the pain of separation by the study of Descartes and Gassendi, whose works had a little time before begun to attract attention. The Prince de Condé having taken Rocroi, the 29th September, 1653, in the name of the king of Spain, gave the command of the place to Colonel Deshouillieres; and he, having at length a fixed position, sent for his wife. She remained here two years, and afterwards went to reside at Brussels. At this time the capital of the low countries was crowded with young Spanish and Italian nobles, desirous of studying the art of war under the great captain then in league with Condé against his native country. The assemblies held in the hotels of the nobility were of the most brilliant kind, and Madame Deshouillieres, by her beauty and surpassing accomplishments, won universal homage. The Prince de Condé avowed himself an ardent admirer, but her discouragement became so marked, that he withdrew his solicitations. Then, for some reason of which we have no satisfactory account, Madame Deshouillieres during her husband's absence on duty was

arrested, and conducted a state prisoner to the Château of Vilvorde, at two leagues distance from Brussels. It was said that the pretext for her imprisonment was her too urgent demand for payment of the arrears due to her husband, rendered indispensable by the expenses to which their mode of life had subjected them. Thus the Spanish government would deter its numerous creditors from further importunity; and Madame Deshouillieres was selected, not as the most troublesome, but as the most conspicuous victim, from her position calculated to serve as a warning to the rest. Her husband appealed to the Prince de Condé, who declined interference. Stung by this injustice, he determined to return to the service of his country from which gratitude to the Prince had seduced him. In the mean time, in order to lull suspicion, he performed his military duties with exactitude. Having matured in his own mind a plan for his wife's deliverance, a favourable opportunity for carrying it into execution after some time presented itself. With a forged order from the Prince de Condé for admittance into the Château of Vilvorde, he succeeded in entering at the head of a few faithful soldiers, by whose assistance he carried off his wife and brought her safely into France. Had he failed in his enterprise, husband and wife would infallibly have been put to death. In the course of their escape the lady's courage was tried in a less dignified, but yet very effectual way. A château in which she slept, was said to be visited every night by a troubled spirit, who, in strict conformity with all ghostly practices, displayed a preference for one particular chamber; but in that very chamber, Madame Deshouillieres, notwithstanding her advanced state of pregnancy, resolved to pass the night. Soon after the awful hour of twelve, the door opened—she spoke, but the spectre answered not—a table was overthrown, and the curtains drawn aside, and the phantom was close to her. Stretching forth her hands undauntedly, she caught two long, silky ears, or what so seemed to her touch, and these she resolutely held until the dawn revealed a large, quiet house dog, who preferred a bedchamber to a cold courtyard.

The reception which Colonel and Madame Deshouillieres met with at the Court of France was most distinguished. Cardinal Mazarin was charmed with so valuable a defection from the ranks of his chief enemy. Madame Deshouillieres became once more the centre of the accomplished world; and the universal mark for compliment, in the elaborate form which literary compliment then assumed, and to revive which, under the

name of portraits, some futile attempts have been lately made in the Faubourg St. Germain. But at length Deshouillieres and his wife were fated once more to separate, and from the same cause—poverty. They were obliged to give up every vestige of property. He rejoined the army, and by his remarkable skill as an engineer rose to distinction; while she, for solace, devoted herself to the cultivation of poetry. Their last days were spent in comparative comfort, and they lived together to a good old age.

This short notice of Madame Deshouillieres will introduce the observation we have to offer upon the style of writing of the time. Between the manners of society and the style in vogue, there is of course a plainly perceptible analogy. Both delighted in masquerade: but highly artificial as manners were, they could not so press down the natural tendencies of the heart, that upon adequate occasion it should not throw off its trammels,—and so with the style of the time, which, artificial as it was, could not quite exclude minds of the higher order from a sound, strong, and healthy mode of expression. The traditional notion formed of Madame Deshouillieres is that of an elegantly-attired lady-shepherdess, wearing high-heeled shoes, a robe looped up with ribbons and flowers, a very small hat perched lightly upon the right side of her head, a languid feather drooping therefrom, with rouge and those coquettish little black marks called *mouches* upon her cheeks, a crook in her hand, and by her side a lamb looking up to her face, as if it mistook her for its mother. Yet in turning over the neglected pages of this high-minded, courageous, and accomplished woman, we find, apart from those fulsome displays into which she was seduced by misjudging fashion, lively satires against the false taste with which her own writings are supposed to be identified, and pictures of manners of evident truth, which furnish illustrations of general as well as private history.

Her epistle to Père la Chaise, the King's Confessor, dated 1692, exposes with admirable sarcasm the hypocrisy made fashionable by the example of Madame de Maintenon, then in complete ascendancy over the king. The epistle is in the form of a dialogue. She asks by what hitherto unknown merit can she, the victim of so many wrongs, re-acquire estimation in the eyes of the world? on which her supposed companion, recalling to mind the fifty years of unfruitful services of her husband and family, invokes her in order to procure compensation to turn devotee. The advice is indignantly rejected for the following reasons.

Devotion! No! Hypocrisy is made
 By beggar'd debauchees, their safest trade;
 By women from whom Time hath stol'n all charm,
 Or scandal on their name breathed fatal harm:
 Let these alone, bereft of merit, try
 To put on Bigotry's deceitful eye:
 All is forgotten—all is varnish'd o'er—
 And taint, or crime, or folly, seen no more.
 Oh, that I could some deep, dark colours find
 To paint the blackness of the treach'rous mind!
 How I, who hate all falsehood, e'en the streak
 Of simulated red rouged o'er the cheek,
 Must more detest the gloss o'er manners thrown,
 And hate all forms that are not Nature's own.

In a poem of an earlier date, Madame Deshouillieres had painted the torments to which a literary lion is exposed.

Ah! think, my friend, how onerous is fame!
 You call to pay a visit—at your name
 The whole assembly changes tone and looks:
 'Here comes an author,' now they cry;
 'Let language take a lofty range.'
 And, in a manner stiff and strange,
 Their *precious* syllables they try.
 They bore you all the while about new books,
 Ask your opinion, too, about your own,
 And beg the favour of a recitation:
 When, if you give the first in simple tone,
 Or speak the other with shy hesitation,
 The whisper will run round—'A *bel esprit*?
 Why, she talks like another—you or me!
 Calls herself an author, and none grander,
 While any one with ears can understand her!

The reader has remarked the word *precious* in the preceding extract. It is an epithet of signification so important, as to call for a word of explanation. *Précieuse* implied originally *distinguished*, in the most elegant and elevated sense of the word.—Madame de Rambouillet was herself a *Précieuse*, meaning thereby a woman of accomplishments and distinction. But by degrees the epithet, or to speak more properly, the title *Précieuse*, was attached exclusively to *Beaux Esprits*, until at last it came to be synonymous with pedantic. To Mademoiselle de Scudery, the friend of Madame de Rambouillet, may be specially traced the origin of the delectable style of speaking alluded to by Madame Deshouillieres, and to which Molière gave the blow of which it lingered and died. This once celebrated woman, when she wrote the first and second of her interminable romances, either through timidity, or to please a half-witted tyrannical brother who fancied himself an author, published them under her brother's name. But the fame the works acquired drew too much attention upon their reputed author to admit of his strutting long in borrowed plumage. Mademoiselle de Scudery once known as the real author, her popularity became unbounded. She opened her own

salon, and upon the Saturdays received the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Nor did the rivalry excite jealousy, for the ladies were friendly to the last.

The romances of Mademoiselle de Scudery are long-spun disquisitions upon love, in which the passion is sublimated to an essence as pure and as cold as the highest region of the atmosphere. The characters introduced for the purpose of saying, not doing, are real; that is to say, they represent some of the most remarkable of then living persons. These are introduced under names composed of the letters of their own, from under which thin mask they talk like gods and goddesses. Thus Madame de Rambouillet was the Arthenice, and her daughter the Duchess of Montausier, the Parthenie of the novel of Clelie. The language of the books, out of compliment to the authoress, soon became the language of the salon, and taking the course of artificial things, by growing every day more artificial, swelled at last into insupportable bathos. Many of her originals, too, felt called upon to sustain the ideal that Scudery drew of them, and hence restraint and affectation. So, as each person of the novel was known to be drawn from a life original, it came to be esteemed the highest honour to be allowed to sit for this literary Lawrence. And as Scudery (or Sappho as she was dubbed by general consent) possessed all the refined delicacy of sentiment she loved to paint, every artifice was needed to induce her to accept presents for her portraits. The Duchess of Longueville, while in exile, sent her a portrait of herself in a circle of diamonds. Those who desired to convey more useful tokens, had them left by an unknown hand at an early hour in the morning. And we have before us a proof of her delicacy of sentiment which does so much honour to all parties concerned in it, that we cannot refrain from detailing the circumstance.

When the extravagant but magnificent Fouquet, in whose hands was the direction of the finances of the kingdom, was thrown into the Bastille as a public defaulter, his fall was accompanied by the desertion of many who had lived upon his bounty. The exceptions were women, and illustrious women: Scudery, Sévigné, and Lafayette: and so true did they remain to the fallen man, that he has left it upon record as the testimony of his experience 'that a woman is an unfailing friend.' Of his male friends and dependants one poor rhymester named Loret, whose poetical chronicle of the court balls and masques is now a valuable picture of the past, composed a lay in praise of his

patron for which he was deprived of his pension from the Court. Poor Loret had also held a pension from Fouquet, who was a generous friend of literary men and artists. Fouquet was so touched with the poetical chronicler's devotion, that he determined, ruined as he was, to continue the pension from the fragment of his fortune. To this Loret, equally deprived of all, would by no means consent. Fouquet sent for Madlle. de Scudery, placed the money in her hands, and induced her to undertake the delicate task of having it conveyed. She, in order the more completely to blindfold Loret, engaged a female friend, of whose object no suspicion could be entertained; and the latter, after a long conversation with the poet, purposely protracted, contrived, during a happy moment, while his back was turned, to place the money in a corner where it afterwards met his eye. Fouquet, after a confinement of many years, died in the Bastille, his fate as much the result of Louis XIV.'s vengeance as of his sense of justice: for Fouquet had had the audacity to rival his royal master in the good graces of La Vallière. Not to wander further from our subject we shall just observe that in the second volume of these memoirs of M. de Walckenaer, there is an ample account of this extraordinary affair of Fouquet's, which is well worthy of perusal.

Madlle. de Scudery, though not handsome, for she was tall and lank, with something Quixotic in her appearance, made the conquest of two distinguished literary men, Pelesson and Conrart. But the impracticable tests she had invented for sounding the truth, depth, and sincerity of the tender passion, were by herself applied to her own case, and she died an old maid at the advanced age of ninety-four: an instance of the happy effects of an innocent indulgence of the imagination, without the alloy of violent sensations, upon the duration of life. Her map of the land of love, or as she quaintly called it, her *Carte de Tendre*, was considered a masterpiece of *esprit* and skill. It was a Lover's Pilgrim's Progress, as ingenious as John Bunyan's. From the village of *Petits soins* she leads you to the hamlet of *Billet doux*. But before you arrive even at the outpost of *Propos-galants*, there remain to be crossed the three broad rivers of *Tendre-sur-Estime*, *Tendre-sur-inclination*, and *Tendre-sur-reconnaissance*, and these can only be reached by *Complaisance* and *Sensibilité*. Then there were the dangerous quagmires of *Tièdeur* (lukewarmness) and *Oubli* (forgetfulness), and that slough of Despond, the

lake of Indifference. Gallant and stout-hearted must be the knight, who threaded his way securely through this enchanted country. Nor did Sappho's disciples confine their studies to ideal geography—subjects were proposed for discussion, of which love and friendship formed the theme. Even the severe Richelieu, puerile in hexameters as he was grand in policy, was so smitten with the prevailing taste, that he wrote with his own hands various themes for the *salon* of his niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon. But to sum up a whole question in a sparkling antithesis was esteemed the triumph of philosophical ingenuity. And to efforts of this kind we owe certainly the famous 'Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld, while to the fashion of making descriptive portraits we are equally indebted for a work of no less celebrity, the 'Characters of La Bruyère.'

The mention of the former name takes us to the romances of Madame de Lafayette, of whose house, long after the intrigues of the Fronde, in which he was so reduced, had ceased, La Rochefoucauld became the charm. He it was who, throughout these troubles, had acted brilliant Mephistopheles to the gay, giddy, and eccentric Duchess of Longueville. His real passion for her, met by its object with her accustomed fickleness and inconstancy, perhaps first gave his writings their tone of bitterness. But such a man must have been also strongly disgusted with the selfishness of the leaders engaged in that petty but ruinous civil war, which spread desolation over the whole country. Originally, he was of ardent rather than sarcastic temper, and in conversation is said to have been overwhelmingly brilliant. And it is certain that his intimacy with Madame de Lafayette and her friend Madame de Sévigné, much tended, on the whole, to alleviate his dissatisfaction with the rest of human nature. The former boasted, with allowable pride, that she had improved his heart as much as he had improved her head.

We have already seen that when Mademoiselle de Scudery assisted at the reading of Corneille's tragedy, she being at that time in the full blaze of her reputation, Madame Lafayette, then Mademoiselle de la Vergne, was a little girl of twelve years of age. That little girl, with the red silk bandage over her eyes for a game of blind man's buff, was destined to eclipse the renowned Sappho. Her father, who directed her education himself, had her instructed in French and Latin, in both which languages she made remarkable progress. Her first romance, like those of her predecessor, appeared under the name of

a male friend. Their success was immediate ; and for this reason, if we may trust Voltaire, that they formed the first attempt at painting manners as they were, and of describing natural events with grace. Let us take a specimen from the best of her romances, the ' Princess of Cleves,' of what the philosopher who could not relish Shakspeare looked up to as natural writing. The author describes the court of Francis I., meaning in reality that of Louis XIV.

"Never did any court possess so many beautiful women, and men admirably well formed ; it seemed as if nature took pleasure in showering her choicest gifts upon the greatest princesses and princes."

This was indeed a step in admiration of nature, enough to satisfy the high-bred predilections of Voltaire himself. Her hero, the Duc de Nemours, is thus introduced :

"This prince was a masterpiece of nature : the least admirable part of his good qualities was to be of all the world the finest and best made man. That which placed him above all others was his incomparable worth, the vivacity of his mind, of his countenance and manners, such as never appeared before in any but himself. His gaiety was alike pleasing to men and to women. His address in all manly exercises was extraordinary. His manner of dressing was followed by the whole world, but never could be imitated. His air, in fine, was such that he absorbed all attention wherever he appeared. There was not a lady in the court who would not have esteemed it a glory to see him attached to her. Few of those to whom he was attached could have boasted of having resisted him ; and even many to whom he paid no attention, could not refrain from feeling a passion for him. He had so much gentleness and such a disposition to gallantry, that he was unable to refuse some little attention to those who sought to please him. Thus he had several mistresses, but it was difficult to guess which of them it was he truly loved."

When we say that such writing as this was popular, we must be understood to mean that it formed the delight of the high-born and court circles, for whom alone novels were written. Madame de Lafayette would have shrunk with horror from the idea, that a citizen's thumb turned over one of her pages. So, when the aristocracy forsook Sappho for the more 'natural' Lafayette, it was because they relished her more direct flattery of their rank, and descended with more ease of comprehension from epic heroes in prose to the positive dressing and dandyism of the new school. The style of such descriptions was so general, that it fitted all alike. There was no fixing of peculiar features ; no graphic turns of expression applicable to some one individual, and to that individual only ; all were great, grand, fine, beautiful, noble. In what proportion these

qualities were blended, or what their degrees in different individuals, the author was never troubled to think of. Madame de Lafayette's success, in short, lay in the wideness of the contrast between her ideas of an accomplished man, and those of her predecessors. A heroine of Scudery would have shrunk from a bold eye, or the profanation of a rude touch : no woman could resist Lafayette's Duke of Nemours. The same aristocratic spirit ascended the pulpit with the clergy ; the highest posts in the church being now filled by scions of noble families. When Flechiér preached the funeral sermon of the Duchess of Montausier, our before-named Julie, in presence of her two sisters, the *religieuses*, of whom we have previously made mention, he addresses them not as *mes sœurs*, but *mes dames*, and pronounces an eulogium upon the deceased and her mother, Madame de Rambouillet, under their romantic appellations of Parthenie and Arthenice ! In reading the funeral orations of the time, one would suppose that heaven was complimented by being allowed to receive the most high, puissant and noble Condées and Turennes, and that the earth, upon which they condescended not to live any longer, was eclipsed by the passing of their spirits between it and the sun.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet declines with Louis Quatorze. The troubles of the Fronde taught Louis to distrust alike, the parliament, the nobles, and distinguished women. With the first he made short work. His appearance in his hunting-dress, booted and spurred, and whip in hand, with his contemptuous order to mingle no more in state affairs, is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. So, by alluring the once turbulent nobles to a voluptuous court, and there plunging them into extravagant expenditure, of which he set the example, he reduced *them* to such a state of dependency for distinction upon his own favour, that we find the great Condé soliciting as an honour, permission to wear a hunting-dress in all respects made after the fashion of the king's. As for women of talent, they were utterly discouraged. Frivolity became the order of the day ; court-masques the ruling passion. Invention was taxed for suitable decorations, and the king himself took the chief rôle as actor, and even as dancer in this sort of entertainment.

Benserade was the fashionable writer of those court-masques, in which figured Louis le Grand. Never was Poet Laureat more honoured by royal notice, even by royal friendship ; and certainly Poet Laureat before or since was never so well paid. He was very different in character from his rival, the thoughtless and eccentric Voiture. Ben-

serade had studied the weaknesses of men, which he learned to turn skilfully to his own advantage. With the most unscrupulous flattery in constant service, he made it a principle not to offer homage to less than royal blood, with the one exception of a prime minister. He set value upon eulogies, made a regular market of them, and blamed Voiture for showing subserviency in his necessities when he might have commanded assistance. Louis' intrigue with La Vallière raised the fortune of the poet to its supreme height. He contrived to win the confidence of both. Poor Vallière not being a *Précieuse*, blushed at the rustic turn of her naturally-formed periods, and secretly engaged Benserade to deck her phraseology in a court suit. Louis, who had not yet acquired sufficient self-confidence to emancipate himself from the yoke of his mother (Anne of Austria), called in the services of Benserade to express his secret passion. Parts were composed for the king, and speeches put into his mouth, of such ingenious contrivance, that while the queen saw not their hidden meaning, La Vallière, standing by her side, should understand it. A ballet upon 'Impatience,' in which that feeling is illustrated in a variety of forms, was chief part of one of his entertainments. Lawyers dispute over a lawsuit, their unfortunate clients regarding them with looks haggard with impatience. Then the scene changes, and we have a troop of Muscovite savages taking lessons from a French dancing-master, who foams with impatience at their grotesque efforts to acquire Parisian graces. At last enters the king, under the form of Jupiter, and Olympus is shaken with his impatient anger, that he cannot pursue his amours undisturbed: but, a god being fertile in resources, Jove metamorphoses himself into the figure of Diana, and Callisto is deceived. The court were of course enraptured at the delicacy of these allusions, and encouraged the king's resolution by unanimous plaudits.

In another masque the king as Pluto disregards the absence of day, because of the secret flame which ever cheers his dwelling—that flame understood by La Vallière, seated in the queen's box. And Benserade displayed his ingenuity in other ways. Not only were all secondary characters tamed down for the purpose of giving exclusive prominence to that sustained by the king—but they were made to criticise their own defects, and contrast them with the all-perfection of his majesty. Even this was not enough for so capacious a swallow. The king himself utters such extravagant self-praise, that it is startling to think how great must have been the hardihood of the man who could have dared to ask a mortal pos-

sessed of common sense to speak it. Greater still the wonder at the self-complacency of the stage monarch, acted by a real king. In one speech he is made to draw a parallel between himself and Alexander the Great, very much to the disadvantage of Alexander. Whatever question might arise as to their respective political and military capacities, there could be no doubt at all as to which was the handsomer man. Who, asks the royal mime, would for a moment attempt to compare us both in what relates to beauty, air, and bodily graces?

Et toute chose égale, entre ces grandes âmes,
Alexandre eût perdu devant toutes les dames.

Thus, having in these masques personated Jupiter, Pluto, Mars, and Apollo, with sundry lovelorn shepherds—the king crowned the climax by bursting out upon the stage as the Sun! and like the Sun had his worshippers. Happy were the courtiers allowed to live in his rays. There were those to whom a frown would have been death, as his smile was life; who hung about his path in the hope of being handed his cane or cloak; and to whom it was supreme happiness to throw crumbs of bread to the gold-fish in the basins of the park of Versailles, and thus have to boast they contributed to the king's amusement. Louis appropriately rewarded the high priest of his worship by bestowing upon him the moiety of a bishop's revenue. Benserade was a clever fellow! He contrived to insinuate himself into the favour of the stern Richelieu; he hoodwinked the wily Mazarin; he steered through the Fronde without offending either party; and he won the personal friendship of the vain and fickle Louis. Yet he was said to have been generous at heart, and to have solicited more favours for his friends than for himself. Madame de Sévigné, in one of her letters, mentions her having met him at a dinner party of which he was the grand attraction, and calls him a delightful fellow. Molière disturbed his happiness and affected his renown.

The king, whose literary taste, at least in early life, may be judged by the masques, in which he himself cut so strange a figure, showed always a marked dislike for female authorship. There is strong reason to conclude that when Molière, in 1659, wrote his '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' he was as much incited to his attack upon literary ladies by a desire to please the monarch, as by the palpable pedantry into which the disciples of the Rambouillet school had declined. This little farce told fatally against *bas bleuism*. Ménage, the tutor of Madame de Sévigné, has recorded his testimony of the

effect produced by its first representation. All the Hôtel de Rambouillet were present, and at the close of the piece Ménage acknowledges that he thus addressed his friends; 'We may now say as St. Remus said to Clovis—we must burn the idols we adored, and adore those we would have burned:' then descending from his own pedantic tone, he adds quaintly, 'This satire knocked down *galimatias* and the forced style of writing.' The weakest point presented to the attack of the inimitable satirist, was of course the extravagant affectation of language.

Having sketched thus briefly and rapidly the history of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, from its foundation by the noble, frank, generous, or as her faithful servant better termed her, *la grande Marquise*, to the period of its decline, we arrive at the immediate object of M. de Walckenaer's book, the celebrated Madame de Sévigné.

Ménage, whose name we have last introduced as her tutor, was so fascinated by his pupil that he fell in love with her. Poor old pedant! he must have had some excellent qualities, for he had many enemies; provoked more by the incautious exhibition of his self-love than of his enmity, for his nature appears to have been amiable. We are drifting into a digression we cannot avoid—but this tutor meeting us at the threshold, we must have a word with him, or about him, before we claim brief interview with his charming pupil. The latter amused herself with a passion, which it is needless to say could have only been made matter for diversion. But this, Ménage could not understand. He wondered that Madame de Sévigné showed no fear of him—a gallant of such attraction. One day, she quietly desired him to take the place in her carriage vacant by the absence of her *dame de compagnie*. He opened his eyes, astonished at such a mark of contempt for public opinion, and at such a challenging of personal danger. 'Come, come,' said she, quickly, 'and sit beside me; and if you do not well behave yourself, I shall visit you at your own house.' To his bewilderment she kept her word. Ménage was not so fortunate as to meet in every friend a Madame de Sévigné. Never did unhappy author excite such a host of enemies. Fleeting, however, would have been the effect of enmity or friendship on his name, had it not become linked with the attachment of a Sévigné, and the enmity of a Molière. The comedy of 'Les Femmes Savantes,' written eleven years after the *Précieuses Ridicules*, was levelled chiefly against Ménage (introduced under the name of Vadius), and gave the

coup de grace to pedantry and philosophical jargon.

In looking over the collection of reflections, criticisms, and anecdotes, which this author left under the title of 'Menagiana,' we are inclined to think he was dealt with hardly. Under the surface of his learned display, there runs a current of wholesome thought and good feeling. We find him lamenting, as authors have in all ages of civilisation lamented, that his own age was not poetical, and learnedly accounting for the more poetical character of the ancients by the poetical form of their religious worship. Of Mademoiselle de Scudery he is a fervent admirer, for the characteristic reason that he finds in her romances an analogy with the epic poem: which, giving but one event of a hero's life, would, he assures us, be wanting in impressiveness were it not ingeniously lengthened by well-contrived digressions. He wrote most of his poetical pieces in the ancient languages, and says it was not until he began to write in his own that he was made the victim of so much enmity and jealousy. It is indeed true, that however men may consent to superiority in one branch of art, they rebel against assumed versatility. It will be fair to add, that an anecdote told by Ménage of himself justifies the discriminating friendship of his clever pupil, even against Molière. He says that the attacks of his enemies became at last insupportable, and he determined to abandon the city, and to pass the remainder of his days in solitude. In the rural retreat which he selected, he amused himself with rearing pigeons. One day a favourite was shot, and Ménage grieved bitterly over his lost bird, but 'Alas!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'I find that no human residence is free from troubles. Let me then have only those to encounter which confer in the contest some degree of dignity,'—and he returned to Paris.

Since we first saw Madame de Sévigné binding the eyes of Mademoiselle de la Vergne, for a game of Colin Maillard, we have only from time to time caught glances of her. Although the author of these memoirs links to her name a history of the troubles of the Fronde, she was in no way mixed up with them: nor do they appear to have directly affected either her genius or character until her daughter had grown up, and she felt it her duty to forward her prospects in life. Madame de Sévigné did not abandon her solitude in Brittany. When she did appear at court, then deemed a sublunary paradise reserved for the *élite* of mortals only, her stay was not long nor

continuous; her fortune not being equal to the expenses attendant upon such costly favour. With the removal of her daughter to her husband's château on the Rhine, comes the first of that inimitable collection of letters, which have made her name immortal.

What freshness do they breathe—what boundless animal spirits—what exquisite truth and heart—what sound sense—what mild and gracious insinuations, rather than inculcations, of wise maxims—what pictures of rural happiness—what delicious rustic repasts! Her books, too—history, poetry, philosophy—Pascal and Nicolle—all the sound food of a healthy mind. Then the vivid pictures of passing events caught in her visits to court, or reflected from the pens of such correspondents as Madame de Lafayette, or Bussy de Rabutin. And all the offering of an overflowing tenderness to a well-beloved daughter. Who does not think and speak of Madame de Sévigné, indeed, as almost a beloved friend that he has known. Even M. de Walckenaer, calm historian as he is, introduces her in this referential, take-for-granted way: 'This complexion of such rare freshness, this rich fair hair, these brilliant and animated eyes, this irregular but expressive physiognomy, this elegant figure, were so many gifts from nature. And then her sweet voice, cultivated to the highest degree, according to the musical science of the time, and her brilliant *danse* which drew out with *éclat* the liveliness and habitual gracefulness of her movements.' We have all that general description which is as the recalling to mind of a friend whom everybody has seen, and all appreciated, and upon whose traits we love to dwell. It has been charged by some that affection for her daughter was too prominently put forward, as if in abandoning literary pedantry she had fallen into an affection of another kind, not less obnoxious. But no! In solitude when at home, surrounded by a highly artificial society abroad, she needed an object for the currents of her warm impulses to overflow upon, and towards that object they rushed with giddy delight, and painful and even foolish fondness. With our present unerring and rapid means of communication, and our general penny-post, we have but a feeble idea of the elixir of happiness which in old times could be enveloped in a sheet of paper. Poor Madame de Sévigné cannot contain her delight at the post-office improvement of her time, according to which a horse courier was despatched from Paris once a week! She tells us of the pleasure the faces of these couriers, whenever she met them upon the high-road, used to afford her—and no wonder, for at that time the

journey of a courier was one of peril and adventure. Of pleasant excitement too! How the smack of his whip, and the sound of his horse's hoof, must have brought every face to the windows of a country château. With what honours he must have been received. An ambassador, even he of Siam, delivering his credentials at Versailles, would have cut but a poor figure beside the bearer of a packet of letters from Madame de Sévigné. He was 'a mercury alighting upon a heaven-kissing hill'—a god! What prayers must have accompanied his departure—what blessings hailed his arrival. How his horse must have been patted and fed, and the best bed given to him—and then picture the family circle around the adventurous letters, and, provided there were no very special family secrets therein, fancy the kind friends and neighbours invited to partake of that family joy and the family repast.

It is probable that serious secrets were seldom thus conveyed because of the danger of the times. When Mazarin was obliged during the Fronde to yield to the clamours of his enemies, and to withdraw into voluntary exile, he and Anne of Austria corresponded by word of mouth, through confidential couriers who carried their dispatches in their heads. A serious family affair would, even at a later period, demand a journey from one of its heads. But a letter then filled many of the objects now supplied by a newspaper, and hence we read in Madame de Sévigné's letters descriptions of public events, to convey which a friend would at present have no more to do than write an address at a newspaper office. See for example her account of the death of Turenne, and the particulars given of the funeral procession to Saint Denis: an event which at the present day (we talk not of style) would be done for all the world at a penny a line. At the same time the circumstances in which they were written give these charming compositions a serious historical importance, and hence those researches, in relation to them, which have conferred upon the names of Monmerqué and Walckenaer so much honour.

Madame de Sévigné was religious, and in the best sense of the word, for she was charitable, forgiving, and tolerant. 'Have no enemies,' is one of her most energetically expressed counsels to her daughter, to which she adds, 'and plenty of friends.' Such was the maxim of her mature years, but in her youth she practised it from feeling. We know of nothing more touching than her conduct upon arrival in town after the death of her husband, who fell in a duel that had originated in dispute about a mistress. To that mistress, Madame Godoran, the young be-

reaved wife sent to beg a lock of the hair of her husband, whose sins against herself she forgave, as she prayed Heaven to forgive them. Her pardon of the outrage against herself committed by her cousin, Bussy Rabutin (he introduced her portrait in an indecent book), was in a similar spirit. She reserved it until he was abandoned by all the world, a ruined man: and then she visited him, affording him the consolation of her matchless conversation, with all the aid he stood in need of.

Thus lively, hearty, and wise, religious and tolerant, instructive and unaffected, natural and loving, with a reflecting mind, an expansive heart, accomplished manners, and boundless animal spirits, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marchioness de Sévigné, was the most perfect woman of whom we have an unconscious self-record. Molière did good, but from mixed motives. His fine common sense revolted, no doubt, against the affectation which his satire demolished—but he acted, too, in obedience to the will of a monarch whose disdain was all egotistical. Madame de Sévigné did better: she instructed by presenting a model which won all hearts, in the contemplation of which people rather forgot than hated, and insensibly abandoned the tawdry idols to which they had before paid homage. For this reason, teaching by example is the best teaching; and sight of the good far better than exposure of the bad. Let those, however, who are dull, or sad, or oppressed, or disappointed, or dissatisfied with the world, have recourse to either one or the other. If Molière or Sévigné cannot administer relief, the case is all but hopeless.

With Madame de Sévigné closes that brilliant train of intellectual women, of whom Madame de Rambouillet was the first.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Diplomates Européens* (European Diplomats). 1. *Prince Metternich*. 2. *Pozzo di Borgo*. 3. *Prince Talleyrand*. 4. *Baron Pasquier*. 5. *The Duke of Wellington*. 6. *The Duc de Richelieu*. 7. *Prince Hardenberg*. 8. *Count Nesselrode*. 9. *Lord Castlereagh*. Par M. CAPEFIGUE. Paris. 1843.
2. *Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne*. Par le Comte A. DE LA GARDE. Paris. 1843.

MONSIEUR CAPEFIGUE is the Froissart of diplomacy. A battle of protocols is, in his eyes, the finest of battles. An engagement evaded, an antagonist overreached, an adversary tricked, is more worthy of record than a

well-contested combat or a victory won. He observes the whirlwind of wordy warfare with passionless impartiality; his sympathies lean only to the most skilful, even though the game should be in the hands of the enemy of his country. Thus while he lauds to the skies the Duc de Richelieu, whose lot it was to bind up the wounds of France, occupied by the allies, he reveres Wellington, and almost adores Lord Castlereagh. And as the chronicler of the times of chivalry loved to record the deeds of knighthood, collected from the lips of the actors therein engaged, so has M. Capefigue drawn much of his information from his own heroes personally. Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, and Talleyrand have 'posed' for him; and we presume it to be gratitude to Baron Pasquier for some familiar whisperings about an intended *post obit* payment of impartial truth to posterity in the shape of twenty volumes of posthumous memoirs, that has impelled the author to hang up the chancellor's portrait in his gallery of European diplomatists!

M. Capefigue has selected nine, of whom we have already named seven; the two remaining are Count Nesselrode, and a name less present to the memory, but deserving of honour, that of the Prince Hardenberg of Prussia. Why there should have been nine, neither more nor less, we cannot divine. Perhaps the number of the muses inspired some mystical analogy; for cold and colourless as is the painting of the bard of diplomacy, he is not free from the modern French cant about symbols, and ideas, and systems. "It is not at hazard," declares he, "that I have chosen the historical names of these statesmen; they all represent an idea, a system of policy." For example, "the Duke of Wellington is the armed, active England of the times; and Talleyrand, even the Talleyrand of the republic, the consulate, the empire, the restoration, and of the revolution of 1830, is a fixed idea to M. Capefigue! Of the Duke of Wellington, be it here remarked, that he is the last man in the world on whom such a historian should have laid his hands. He tells the French that the duke, speaking of his military character, although admirable in defence, never knew when or how to attack. We thought that Napier, in his unequalled history of the Peninsular war, had settled for ever such twaddle as that. What was the battle of Salamanca, of which Capefigue speaks, but an attack made at the right moment? and what the three days' battle of the Pyrenees but a series of attacks? What, in fine, swept the French from the Peninsula?

But if M. Capefigue be not another Homer of battles, he is the very Ossian of the cloud-

capt land of diplomacy. Prince Metternich is his ideal. The author is speaking of the period when Austria hesitated about joining the coalition against Napoleon, hoping that she might command back, by an armed neutrality, and without the necessity of again taking the field, those possessions of which she had been stripped.

"It was then," says Capefigue, "that to justify this delicate situation M. de Metternich commenced that elegant school of noble diplomatic language, of which M. de Gentz became the most distinguished organ. . . . In those notes M. de Metternich was seen to develop his principles upon the European equilibrium, which tended to contract the immense power of Napoleon for the benefit of the Allied States. I know nothing more remarkably written than these notes, *a little vague in their details, but so well measured in their expressions, that they never either engaged the Cabinet nor the man.*"

There is, indeed, throughout this book a strange moral insensibility! Policy covers sin, nay, knows not what sin means. Faults are its only crimes. Let us take for instance the memoir of Talleyrand, and see what excuse is offered for his many tergiversations, of which each was a perjury.

"M. de Talleyrand never held himself tied down to a government or a doctrine: he did not betray Napoleon in the absolute sense of the word, he only quitted him at the right time; he did not betray the restoration, he abandoned it when it had abandoned itself. There is much egotism without doubt in this mind, whose first thought turned to its own position and prospects, and then in the second place to the Government it served; but in fine, we ought not always to require from a superior mind that self-denial which constitutes a blind devotion to a cause or a man."

Such is Capefigue's apology for Talleyrand, and the doctrine is carried out in the book to similar exaltation of diplomatists and liars of all countries. We have nowhere met so sickening a portrait. From the moment Talleyrand appears upon the stage as Bishop of Autun, officiating at mass, which he profanes by a side grimace to Mirabeau, to his deathbed from which he essays to rise in order that his royal visiter, Louis Philippe, may receive his due of ceremonial,—from first to last, through his private gamblings and public betrayals,—we think he nowhere stands in so bad a point of view as that in which he is placed by this apologetic laureat of diplomatists. In one place there is an insinuation of so dark a character, that it ought only to have been introduced upon the condition of settling it once and for ever. It is explained in the following passage:

"To the period of the arrival of Louis XVIII. M. de Talleyrand was at the head of the Provisional Government. The whole responsibility weighed upon him, and it was then that he had to reproach himself with being hurried into the commission of acts which belonged to the spirit of the times. There are, indeed, times when the human head is without control; it is hurried along by the torrent of prevailing ideas; it is impressed with the spirit of reaction. The mission of M. de Maubreil has never been perfectly cleared up. What was its object? It is pretended that his sole commission related to the stopping of the crown jewels. Other reports say that he was charged with a more dreadful mission against Napoleon, *resembling that which struck the last of the Condés*. I can avow that Maubreil never had any direct or personal interview with Talleyrand. In these deplorable circumstances the latter kept always out of view. Here is what passed. One of the secretaries of Talleyrand, then in his confidence, told Maubreil, with a careless air, 'This is what the prince requires you to do; annexed is your commission and money, and in proof of the truth of what I say, and of the prince's assent, wait in his salon to-day, he will pass and will give you an approving nod of his head.' The sign was given, and Maubreil believed himself authorized to fulfil his mission. What was the nature of that commission? Historical times are not yet come, when all may be told and cleared up. I do not judge any conduct. There are periods, I repeat, when *on ne s'appartient pas*."

Whatever may have been Talleyrand's crimes, we are not satisfied to adopt this charge of his having nodded a commission to assassinate Napoleon. We cannot believe such a story probable, upon the unsatisfactory assumption that this incarnation of impassability was hurried away by a torrent of fashionable ideas, of some very bad description. This Monsieur Capefigue is, with all his indifference, a credulous man. We find in his memoir of Castlereagh, for example, a charge brought against Canning of the foulest character. We give it in his own words.

"Castlereagh, in his capacity of minister of war, made immense preparations for the Walcheren expedition. Must it be told? Here begins the treason of Canning in relation to his country; in relation to his colleague, it is *incontestable* that Canning furnished information to Fouché of Castlereagh's plans."

But Capefigue, philosophic moralist! has always palliation ready, proportioned to the amount of crime. Listen to the profundity of the following aphorism: 'When jealousy reaches the heart it listens to nothing,'—and so he proceeds with his history.

"Canning engaged Lord Portland to disembarass himself of Lord Castlereagh, whose obstinate head, he represented, was as incapable of conducting the war department as of directing or sustaining a de-

bate in parliament. Canning wanted to rule the Tory party, and Castlereagh was an obstacle to his ambitious designs."

This story is, of course, a piece of stupid absurdity, not worth a moment's consideration: he who would, with a grave face, undertake its refutation seriously, would be laughed at as a simpleton. Capefigue hates Canning for no other reason that we can discover, than that Canning was a brilliant orator. Our historian has no bowels for such a monster in diplomacy as an eloquent statesman. He bundles such a being off in the same category with poets. Vagueness, as he tells us, is the greatest beauty of diplomatic writing: admit eloquence and warmth, with conviction and sincerity, and what would become of the noble diplomatic art?

Of the nine memoirs before us, there is none—not even the romantic Corsican subtlety and hatred of Pozzo di Borgo, perseveringly pursuing Napoleon, like his evil genius, until, as he figuratively declared, 'he threw the last clay upon his head'—that so interests us as that of Prince Hardenberg, and this not upon his own account, but for the glorious young Prussians of the Universities: those boys who conspired without a word passed, and whose combination, effected under the nose of their French oppressors, was unsuspected until the magnificent explosion awoke at once and overwhelmed them. The Prussian minister did his duty at the right moment; and then, says Capefigue, with warmth not usual,

"Then were seen the Universities rising, and their professors themselves leading their young pupils to these battles of giants. The battles of Lutzen and Bautzen have never yet been examined under the point of view which would give them a melancholy interest. These glorious generations meet in presence. The conscripts of the empire from eighteen to twenty-one; the students of the Universities, who bore the funeral flag of Queen Louisa, and the oldest of whom was not, perhaps, twenty-two. In the midst of this noble young blood thundered 1500 pieces of cannon, tearing this rosy flesh, and maiming these limbs; and yet not one of these youths flinched, for they combated for their mother-country."

Terrible this may be, but after the cold-blooded, tortuous, hollow hypocrisy with which M. Capefigue commonly afflicts us, it at least healthily stirs the blood. Never had a country been so trampled upon, plundered, and degraded as was Prussia by France, after the battle of Jena. The contributions levied upon the peasantry threatened to convert the fields into a waste. The wantonness of the conqueror was exhibited in outrages the most revolting. The indignity offered by Napoleon

to the beautiful, clever, and heart-broken queen, was imitated in grossness of a worse description. It is a fact known to many living officers that, at the occupation of Paris, Blucher held an order issued by the military governor of Berlin, to provide the French officers with female companions, under a menace that may be imagined.

Why do we dwell on this here? Because M. Capefigue endeavours to confound English with Russians, as urged by one common desire to oppress and humiliate France after the victory of Waterloo. He does so for the purpose of exalting the clemency of the Emperor Alexander. The truth of the matter is, that it was the Duke of Wellington who saved the monuments of the French capital from the destruction to which they were doomed by Blucher; the authority of Alexander was interposed with the same object, but at the instigation of the Duke. Capefigue is an avowed advocate for an alliance between France and Russia; and it is in accordance with this view, that, treating of this bitter period of the occupation of Paris, he endeavours to conciliate his countrymen towards Russia, by representing Alexander and his Russians as mediators and saviours against the wrath and cupidity of English and Prussians.

What credit is due to M. Capefigue as an historian may, therefore, be easily determined. The vagueness which, in diplomatic writing, is with him the perfection of skill, he himself carries into the appreciation of what is or ought to be positive. He can seldom get beyond a hint or an assertion, unless with some special feeling to gratify. No one is more positive or bold, when he would accuse Canning of an act as unknown as assassination to the British character; or when, depreciating Wellington, he would exalt the clemency of Alexander as the star of a Russo-Gallic alliance.

We turn to the Comte de la Garde. Pleasant as diplomacy is, and gay and brilliant as must have been the aspect of Vienna in 1814, and the early part of 1815, we suspect that, beneath the endless succession of *fêtes* prepared for the many crowned heads, wearing, at length, their crowns with some feeling of security, there lurked a dissatisfied feeling; something like that which affects ourselves in the perusal of the Comte de la Garde's gaudy book. While we are stunned with the music of monster concerts, and confounded with a tumult of military *fêtes*, varied with grotesque revivals of the customs of the middle age,—while troubadours, paladins and their dames, falconers and *tableaux vivans*, glitter past us,—while all is glare, noise, dancing, feeding, gambling, and enjoyment,

—we cannot but bear in mind, that the map of Europe is spread out itself like a banquet, for each royal guest to take his share according to his might. At *this* feast there is no harmony; each eyes the other with distrust and suspicion; and while Alexander is laying his heavy hand upon Poland, and the whisper of partition of France is going round, Talleyrand and the English minister are signing a secret treaty with Austria, with the object of raising a barrier against the dangerous rise of Russian power.

The Comte de la Garde saw only the banquet and the salons; he was not admitted behind the scenes, and accordingly has no secrets to reveal. He saw kings in dominoes, and empresses in masks, and was warned not to mistake a queen for a *grisette*. He heard some dissertations, but they were upon the fine arts and conversations at the dinner-table of Lord S——; they turned upon Shakspeare and Corneille, the gobelin tapestry, and Sèvres porcelain; in which discussion the Frenchman, of course, came off with flying colours. We doubt not that in the circumstances there was a polite agreement to allow French vanity the consolation of calling Shakspeare rude and uncultivated, and of exalting Racine above Milton. Anything might be said, so that diplomacy was not called upon to make premature revelations. We are told that the sovereigns themselves only talked politics one hour during the twenty-four; and that the dullest, for it was the hour before dinner; and even then the subject was quickly despatched, for contemplation of the innocent slaughter of a *battue*.

Were we, in fact, to give the headings only of the chapters in the first volume, the reader might suppose he was reading a programme of a performance at Astley's Amphitheatre. But while the Neros were fiddling, Europe was parcelling out; and we can hardly repress a feeling of satisfaction when the arrival of Napoleon in France scatters for a moment the pageant to the winds. The sensation produced by that event is the only portion of the book of which we will attempt a translation.

“The news Koslowski told me was brought by a courier, despatched from Florence by Lord Borghese. The English consul at Livourne had sent it to the latter. Lord Stewart, the first to be informed, immediately communicated the intelligence to Prince Metternich and the sovereigns. The ministers of the great powers, too, were told the news. No one had heard what route Napoleon had taken. Is he in France? Has he fled to the United States?—all are lost in conjecture. . . .

“Whether it was that the secret was well kept, or that the intoxication of pleasure still prevailed, Vienna wore its accustomed aspect. The ram-

parts of Leopoldstadt, leading to the Prater, were filled with people promenading as usual. Nothing announced that the thunderbolt had fallen: everywhere amusement and pleasure! . . .

“In the evening a company of amateur performers were to play at the palace the ‘Barber of Seville;’ to be followed by a vaudeville, then much in vogue, called ‘La danse interrompue.’ Having received an invitation, I resolved to go and study the appearance of the illustrious assembly. It was as numerous, and not less brilliant than usual. But it was no longer the easy indifference of the day; brows were slightly clouded. Groups, formed here and there, discussed with eagerness the probabilities of the departure from Elba.

“The Empress of Austria gave the order for raising the curtain. ‘We shall see,’ said I, ‘how the illustrious assembly enjoy the comedy.’ On which the Prince Koslowski observed, ‘Be not deceived; it would require the enemies’ cannon at the gates of Vienna to break this obstinate slumber.’ This morning the news reached Talleyrand in bed. Madame de Perigord was conversing gaily with him, when a letter was brought in from Metternich. The beautiful countess mechanically opened the despatch, and cast her eyes on the mighty intelligence. She had been engaged to assist, in the course of the day, at a rehearsal of ‘Le Sourd ou l’Auberge pleine,’ and thinking only of her probable disappointment, exclaimed, ‘Buonaparte has quitted, uncle: and what, uncle, becomes of the rehearsal?’

“‘The rehearsal shall go on, madame,’ tranquilly replied the diplomatist. And the rehearsal took place. . . .

“It was at the ball given by Prince Metternich, that the landing at Cannes and the first successes of Napoleon were heard. The announcement operated like the stroke of an enchanter’s wand, changing at once into a desert the garden of Almida. The thousands of wax-lights seemed at once to be extinguished. The waltz is interrupted—in vain the music continues—all stop, all look at each other—he is in France!

“The Emperor Alexander advances towards Prince Talleyrand: ‘I told you it would not last long.’

“The French Plenipotentiary bows without replying. The King of Prussia makes a sign to the Duke of Wellington: they leave the ball-room together. Alexander, the Emperor of Austria, and Metternich follow them. The greater number of the guests disappear. There remain only some groups of frightened talkers.”

A *bon mot*—supplied by the title of the vaudeville ‘La danse interrompue,’ crowns the whole—and the fêtes are at an end.

THE SOURCE OF LITERARY INSPIRATION.

How fast time flies under all circumstances, but especially under those of bliss. How rapid are his wings during the season of dinner! Not long since we had despatched—as it seemed to us, in one moment of transcendant happiness—a basin of mock turtle. Heaving a sigh, we then reclined in our chair, and riveted our abstracted gaze on the now

empty vessel before us. What a repast, thought we, we have had! How exquisite was the resemblance of that beautiful soup to its great original! Thus, but oh! far less closely, does the ideal marble approximate to living loveliness.

Our dinner—for the basin was a large one; and we do not hesitate to say that it *was* our dinner—originated a train of thoughts. We began by moralising, as above, on the mock turtle; and then we reflected, not without a feeling of pride, on the circumstance of our sharing, with some of the brightest geniuses the world has ever produced, one remarkable faculty:—the sense of gastronomic beauty; the feeling for the palatable and the nice.

And why, we asked ourself, does the author toil? We, to be sure, labour disinterestedly for the good of mankind at large; but what is the great object of authors in general? To get their bread. By bread we understand, not the mere loaf with its varieties—the roll, the twist, and the “buster;” we mean food in general, in all its diversified forms, from the plain joint to the fricassee, from the simple steak to the Irish stew, with their respective and appropriate accompaniments. We mean all things digestible—the stomach’s universal empire.

How many a paragraph, we exclaimed, has purchased a plate of beef! How many an ode—but no! few odes are so valuable—has procured a leg of mutton? How many a stanza has secured a sausage! How often has a pot of porter been purchased—for a mere song!

And is the mortal mind, then, but the slave of the stomach? Even so. Then must the stomach be a very mighty thing, or the mind a very mean thing: and which of these conclusions to come to we really do not know.—*Punch*.

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF JENA.

From Fraser’s Magazine.

THE year 1806, destined to see

“ Prussia’s beam
Quench’d in Jena’s fatal stream,”

hung in gloom over Europe. The power of Austria had been crushed at Ulm, the army of Russia defeated at Austerlitz, and, from the Tagus to the Neva, Prussia alone stood with unbroken strength and unvanquished forces. But guided by selfish policy, the cabinet of Berlin seemed more willing to aid the cause of oppression than to stand forward in defence of German freedom, and, entangled in diplomatic wiles, accepted from the hands of the spoiler the Electorate of Hanover, as the price of submission to his will and the abandonment of the allied cause. But selfishness was destined to work the ruin of its votaries, and Napoleon had no sooner reaped the benefit he expected to derive from the neutrality of Prussia,—had no sooner paralysed Austria by the ruinous terms of the

treaty of Presburg, and seen the Russian troops safe beyond their own frontier,—than, disregarding the engagement entered into with Count Haugewitz and the court of Berlin,—scorning, in his triumphant and overbearing career, the timid policy of Prussia, he offered to make peace with England, and restore the Electorate of Hanover, just ceded to that power, to its legitimate sovereign, the King of Great Britain!

Prussia, indignant, flew to arms, called upon the allies to aid, and demanded from France redress for so many insults; but they justly were forsaken who forsook. They now stood alone on the arena, no aid was near, and the haughty and relentless victor, conscious of vastly superior power, treated their demands with scorn, and overwhelmed those with insults whom he was about to overwhelm by the force of arms. “ Why were you not at the field of Austerlitz?” was the question too truly and tauntingly asked of the Prussians, while insults were poured upon the court and nation, and low and vulgar slanders were heaped upon the character of a lovely and high-minded queen.

The Prussian army, eager to avenge their country’s wrongs, and maintain their military fame, took the field in a bold spirit; and, ably commanded, would probably have maintained a gallant contest; but under the Duke of Brunswick, a man of great personal bravery, totally destitute of skill, little could be expected from the best efforts of the troops. The duke’s age has also been urged against him; but the objection cannot hold, for Blucher and Suvaroff were, when older in years, the most active and energetic commanders of their time; and the duke, though turned of seventy, was a strong and athletic man. He had seen much service, but his great military experience had taught him nothing, for he had no military ability; and though wanting resources himself, vanity—the bane of so many military men—prevented him from seeking, or appearing to desire, the advice of others. His ideas never extended beyond the practice of the drill-ground; and a ruthless and unfeeling martinet on parade, he was in the field a commander without confidence, and a soldier without enthusiasm.

The dissensions and indecisions that marked the military councils of Prussia, even within hearing of the hostile guns, belong to history, and cannot be detailed here. To advance to the banks of the Maine, and attack the French corps before they could be assembled, had been the advice of Colonel Bülow, then a captive in the very prison in which he ended his days; but the man of genius knew that the counsel was above the reach of those for whom it was given, and

foretold the result, even from the first. "Frightened by their own boldness in resorting to arms," he said, "they will halt about the Saale, and there be destroyed." And to the very letter was this strange prophecy fulfilled!

The Marquis de Lushessini, a foreigner, who, from being reader to Frederick II., had risen to eminence in the state, and had just returned from his embassy to Paris, gave the fatal advice which made generals and marshals halt in mid career, and adopt the proposal of a vain diplomatist, instead of following out the bold and skilful plan of the able and highly gifted soldier. "Napoleon will not act offensively," said the diplomatic marquis, at a council of war held at Weimar a few days before the battle of Jena; "he will not burden himself with the reproach of being the aggressor, and will rather leave it to others to attack him." Ever ready to adopt timid counsel, the wavering and irresolute listened to the words of folly, and halted, without any fixed object or position, on the Saale, at the very time when the French masses were rolling round their left flank. It was in vain that Colonel Massenbach, the assistant-quartermaster-general, foretold the certain ruin impending over the army,—that the officers almost mutinied against their commander,—the hour of death had struck, and the hand of Fate was no longer to be arrested in its fatal process.

The gallant Prince Louis was defeated and slain at Saalefeld; General Tauenzien was attacked and pressed back with loss; and still the doomed host stood motionless and inactive along the banks of the Saale.

With an army of 140,000 men, all war-trained and spoil-breathing soldiers, Napoleon reached the plains of Gera. Finding no enemy in his front, he wheeled his masses round to the left, scattered them over a vast extent of country, and facing to the west, the very direction whence he had come, moved down upon the foe. Marshal Davoust, with 40,000 men, now forming the extreme right, seized Naumburg, completely headed the main body of the Prussian army, which, too late awakened from its stupor, was moving by Auerstadt towards Magdeburg. Bernadotte, by an intermediate direction, marched on Dornburg and Apolda; while the emperor himself, gathering together the remaining corps of his army, about 80,000 men, directed his march upon Jena, where he expected to find the King of Prussia at the head of his principal forces. But here he was confronted by the left wing of the Prussian army, commanded by Prince Hohenloe, a brave and skilful officer, who was preparing to follow the retrograde movement of

the main army when he was attacked. The front of the long Prussian column thus found itself opposed at Auerstadt, while, at the distance of a day's march in the rear, the last division was assailed near Jena, Bernadotte, at the same time, marching into the opening left between the two great divisions of the army. The Prussians, on this eventful day, brought about 90,000 men into action; of these, 50,000 fought against the inferior numbers of Davoust, and 40,000 against the main army of Napoleon. Bernadotte's corps, by *strictly obeying orders*, did not come into action; for which the commander is invariably blamed by French historians.

It is the morning of the fatal battle day of the 14th of October, and the Prussian rifle company of Cronhelm is posted, along with some Saxon and two Prussian battalions, on the Schneckke, an elevated point at the extreme right of Prince Hohenloe's position, and commanding a full view of the plain; and here, with our informant, Lieutenant Muller, we shall take our stand and trace his progress through the eventful fight.

"At six in the morning the first shots began to fall, and the firing soon increased along the whole front, principally towards our left wing; but the fog was so heavy that we could not see three yards before us. Patrols were sent out in all directions, but discovered nothing of the enemy, though the firing augmented rapidly and our anxiety naturally increased in proportion.

"At ten o'clock the haze cleared away, and from my elevated position I had a full view of the whole of the plain, though the smoke concealed the combatants. The battle was stationary and fiercely contested; for the roar of fire-arms was incessant along the whole line. But our hearts now beat high with delusive anticipations; we saw our troops advancing and driving the enemy across the plain, and many a hearty cheer greeted the presumed victors.

"At twelve o'clock the village of Vierzenheiligen, situated between the two lines, was in flames, while our troops were still advancing in gallant style; bands playing and colours flying.

"The enemy, though retiring, were now occupied in forming a line of fresh troops at the foot of a hill covered by some wood, and only observable from our elevated position. The advancing Prussians halted.

"It might be one o'clock, when the newly formed columns of the enemy, wheeling to the right, threatened our right wing, at the same time that another French corps—it was Murat with the cavalry—was seen moving from the direction of Dornburg against our

left. The firing was heavy along the line, and the smoke often concealed the contending parties from our anxious sight.

"At last we saw our line retiring. This retrograde movement, though performed with drill-ground accuracy, was the signal for the hostile flanking columns to push forward. Our troops, undaunted, however, again halted and confronted them; they even advanced for a space, and the cavalry, dashing forward, made several charges. Still the enemy gained ground and continued to make progress, and we had the deep mortification to see our friends pressed back under a heavy fire without having, on our part, struck a single blow in their aid.

"But a gallant band are breaking out from the woods round Capellendorff, and for a moment our hopes are again revived. It is the brave and distinguished General Reuchel, who, after being expected for hours, has reached the field. Following their heroic leader, the troops advance fearlessly into the plain; but alone and exposed to overpowering numbers, this effort, too, is vain. All the French batteries are turned against these new foes, the general falls at the head of his men, and in a few minutes the whole division is forced in utter confusion from the ground. Large bodies of our cavalry advance, indeed, to cover the retreat, but they never charge home, and the day is irrevocably lost.

"The two rifle companies of Werner and Valentini, who had been engaged round Isserstadt, had suffered a severe loss and expended all their ammunition, now filed through our position. Many of the soldiers rode on captured horses, and thus formed the last joyful sight of this melancholy day.

"It was now time for General Zechwitz to think of saving our small brigade, which was already turned; entire regiments of French cavalry and infantry being already in our rear, and our own army being evidently in full retreat.

"The Prussian regiment of Bogulawski, having taken post on the Schnecke, was ordered to await the arrival of the Saxons, who, with their highly-dressed drum-major flourishing his silver-mounted cane at the head of the regiment, now marched slowly past, their band playing as usual. The riflemen were then thrown into the broken ground edging the road, where we received the first shots of the French *tirailleurs*; but as we were only covering the retreat of the two battalions we did not linger long, and when we fell back I formed with last section the rear-guard of the column.

"No sooner had we reached the level plain than the French opened guns upon us and saluted us both with round and grape-

shot, but with little effect, for we riflemen were in the ditch bordering the highroad and escaped without loss.

"At this moment the Saxon rifle company commenced firing, and, though we could not at first distinguish the enemy, we soon found ourselves within a hundred yards of a line of hostile cavalry, calmly halting and flanking the road. I ordered the riflemen to fire upon them, and we saw several men and horses fall. At first they returned our fire with their carbines; but we had received no loss when they gave the signal to charge. Expecting that the Saxon battalion would form square, I ordered my men to rush in and join them; but in this I was mistaken. The enemy attacked by squadrons and we were all completely ridden over. I was so several times, without, in the first instance, receiving any injury, till at last a passing horseman gave me a cut on the head, and, my sword breaking in the conflict, I was on the point of falling beneath the uplifted sabre of an officer, when the sharp report of a rifle rung close to my ear, and the Frenchman, instead of striking, fell dead upon me, throwing me to the ground by the weight of his fall. I was covered with blood, but protected by the corpse from the chasseurs that followed. The timely shot that saved me was, as I afterwards learned, fired by the rifleman Darsow, who lay wounded close to where the meeting took place.

"I had no sooner gained my feet than a hussar dashed forward, gave me a good cut on the head, and then offered me quarter and protection, on condition of receiving my watch, purse, and sash.* When his terms were complied with, he tied up my head with his handkerchief, made me take hold of his stirrup, and seizing me by the collar, hastened to the rear. My poor green jackets lay scattered about the plain, all severely wounded; the Saxons seemed to have escaped better.

"After we had gone some distance, I observed a large body of troops formed in square, and heard a thousand voices shouting, 'Vive l'Empereur!' It was the old guard, with Napoleon in the centre. My hussar led me towards the party. I was one of the first prisoners brought in; and, as I was dripping with blood, many officers stepped out of the ranks, and kindly offered *le pauvre diable*, as they termed me, their canteens.

"Under the repeated shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' I arrived near the suite of Napoleon, and the emperor himself came up to me. I should not have known him, had not some of the officers, pushing me forward,

* The Prussian officers wore black and silver sashes.

called out, 'Voici l'Empereur!' The victor halted, made a sign for me to advance, and then inquired my name, my rank, my regiment, if I was severely wounded, and other questions of the kind. He then inquired whether the king had commanded in person at Jena; and shook his head doubtingly when I answered in the negative. After exchanging a few words with General Le Febvre Desnouettes, the latter repeated the question in German, observing, when I again replied in the negative, that I had probably no means of obtaining information on such points. Napoleon then inquired what was the strength of the army which had fought at Jena, and seemed unwilling to believe, when I told him that it consisted of forty-seven battalions and seventy-six squadrons. This led to some conversation with the group of surrounding officers, from which I only gathered that they thought we had fought very bravely, the smallness of our numbers considered. The emperor, again turning to me, said, 'You have fought like brave soldiers. I respect such enemies, and have given orders for the prisoners to be well treated. You may go.'

"I was endeavouring to retire, when some Saxon officers, and the young cadet Steinau, of my own regiment, were brought in. Napoleon, perceiving by the uniform of the latter that we belonged to the same corps, again addressed me, saying, 'What means this? what has this child to do here?' I explained that he was a cadet, and that it was usual to enter our service at an early age. He then inquired the name and station of his father, adding, 'I do not make war on children, and will send him back to his mother; he is too young to be a soldier.' He was all this time very friendly, and, taking a biscuit which a servant presented on a salver, gave it to young Steinau, observing, that he would 'probably be hungry enough.'

"Then, addressing himself to the Saxons, he said, that he did not recognize them as enemies, had no intention to make war upon them, and only came to liberate them from the yoke of Prussia. I was, then, for my part, lead to the rear; General Le Febvre Desnouettes having directed my hussar-guide to cause me to be well attended to in Jena. Such was my first and last interview with Napoleon."

The details of the battle of Jena and Auerstadt belong not to our subject, and a few words indicating the general result can alone be added here.

The main body of the Prussian army, marching towards Magdeburg, found itself unexpectedly opposed at Auerstadt by the corps of Davoust, which was mistaken for the whole French army. An action was im-

mediately engaged, in which the Duke of Brunswick received a mortal wound: the second in command shared the same fate; and the first line failed to make any impression on the French. Blücher offered to renew the attack with the second line, which had not fought; but the king, though he at first sanctioned the proposal, arrested the onset; and it was resolved to halt, and wait for news from Prince Hohenloe's corps.

These came with the ordinary speed of evil tidings; and the army, arrested in front by Davoust, followed by the victorious troops of Napoleon, endeavoured to reach Magdeburg and the Elbe by a circuitous march through cross roads. At first the retreat bore some semblance of order; but the two defeated armies falling back upon each other, and Prince Hohenloe's troops mixing during the night with those of the king's army, as the main body was called, the whole fell into disorder, which darkness augmented, till day-break displayed the confused crowd moving along in a state of total disorganisation,—infantry, cavalry, artillery, all mixed up together in wild and inextricable confusion. Fifty thousand men only reached Magdeburg; and, though some regularity was here restored, the *morale* of the troops could not be re-established; and the most incredible folly marked every farther step of this ill-fated host, once distinguished for talents, bravery, and conduct. In the midst of fertile provinces, well-stored magazines, they declared that immediate famine was threatening them; and, with tumbrils overflowing, they fancied themselves in want of ammunition. The army marched towards the Oder, but every hour brought fresh losses. The quartermaster-general, not recollecting that he could hardly ride thirty miles, and hold a conference with a French marshal in the course of one brief hour, mistook the western shore of the lake of Prenzlau for the eastern; and the commander-in-chief, a cavalry officer of bravery and experience, forgetting alike his geography and horsemanship, made ten thousand men lay down their arms, in open country, before a few squadrons of French cavalry! The detached corps followed too readily the example of the main body; and Blücher alone upheld in this period of darkness the honour of the Prussian name. Beset by French troops, attacked by the corps of Bernadotte, Soult, and Lannes, the intrepid soldier fought to the last extremity, and only surrendered after his last cartridge had been expended, and his last loaf of bread consumed. The last to strike his country's banner in the hour of adversity, he was, as we shall see, the first to raise it in the hour of hope and prosperity.